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# The Abbot Courant

December, 1941

ANDOVER, MASS.

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LXVIII

DECEMBER, 1941

NUMBER 1

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*Illustrations by Mary Bentley and Jane Bishop*



# THE ABBOT COURANT

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*Editor-in-Chief*

FRANCES FLINT, 1942

*Business Editor*

JANE BISHOP, 1942

*Literary Editors*

MARY ALICE BECKMAN, 1943

MARY CARROLL O'CONNELL, 1943

MARY ELIZABETH BENTLEY, 1943

GRETCHEN ROEMER, 1942

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## EDITORIAL

What is it that makes the Northfield girls so enthusiastic and so eager to return? What does Northfield give them that they cannot obtain from their homes, schools, or churches? Many are the girls at Abbot who have thought of and discussed these questions when they have listened to the enthusiasm and the bubbling tales the Northfield girls tell with a merry gleam in their eyes.

Northfield offers, first of all, "to help girls join with others in the quest for life's full meaning." All of us are curious about the world and its people and problems. All of us ponder over perplexing thoughts in confused brains. There must not be anyone who hasn't had the greatest desire to be able to really understand about God, for there is no subject more important than God, now or ever. At Northfield you feel that you and all the other girls have the same healthy urge to learn and to understand the purpose of life.

You discover at Northfield a spirit of friendliness that is impossible to feel elsewhere, a spirit that you can sense the moment you step into your building and see all the faces of girls whom you soon will know and share thoughts with. You will find that you will become acquainted with the ministers more than you had ever before im-



aged could be possible; you learn to know them and realize how human they can be. They seem truly understanding as they talk *with* you, not *at* you, play baseball, tell jokes, and, above all, hear your deepest and innermost thoughts with sincerity, sending you on with head and heart up, and mind clearer and ever more anxious to learn.

Another purpose fulfilled is "to help girls discover the place of Christ in their lives." This is what all of the girls have learned; even those who went with hearts unwilling to believe and listen came back entirely changed. You might not understand how this could possibly happen, but it is Northfield, that is all, and every girl who has ever gone would verify this statement with the intense loyalty that grows after the conference.

Here you will learn to study the Bible "freely, reverently, and with an open mind," and also you will experience the real meaning and power of prayer. A service which we had every morning before the day's thoughts had crowded our minds was one that particularly affected us. It was a period of absolute quiet which soothed all cares and worries, and gave us a chance to think in peace. The solemn silence of all the girls was marvelous—it was as if one huge and compact body, instead of seven hundred separate ones, was resting and praying.

We were taught about applying the principles of Christ to the problems of the world in which we live, which proved particularly beneficial to all of us who are concerned about these alarming times. There were lively discussions about the war and the situations of all the countries. Those discussions helped to clarify our thinking and helped us to have a new courage and hope for the future. In one class we learned how to control our emotions, to conquer problems, to develop responsibility, individuality, and cultivate conscientiousness. In another we learned the fundamental laws of life in all human relationships.

The real hold of Northfield, however, comes through little things which remain in our memories—things which aren't little at all when we look back on them—such as the Abbot meetings at the end of each day on the slope in front of our building. Peace hung over us with a gentle silence, crickets buzzed from the pond in which the white moon was reflected from a star-studded sky. A complete happiness was ours as we sang familiar hymns and talked about the



profitable things that had been discovered during the day. One evening, some of us climbed out of bed and walked silently to the chapel on the hill, flooded with moonlight, to watch the old man play the chimes. Such an atmosphere of tranquillity and harmony that we found that calm night! Round Top: the name evokes a sweet pang of remembrance of quiet summer evenings spent sitting on the hill singing with the choir and listening to a few encouraging and moving words. Best of all was the hushed pause when we looked down from Round Top across the hills to the ribbon of water wending its contented way under the far bridge—and the red ball of sun sinking beneath the black hills.

How to tell about Northfield? The deep feeling of Northfield is an intangible one but rooted firmly in our hearts. The only way to have this feeling is to go to Northfield: to learn, question, play, think, and talk; and at the end of your full day to lie in your bed while the chimes from the chapel play hymns and lull you, almost choking with overwhelming happiness, into a placid and contented sleep.

M.A.B.

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## Soul's Flight

My heart is full of stars tonight,  
My soul has soared on silver wings  
And has ascended in its flight  
To higher, fine, unearthly things.  
There looms ahead a shining gate  
And as I near it opens wide;  
An unseen hand has turned the key  
And I have but to step inside.  
But I must back to earth again  
Until my humble body dies,  
For men must learn through endless pain  
And stumble on with blinded eyes.  
But oh, the restless souls that see  
A corner of eternity.

PRISCILLA KIDDER, 1942

## Josephine

The clearest memories of my life in Virginia are of Josephine. The commonplace events of my five-year-old existence revolved around this withered little negro woman with her kinky white hair, and I could usually be found close to her starched, white apron strings. She was a well-established member of the family, and, in spite of her sixty odd years, was never too tired to "do a little extry for Aunt Bess," as she fondly called my mother.

Although Josephine's nature was a complaisant and good one, and her five beloved gold teeth were usually much in evidence, she could become stern, especially if my active and often muddy feet crossed her private domain. Everything about her was spotless, and no one who infringed upon the immaculate sanctity of her kitchen could avoid trouble.

In spite of this, every Saturday morning found an enraptured little pig-tailed girl upon the high kitchen stool, waiting for Josephine to begin preparing dinner. No ordinary way of making a meal, even fried chicken as delectable as hers was, could have held my attention on those free and lovely Saturdays; but Josephine had no ordinary way of mixing recipes or setting tables. She was able to carry on long and hilarious conversations between herself and the ingredients, to my endless delight.

After the soup had been carefully stirred for a few minutes, during which I could hardly keep myself on the stool from excitement and Josephine's wrinkled, brown face was as expressionless as stone, she would ask in her high, questioning treble, "Whar's you, paprika?" which was always my cue to answer, in the deepest bass which my voice could muster, "Here we is, cook."

"Better step lively over heah, paprika, I'se needin' you." Josephine remonstrated, at which the obstinate can of seasoning would retort, "If you wants us, come and git us!" Neither of us ever tired of this game, and it was expanded from week to week until the whole meal would be ready before we noticed that time had been passing.

Besides her love of cooking, Josephine lived for two other things, as far as I could make out. Her highest ambition in life was to finish the payments on her life insurance policy, and the entire family was

convinced that the Virginia Life Insurance Co. could never have survived without the sum which she unfailingly set by each week. But if she lived to pay her policies, she was most assuredly kept alive by patent medicines. Every trip into Washington meant a trip to the pharmacy, where an amazed druggist had visions of mother really consuming the innumerable bottles of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills which she bought for Josephine.

Our amazing cook died before we left Virginia, and left us in perplexity forever by leaving mother a very comfortable sum of money after having told us time and time again that she had no money on earth. In spite of her stories and her numerous failings, she was always faithful, and I know I like to cook because of Josephine.

ELIZABETH LOVETT, 1942

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## A Prayer

God who made a seed to grow  
Into a flower fair,  
Plant thy seed within my heart  
And let it blossom there.

God who made the sun's warm rays  
Reach forest, field and tree,  
Let me like a stately pine  
Grow closer unto thee.

God who made the sky so blue,  
Who carved each mountain peak,  
Let me like thy summits bare  
A higher wisdom seek.

As the years roll swiftly by  
May my love for Thee increase.  
God who made the quiet waters  
Fill my soul with peace.

PRISCILLA KIDDER, 1942



## As a Foreigner Sees Japan

People who have never lived in a foreign land are surprised to hear those who have, say that they know very little about the country where they have been, and its people. Yet I say this, although I have lived in Japan for twelve years. Had I stayed in Japan after finishing school I would have studied the language, the history, and the customs of the people. But as I left before this, all my impressions were obtained from Japanese movies, from bits of conversations I have heard or second hand from other foreigners.

A foreigner living in Japan does not actually live with and as the Japanese. He lives according to the standards of his own race, in a community which is almost strictly foreign. There are several of these communities in any Japanese city with a large foreign population. Representatives of many large American firms and consuls of foreign countries reside in houses which go with certain positions. Even in the summer time most of the foreigners collect at either Lake Nojiri or Karuizawa, two resorts with conveniences for foreigners. In this way, the foreign elements of Japanese cities keep together.

For amusement, a foreigner joins the country-club, which again no Japanese attend. There are few movies to go to, although fortunately they are now the better ones produced in America, England, Germany or France. Aside from these, there is not much in the way of entertainment in Japan for foreigners. Japanese drama, the "Kabuki," their puppet show, and their "Noh" dance are all very interesting, but without knowledge of the language and the historical background so often involved, one becomes uninterested after a few performances. One cannot even enjoy the radio as, naturally, the programmes are in Japanese and are suitable to Japanese tastes. Because of the lack of public amusements the foreign families do a great deal of entertaining in the home, a tendency which again keeps these people together.

I do not mean to say that no foreigner in Japan knows Japanese people. The missionaries, of whom there are many, find their work among the people and become acquainted with them and their customs.

The foreign children invariably find a few Japanese students in the private American, Canadian or English schools they attend. Through these friendships and through information gathered from servants they draw some observations about the Japanese.

I believe that a Japanese marriage is altogether different from what it is in America. In Japan the girl's parents arrange the marriage and the young girl may see her fiancé only once before the wedding. But the "modern" girls, who are not admired by their elders, are changing this tradition gradually. The same girls are trying to prove that women should not be subordinated to men. Still, the Japanese wife really plays the same role she has for centuries. She learns how to arrange flowers and how to perform the tea ceremony at bridal school, and she is expected to have her home ready for admiration from her husband's friends. She must bring up her children in obedience and must keep her sons strong and fit for their future military training. When the father dies, the eldest son carries on as head of the family, and every family likes to have a boy to carry on the name. Quite often, however, when a girl marries below her station, say a man with money but without rank, the husband will take his wife's name.

Through my contact with our servants, I have found that many of the Japanese people do not agree with some of the things the government is doing. But obedience being almost the first lesson taught children, they continue to accept what their leaders, the men of the army, do and say. When I left Japan I did not believe that the people knew what they were fighting for in China. One person with whom I spoke had some very definite views about Hitler, views which coincide with those of the American public, and she whole-heartedly disapproved of the Germany-Italy-Japan Treaty.

It does not seem to me that these friendly, honest, and kind working people can believe they are right in plundering another nation. These same people who are destroying China treat the Chinese in Japan as they treat each other. There is no strained feeling between them.

The Japanese have always been friendly to foreigners. Last year, when I left, they were still so, but small riots which led to nothing big were being staged from time to time against the British who, the army said, were helping the Chinese against their efforts to convert



the Chinese for their own good. America, I believe, means to the average Japanese the land where everything is in plenty and where everyone is happy. They are forever praising American goods.

A foreigner who has lived in Japan always seems attached to the people. Although a tourist may know more about the quaint customs than a foreign resident, the latter, through his daily contact with taxi-drivers, clerks and other working people, wonders why the people who have never known their trustworthiness, their friendliness, their ambition and their sincerity, have the right to criticize them.

Since the typical foreigner living in Japan does not live like a Japanese and since he does not go out of his way to become acquainted with their customs, it should not surprise anyone when such a person hesitates in giving information about the Japanese, for he merely feels his data was obtained from everywhere and yet nowhere in particular and fears it may not be entirely well-founded.

EDITH NINOMIYA, 1942



## A Plea to Youth

Let's think  
Of the knowledge wasted,  
Left untasted  
By the unreceptive mind  
Of the member of mankind  
Who wanders aimlessly around.  
He doesn't think; he isn't sound.

From school  
We'll take our places in a world  
Where now few banners are unfurled  
Signifying hope and peace,  
Few countries which will never cease  
To cherish rights we all caress—  
Life, liberty, and happiness.

Begin  
To pave the ways  
For better days.  
Train ourselves to think precisely,  
Sanely, clearly, and concisely.  
The future—safe, secure, or not—  
Depends so much upon our thought.

Let's drink  
Deeply to a toast  
That our land from coast to coast  
May be ruled by those who never  
Would sacrifice this land or sever  
The cords that hold us to our goal,  
True liberty for every soul.

GRETCHEN ROEMER, 1942

## This Is "Snow White"

When she came to work for us, we didn't know a thing about her except that she was quite young and had been widowed and left destitute of property by a fire about five years before. She was tiny and quick and efficient, I could see at a glance. She was very pretty—so much so, that we nicknamed her "Snow White." This is all I knew of her the first time I met her in our kitchen.

While she was with us, she did marvelous work, cooking and keeping everything spic and span. My mother used to say of her, "Snow White can cook a meal apparently without a dirty dish." But she also ate very little. She hurried up to her room after work, and it was obvious that she smoked incessantly. She didn't spend every night with us, but often, in her little car, went into town two miles away and stayed with her brother's family. She always dressed in black, I noticed, even though it was five years since the awful accident had happened. She was nervous and moody and untalkative, so I never felt I knew her very well.

One day, as I was sitting at the piano and lazily playing over dance tunes, she came into the room and over to the piano.

"Play that again," she said, "I like it—I love the old songs, they remind me of when Alan and I used to go out dancing." I gathered that Alan was her late husband, and pleased to find some subject congenial to us both, I asked her what dance orchestra she liked and whether she liked dancing a lot.

"Oh yes," she said, "Alan and I used to go out dancing all the time. We heard Guy Lombardo once—I like him and Horace Heidt best of all. Alan and I used to win lots of dancing contests—we lived at the University of New Hampshire, you know, and he taught there. Then we bought a house near Manchester. That was the one that burned down. . . ."

"Didn't you have anything left after the fire?" I said.

"Only the car. You know those cracks in the windows—that was on account of the heat. I lost everything I owned but the car. I didn't have a stitch of clothing when I came to stay with my sister-in-law here in Concord. It was in the night—you know. I had only my nightgown left."

We chatted on about her home and the fire,—all the while, I was absently running my fingers over the piano keys, playing snatches of popular songs. I asked her what she liked of the new songs, because she seemed to know so much about the older ones.

"I don't know any of the new songs," she said, "I don't take any interest in them anymore."

"Do you ever go to the movies?" I asked.

"No, I don't like to anymore. I just like to stay home with my sister-in-law—we just talk at night—sometimes very late—"

I remembered then that my mother had tried again and again to persuade her to go out to a movie or some entertainment. Mother had never been successful either—Snow White was as obstinate as could be.

Everyone in our family was very fond of Snow White. She was intelligent, neat and hard-working, but also temperamental. And, young as she was, she was completely weighed down by a feeling of hopeless discouragement. In mourning for her beloved young husband, she had given up everything in life that meant anything to her. She was like a person deprived of a soul, a mere body going through life doing the necessary work, never getting any pleasure, and just waiting for death to come to her. I think she felt that it was wrong to ever enjoy herself, for she certainly never did.

She left us after a while, because she was too ambitious to spend her life in someone else's kitchen. As much as we were dismayed at her leaving us, we strongly supported her plan of going to a hair-dressing school in Boston. It was the first real move she had made since the catastrophe, which showed that she had some interest in life. It was a tremendous one too, for it meant that she would meet new people, and get new interests, and find out that the world was not wholly stagnant because one man had left it.

Occasionally we see Snow White now, and she is working hard at hairdressing, and liking it, I hear. And I think she is going to the movies once in a while, too!

FRANCES FLINT, 1942



## South American Hosteling

Hosteling itself is difficult to define. A hostel is an "inexpensive overnight accommodation for those traveling under their own steam," but hosteling is much more than the "act of traveling between hostels." It is a way of life—not just love of the out-of-doors, but real understanding of and sympathy with nature; not just knowing new kinds of people, but understanding them and what they stand for; not just visiting new places and "seeing the sights," but gaining an insight into the life going on behind the sights and the tourist centers.

My first hostel trip consisted of bicycling around Lake Michigan, and staying usually in summer camps or the homes of people interested in hosteling. What hostels there were resembled those of New England—the farm houses or town homes of the "house-parents." The usual accommodations were a bunkroom for the girls in the house and one in the barn or garage for the boys, with a common recreation and dining room. The housemothers and fathers, chosen by local committees, were persons interested in young people, their only pay being the 25c overnight charge.

Going into South America was as much an experiment and new field to conquer for hosteling as it was for me. After its founding in Germany, the idea of cheap travel for youth had naturally spread to countries where the roads were good, the people fairly progressive and the climate reasonable. Spain, Italy, and the Balkans are among the few European countries without hosteling because they lack one or all of these requisites. South America certainly lacks them too, but with Europe cut off and hostel trips successful in Mexico, it was the natural place for us to turn.

The group which gathered at the dock in New York was certainly far different from those which had gone to Europe before the war for a summer of bicycling and hiking. But for our bicycles and sleeping bags, we might have been only economical tourists. With an age range of forty years and hailing from thirteen states—with a Chilean besides—our group of seventeen seemed hopelessly divergent in tastes and interests. Yet in a few short weeks we were the intimate, happy gang which every hostel group becomes. This did not prevent



South American attractions from telling on our numbers, however. Two Vermonters never left the ski fields of Chile; two amateur reporters got no farther than the excitement and variety of Buenos Aires before deciding on a more leisurely course than our schedule would permit; a Seattle girl settled in Lima for a job in the embassy; a New Haven girl, though she knew no Spanish, enrolled at the University of San Marco.

In South America we missed the luxury of a bed every night with a place in which to cook our meals. When traveling we slept as best we could on the train and ate bread and cheese. In towns we were usually able to find a hotel or "pension" where we could get a bed and meals for a dollar—the standard, all-inclusive budget for hostellers—or even less. There was a great variety in hotels, but only once did we find one really dirty and unpleasant. On the whole they resembled old-fashioned, small town hotels at home. Twice we used our sleeping bags on the floors of Y.W.C.A.'s, but as a rule, we used them only for emergency and traveling.

I do not know what the others had expected, or even whether they put their emphasis on South America or hosteling, but whatever it was, I know the realization was even more complete and glorious than any had ever dreamed. I admit that my own hopes had not been very high. Sent off to a foreign land with a group of strangers far older than I, I had hoped for little more than new sights and a tourist's knowledge of South America. I laugh at myself now for not realizing that any hostel group would be fun and that each hostel trip will be better than the last.

Traveling as we did, in second class trains and hotels, we saw a side of South America which no travelogue or political treatise had prepared us for. Like our fellow countrymen we were grossly ignorant of the language and those who speak it. But, floundering along in our feeble Spanish, we never failed to find friends and helpers; never a tangle of red tape but what someone would come forward with his meagre store of English to help out "those crazy Americans."

Other foreigners complained to us of the weather, the swindling natives, the abominable trains, and a million other woes. As for us, we loved it all. When it rained we went out barefoot in newly-purchased native mantas. We left the tourist haunts, where Ameri-

cans are marked for "suckers," and found the "little people" as lovable and hospitable as they are everywhere in this world. As for the trains, we were too busy marveling at their absurdly low rates to mind their temperamental schedules. Looking for the sunny side became such a confirmed tradition that we forgot about the other side.

I, for one, gained infinitely more from my trip than I had ever imagined possible. How much of it was due to hosteling and how much to South America I cannot tell, but I know that it is the hosteling which I will repeat.

MARGARET GOODMAN, 1942

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## Thoughts of an American Negro

They were careless remarks, and with hate in my heart  
Still I think of them, passed in a crowd.  
"Oh, the niggers aren't much," she scoffed, stylish and smart, and  
It seemed, very proud.

I felt scorn in her voice. Yet her ancestors shipped  
Us to toil in these green fields of cane.  
With their gold were we bought, and their hands welded firmly  
Each link in our chain.

We were ignorant then, when the slave ships first brought  
Us across to that prosperous new land;  
We were unlettered still as the great Proclamation  
Unfettered our band.

We are servants today, still we bend to the will  
Of this race, though in name we are free.  
Oh, just God, is it true we are equal  
Before only Thee?

ELIZABETH LOVETT, 1942

## Dave

Morey's was crowded that night and we were all preparing ourselves to face the disappointment of not eating there when Johnnie said, "It doesn't look too good but wait here a minute and I'll go see what Dave says."

We waited while he disappeared into the rooms which were filled with singing and laughter, and he soon reappeared with a look of triumph on his face. "Dave says there's no room now, but if we come back in half an hour he will have a table for us."

So we left, and passed the half hour in various ways, yet did it all with a preoccupied air which must have made it apparent that we were conjuring up visions of sizzling and juicy steaks which were waiting for us down at Morey's.

Once again, when half an hour had passed, we entered the realm of warm laughter which is Morey's. We soon found a table, but one chair was lacking.

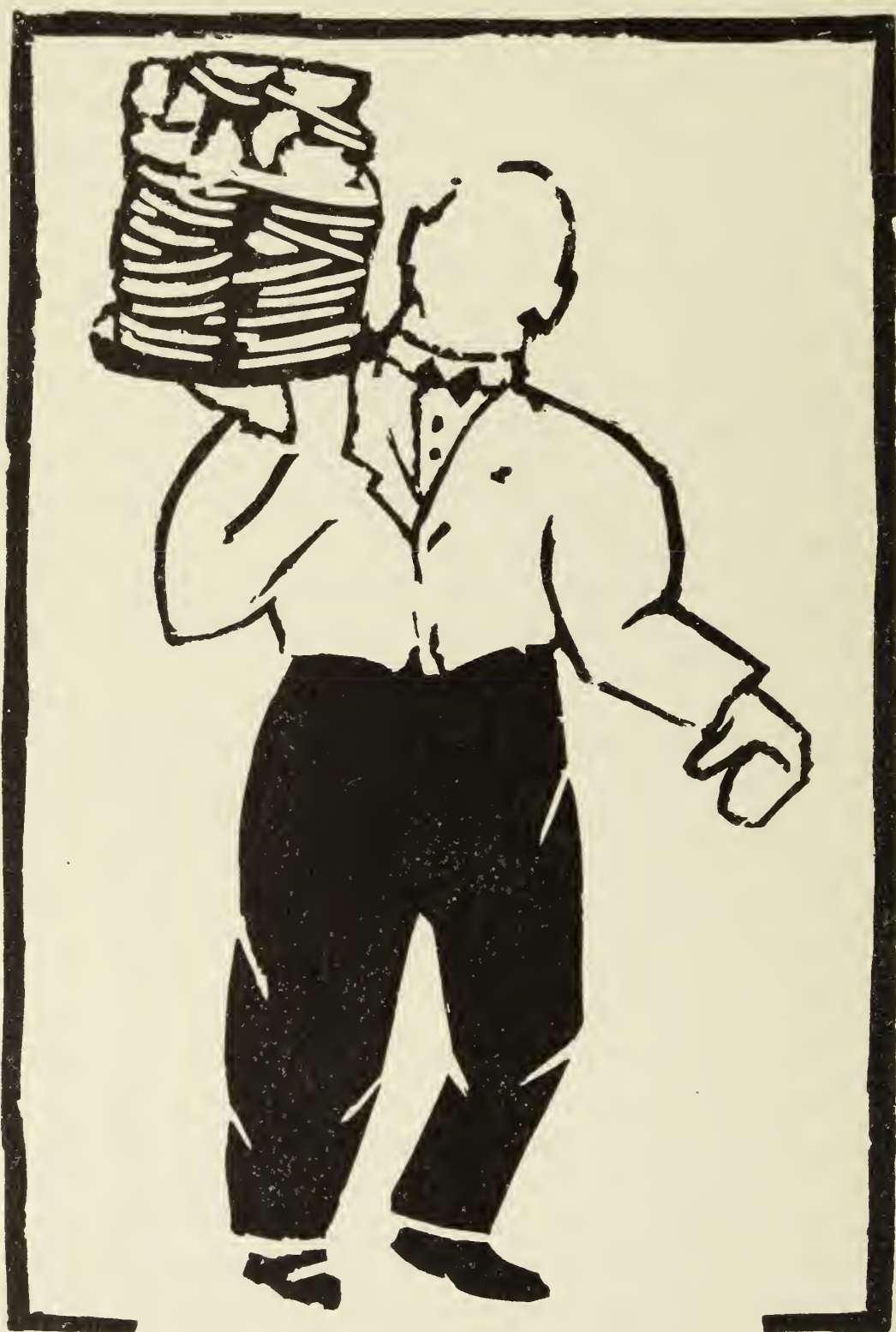
"Dave will get one for you," someone said.

I said to myself, "I want to see this Dave." Johnnie had told me, when I asked who he was, that he was a waiter. It was the way he said "waiter" that told the story. It said that this was no ordinary waiter but a model waiter, the perfect example of all that a waiter should be. There may be differences of opinion as to just what a perfect waiter is, but there could be no doubt that for Morey's, Dave was all one could ask.

The first I saw of Dave was when he brought us the chair. He came into the room with a movement which was part sweep and part bustle. Now some waiters sweep into a room, sweep a tray down and with an even grander swoop, hand you a menu. Others bustle into the room, jerkily set down a tray and flightily sift out a menu. Dave, either by years of practice or by natural feeling, had somehow brought about a perfect combination of the two motions and executed it with the greatest skill.

Dave's last name, even if I knew it, would probably be unpronounceable, but I think it would be Italian. Both his skin and hair are dark. Bright black eyes snap and twinkle in his clean-cut face. He is happy and he carries his happiness well.





When we were all seated, Dave handed us the menu with his wonderful movement and slinging his napkin over one arm, he playfully put his other around Johnnie's shoulder.

"Well, Alford, I'm glad to see you!" exclaimed Dave. "Alford, how's your brother?"

"You mean Bob?" asked Johnnie. "He's in the Navy now, Dave."

"No. I don't mean Bob. I mean Bill, your oldest brother."

"Oh! he's fine. But Dave, can you remember Bill?"

"Sure, I remember you all," was Dave's quick reply.

It hardly seemed possible that he could remember Bill, who had graduated six years ago. I thought of Dave remembering dozens of Yale boys and remembering their brothers which followed or came before them, remembering their names and faces and personalities. Maybe that was one reason why Dave was so happy.

"Well, what you want to have tonight? A steak." (It was a statement, not a question.) "How about potatoes and spinich?"

Someone didn't want spinach: he didn't like it.

"Oh yes, you got to have spinich. Spinich good for you. You'll have spinich," Dave insisted.

And we were like children who had no choice in the matter. We all had spinach and were glad both for the spinach and for being treated like children.

Finally the order was completed and Dave was off again. He was back soon with the food. It would take too long and require too many adjectives to describe the meal. I can only say that too soon we were full and too soon the steaks were gone. Dave began to clear the table. He piled large plate after plate on his tray until we became interested to see just how many he could carry at once. When there was one dish left on the table he was so loaded down that it did not seem possible that he could take one more.

"Can you do it, Dave?"

"Sure, I can do it. Put it on here."

We gave it to him and off went little Dave, laughing, as if rejoicing in his accomplishment. And well he might rejoice.

Before long we were saying good night.

"Good night, Dave."

"Good night. Come back, see me soon," he said. And I thought, yes, I want to come back and see you soon, Dave.

BARBARA HILL, 1942

## Out from Under

No more will I be fitted by hat salesgirls.

For sixteen and one-half years I succumbed to the ministrations of these worthy women. Oftener than frequently they have innocently wrecked freshly coiffed curls with a pull, newly combed waves with a gentle but firm shove. They have strapped me into circulation-strangling turbans with hands not unfamiliar with the gentle art of applying expert tourniquets. They have hauled, yanked, pushed, pulled and squeezed hats onto my unresisting head, which bends under their force (and what powerful women these are!) as if it were attached to a reed rather than what under ordinary circumstances is a reasonably firm neck.

No more.

One midsummer day I was looking for a white fish-net turban. When we had located a likely-looking lot, my unsuspecting mother innocently asked the saleslady if they wound like any other turbans.

Somehow I felt what was coming and winced.

My premonition was not unfulfilled. Our new-found friend felt called upon to demonstrate—on me. She headed toward me, eyes gleaming.

For a moment I did not move. Then, as I felt the touch of the cloth, I ducked. Yes, I ducked out from under, out of her grasp. I expect I looked rather wild.

"Oh! *Don't* try it on me!" I cried.

The startled girl acquiesced.

Flushed with heat of battle, I faced my mother. She was trying not to laugh.

I had broken the chains.

I was free.

MARY CARROLL O'CONNELL, 1943



## The Judge on the Corner



A thin little boy walked quickly down the street, jostled by a few of New York's millions of working men and women who were hurrying home in the gray November evening. The boy turned the collar of his thin jacket up around his neck and shoved his hands deep into his pockets.

How many thin little boys have done this same thing! How many, like this little boy, have decided to run away from home. Easier to name those who have not rather than those who have. All, whether rich or poor, have made the momentous decision. The rich because their nannies have scolded them and the poor because their fathers and mothers have quarreled. And it is hard to tell which group, the rich or the poor, have a more shattered world because of the catastrophes. The fact remains that each

event is a catastrophe to each and the only thing for a little boy to do when his world is shattered is to run away from it.

As our little boy reached the corner he came upon a man selling doughnuts. The man held a large basket by a strap about his neck and stuck around the edge of the basket were sticks on which large, round, brown, flaky doughnuts were piled. The odor of the doughnuts came over the boy and in a wave of despair he realized how hungry he was. He was not at all unused to a kind of passive begging, and hoping he might receive of some pitying purchaser a doughnut, he stood on the corner, not far from the vender.

A little homeless dog happened at that moment to round the corner a block away from the one on which our little boy was standing. He trotted down the street toward the delicious odor, or should I say he floated, for he was fairly borne aloft by the warm, pungent sweetness which surrounded him in tantalizing waves. He came to the basket of doughnuts and sat down almost under the feet of the man who was selling them.

The boy, seeing perhaps some quality of himself in the dog, called to him, and the dog tore himself away from his position in the heart of the heavenly scent. The boy stooped and patted the dog.

“Hello, ole boy, are you hungry too? Smells swell, don’t it? Gee pooch, you’re thin—must not get much to eat. Say, bet you could go for some of that stew ma cooks. What say you come home with me and I’ll give you some?”

The little boy stood up and called the dog to come along. Together they walked back up the street in the direction from which the boy had just come.

A young girl came out of an office building along with a rush of other young girls who looked much the same as she looked. The door by which she had come out was near the corner and as she emerged into the street she turned in that direction. The smell of fresh sugared doughnuts reached her, and she thought of another time she had smelled them. Quickly she recalled a small coffee shop in her home town, recalled a night when a boy and girl had sat eating coffee and doughnuts. They had just discovered that each loved the other and at that time the coffee and doughnuts had not seemed half so important as the plans for their future together.

At this point the girl roused herself from her dreams, and she reached to put a letter in the mail box on the corner. She glanced at the letter and she suddenly saw all of which it was the symbol. Once in the box it would say no more waiting for him, no more hoping he would get a better job so they might get married, no more hope, no more love. She dropped her hands from the box and slowly tore the letter in half. She turned the corner and walked up the street with a brisk step, her head high.

Along with the stream of hurrying men and women walked a man whose pace was slow. He looked to be “in the forties” yet seemed older than he was because of the tired expression which his eyes carried. He was not outstanding in appearance but his thoughts, if known by the crowd, would have pointed him out as surely as if he had worn a suit of old armor. How calmly his mind held such tumultuous thoughts, thoughts of jealousy and deceit. For he was planning to take money from the safe in the office where he worked and hide it in the desk of the man who held the position above him. The money would be missed and then found in his rival’s desk. The



older man would be found guilty and the younger man would naturally acquire the position. A poor way to better himself but he had been driven by discouragement and desperation to this act. He was on his way to the office to commit the crime which he had carefully planned. Indeed, he had planned it well so that he felt he could not slip up, and his mind was calm as he viewed the crime which was before him. So calm was he that he stepped up to a doughnut vender standing on the corner and bought a few doughnuts for his wife. As he turned he looked into the face of the man who was to be accused of his guilt, for the older man too was buying doughnuts.

"Hello," said the older man, "Buying some too, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been a long time since we've had any at home," said the elder as he and his junior walked together down the street. "I used to take them home to my wife when we were young and I held the same position as you hold in our office now."

"Did you now? Funny, Mr. Rivers, I never knew you had my job."

"Yes indeed! We all have to work up, you know. It used to mean something to take fifteen cents out of my pocket to buy a few doughnuts for my wife. But it was worth it. You know, women like little things like that."

"Yes, sir, that's right."

"Well, good night. See you in the morning."

"Good night, sir."

The two men parted, each heading homeward.

The doughnut vender, seeing the crowd thinning and the light thickening, decided to go home. So he put a cover over his basket and walked up the block. As he walked up the street he thought of his past in Vienna where he had been a judge. He had held a fine position there and had been well known for his judgment. But as he thought of his former work, he felt that he was happier in America doing what he was doing. Fine thing, he thought, to have the position of judge, but one has to tamper so with the lives of others and that is a risky business. It is much better to be a doughnut-vender even though one is unnoticed.

BARBARA HILL, 1942



## Marajin

Marajin used to bring vegetables to our house to be sold. She was a tall, striking Hindu, with the long black hair and even features characteristic of the Hindu race. Ever since I was a tiny child I can remember watching for her to walk into our driveway, her tray of vegetables on her head, balanced there without any help at all from her hands. She had a beautiful walk, as do most Hindu women, due to their carrying trays, buckets of water, and other similar objects on their heads from the time they are tiny children. Although there were several women who used to come selling vegetables every day, I could recognize Marajin easily, because she always used to crochet as she walked along, her bail of crochet cotton in her pocket, her hands moving busily with the needle. She was always very nice to me, called me "Baby" and gave me something from her tray each time she saw me. Sometimes it was a juicy ripe mango; sometimes a golden grapefruit fresh picked, warm from the sun; sometimes a shiny egg-plant, deep purple and green, which the cook used to fix my favorite way for me to eat at lunch-time. Often when I walked with my nurse through the Hindu village on my way to or from school, if Marajin was hoeing her little patch of garden where she grew the vegetables she sold, she would call to me, and ask my nurse to let me go into her house for a moment. Her house was spotless, as was everything else about her. The rude mud floor of the thatched hut was swept clean, and on a little pile of ferns in the middle of the room there was always a little chubby Hindu baby, who would gaze at me with round eyes, surprised at seeing a face so white after all the dark brown faces around him. Marajin had an enormous family, and as soon as one baby grew too old to sit docilely on the pile of ferns, there was another one to take its place.

When I was about ten, Marajin moved to a different part of the island, and as I left home shortly after that to come to America, I did not see her again until two summers ago, when I went home for vacation. My father and I were going for a walk past a certain river where the Hindu women always wash their clothes. There are several large slabs of rock at the water's edge, and here any time you pass by, you may see a dozen or more women on their knees, soaping



and rubbing the clothes on these rocks, and then carrying them in pails to be rinsed in the river. The rocks have been worn almost smooth and the water in that part of the river is rarely ever clear.

On this particular day, there were rather more women than usual, all chattering like magpies as they scrubbed their clothes. Walking down to the river, a pail of clothes on her head, was a woman whom I thought looked familiar. She turned her head and I saw it was Marajin. Immediately I ran up to her.

"Marajin," I said. "Do you remember me?"

"Eh, it's Baby," she cried, clasping my hand. "How all-you keepin'? I ain't seen you since all-you was little girl; and now you is a big young lady."

"And how are you, Marajin? Do you still sell vegetables?"

"Yes, Baby. Me husband die long time, so we still sell vegetable. Me come dat side sell vegetable to your mammy."

We chatted a little while longer until Daddy, getting a little impatient at our standing there, told Marajin that if she wanted to come and see me, I would be at home for at least two more months.

I saw her every morning after that. Three weeks later she brought me a parcel wrapped up in brown paper.

"Me make a little present give Baby to take to America wid she," she said, shyly.

I took the package, and when I opened it, I saw it was an exquisite crocheted bureau scarf. I thanked her, with tears in my eyes, for her kindness, and promised I would always use the scarf. I gave her a pin with coloured stones in it, and she went away well pleased.

I never saw her again. The next day her daughter came with the vegetables. I asked her where her mother was, and she told me she had died in the night of a heart attack. The doctor had told Marajin a few weeks previously that growing her own vegetables was too strenuous for her, and that unless she stopped, her heart would give out. But because she had to support herself in this way, she had not taken his advice. Furthermore, even though she knew that her end was near, this kind and generous woman had insisted also on making the bureau scarf.

BETTY HARDY, 1942



## “Beside an Open Fireplace”

The young couple sat in their living room by the fire. It was the eve of the first anniversary of their marriage, and silently, contentedly, they were holding hands.

The girl stirred. “Bill,” she murmured, “why don’t you turn on the radio.”

He reached with his free hand and twisted the dial. In a moment they heard the last few measures of a Strauss waltz. The girl let her head drop back against the sofa. The orchestra began to play, “Beside an Open Fireplace.” She smiled.

Her husband glanced at her. “Like us . . . now . . . eh?”

“Yes, but that wasn’t what I was thinking.”

“What, then?”

“It reminded me of a boy I once knew.”

“Oh.” His voice was a little cool, and he loosened his grasp on her hand.

She laughed. “That song came out during my first year at Abbot. I was thirteen, and we used to sing it all the time.”

“Yes . . . what about this boy.”

“Oh . . .” she laughed again, “it was about Christmas-time that year, and he was my first date.”

“Ah.” He smiled too, and held her hand tightly again. “Tell me about him.”

“Well, he was a year older than I, and quite a bit shorter. I met him at a tea dance at school, and he began to write to me. I was thrilled. Then during Christmas vacation, he telephoned and asked if he could come to see me. I was so excited I didn’t know what to do . . . he was telephoning long-distance . . . I asked him to come to supper New Year’s Eve. He was too young to drive himself, of course, so he asked his mother if he could come. I heard him ask her.” She chuckled. Her husband rose and poked the fire. “Go on,” he said.

“Well, it seemed he could come. Hesitatingly, he wanted to know what time he was to come and what time his parents were to call for him. Suddenly terrified at the whole prospect, I muttered something

about six-thirty to nine and hung up as quickly as possible. I believe I was actually shaking.

“Of course I raced to tell my mother the whole story. She and my elder sister exchanged amused glances and my sister grinned and said, ‘So you’ve got a New Year’s Eve date’, and so I had. I was so excited my stomach hurt.

“And then I began to think about a black dress. Pretty soon I couldn’t think of anything else, and I began to argue and persuade and beg until I convinced Mother that I *WAS* old enough now, that I was, after all, an Abbot girl, and that honestly I’d simply *DIE* without the dress. And that was how I happened to get my first black dress. I wanted long sleeves and a high round neck and a string of pearls, but eventually the dress had short sleeves and a ruffled white collar and cuffs. Still, it was black.

“As New Year’s Eve approached I began to get, quite literally, panicky. When the day arrived I knew I couldn’t go through with it. As evening approached, I was sure that I was going to be sick. *WHAT* was I going to talk to him about? *WHAT* would we say to each other? I begged Mother not to leave us alone. ‘Now darling,’ she consoled, ‘there isn’t anything to be frightened of. Just get him to talk about himself. Once you draw him out, all you’ll have to do is listen.’ Fired with confidence I heard the doorbell ring. I felt my lovely confidence ooze away. Somehow I got to the door. I suppose my legs carried me there, but I couldn’t feel them at all. I suppose I could have stuck a pin in them and not have felt it. They were quite nerveless. I opened the door and there he stood. I smiled brightly. ‘Hello there!’ I was immediately acutely embarrassed. I had almost shouted at him.

“He came in and I heard myself introduce him to my mother. He was as ill at ease as I.

“ ‘Let’s go into the living room.’ My voice was still very loud. I couldn’t seem to control it.

“We sat down on opposite ends of the davenport.

“ ‘Well!’ I cried.

“There was a moment of silence. Snatches of my mother’s counsel flitted through my head. ‘Draw him out’ . . . ‘Make him talk about himself’ . . . ‘Listen’ . . .

“I began again. I was not subtle. How *DID* one get them started?

My method was . . . well . . . crude. I fired questions at him. What did he like in school? Did he have a hobby? What sports did he enjoy? His answers were brief and to the point, whenever possible monosyllabic. He must have thought he was being subjected to the Inquisition. He was, really.

"And then I just couldn't think of any more. I was very conscious of the clock ticking and then the clock stopped and I lost track of the years until I thought to look at my watch. Five minutes had gone by since my last question. Beads of perspiration were beginning to form on my brow when, halo gleaming, Mother appeared to announce dinner. I leaped up and plunged into the dining room. I resolved to eat very, very slowly and make dinner last a long time.

"And then a wonderful, unbelievable thing happened. Mother said a few words to my guest . . . I cannot remember the words, I doubt if I heard them . . . and suddenly he was talking, animatedly, interestingly. Mother would put in a word here and there, and off he would go again, actually verbose. Two hours later we were still at the table, and he was still talking. Even I had pronounced a sentence. I think it was a sentence.

"And then Mother suggested we go and dance, and we did, and that was when they played 'Beside an Open Fireplace.' "

"And now every time you hear that song you think of him."

"That's right, dear. Are you very jealous?"

"Terribly jealous."

They were silent for a minute.

"You know," he said, "I'm awfully glad I wrote to you after that tea dance."

"So am I," she said.

MARY CARROLL O'CONNELL, 1943

## They Say

They say that youth is wild, impetuous,  
And listens to the wandering minstrel's song;  
Assailed by passions fierce and treacherous,  
It finds itself too deep in love ere long.  
But age hears not the love-song of the bards,  
Age leaves its dreams and aching heart behind,  
The mad desires of youth it soon discards,  
And to the loveliness of spring is blind.  
They say too, education never ceases,  
Though perfection is a virtue not of man,  
That knowledge with a ripening age increases,  
One spends a lifetime learning all he can.  
But tell me, if my mind ne'er stops its learning,  
Will then my heart in old age cease its yearning?

FRANCES FLINT, 1942



## Calendar

### SEPTEMBER 1941

<i>Tuesday</i>	23	Arrival of the new resident students.
<i>Wednesday</i>	24	The return of old girls and day scholars.
<i>Thursday</i>	25	First chapel.
<i>Friday</i>	26	Classes began.
<i>Saturday</i>	27	Picnic and baseball at Pomp's Pond. New Girl-Old Girl party in Davis Hall in the evening.
<i>Sunday</i>	28	Vespers: Miss Hearsey.

### OCTOBER

<i>Saturday</i>	4	Senior picnic at Ipswich. Corridor stunts by Homestead, Sherman, Draper Wings.
<i>Sunday</i>	5	Vespers: The Reverend Brainard F. Gibbons.
<i>Saturday</i>	11	Corridor stunts—Abbey House and seniors.
<i>Sunday</i>	12	Vespers: A.C.A. on Northfield.
<i>Saturday</i>	18	Seniors went to "The Doctor's Dilemma." Grace Walker—A program of negro poetry and music.
<i>Sunday</i>	19	Vespers: The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, Phillips Academy, Andover.
<i>Saturday</i>	25	Lecture on World Events by Lillian T. Mowrer, author of "Journalist's Wife."
<i>Sunday</i>	26	Vespers: the Reverend James Gordon Gilkey, D.D., South Congregational Church, Springfield.
<i>Friday</i>	31	Moving day into the new wing.

### NOVEMBER

<i>Saturday</i>	1	Matinee in Boston. Judith Anderson and Maurice Evans in "Macbeth." Hallowe'en Party in Davis Hall. The Day Scholars' stunt and "Julius Caesar" à la Abbot Faculty.
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<i>Sunday</i>	2	Vespers: The Reverend M. Russell Boynton, D.D., The First Church in Newton.
<i>Saturday</i>	8	Matinee in Boston of the Ballet Russe.
<i>Sunday</i>	9	Vespers: The Reverend Frederick M. Morris, Grace Church, Salem.
<i>Saturday</i>	15	Gargoyle-Griffin Field Day. Tennis matches, hockey game, and school tea. Field day awards in the evening after the celebration of Andover's victory over Exeter by a torchlight parade.
<i>Sunday</i>	16	Vespers: The Reverend Carl Heath Kopf, Mount Vernon Church, Boston.
<i>Wednesday</i>	19	Thanksgiving Service.
<i>Thursday</i>	20	Thanksgiving Holiday.
<i>Saturday</i>	22	Piano recital by Raymond Coon.
<i>Sunday</i>	23	Vespers: The Reverend C. Leslie Glenn, D.D., St. John's Church, Washington, D. C.
<i>Saturday</i>	29	A.D.S. Plays, "They're None of Them Perfect" and "Gammer Gurton's Needle."
<i>Sunday</i>	30	Haru Matsui and Gin-Chiu Kuo. Discussion- Lecture "Modern China vs. Modern Japan."

## DECEMBER

<i>Saturday</i>	6	The Stradivarius String Quartet with Miss Friskin.
<i>Sunday</i>	7	Vespers: A.C.A.
<i>Saturday</i>	13	Christmas party for the Andover poor children. Christmas reading by Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray of Dickens' "Christmas Carol."
<i>Sunday</i>	14	Christmas service—Miss Hearsey.
<i>Tuesday</i>	16	Christmas dinner followed by carol singing in the McKeen Rooms.
<i>Wednesday</i>	17	To January 6, 1942. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS



# The Abbot Courant

June, 1942

ANDOVER, MASS.

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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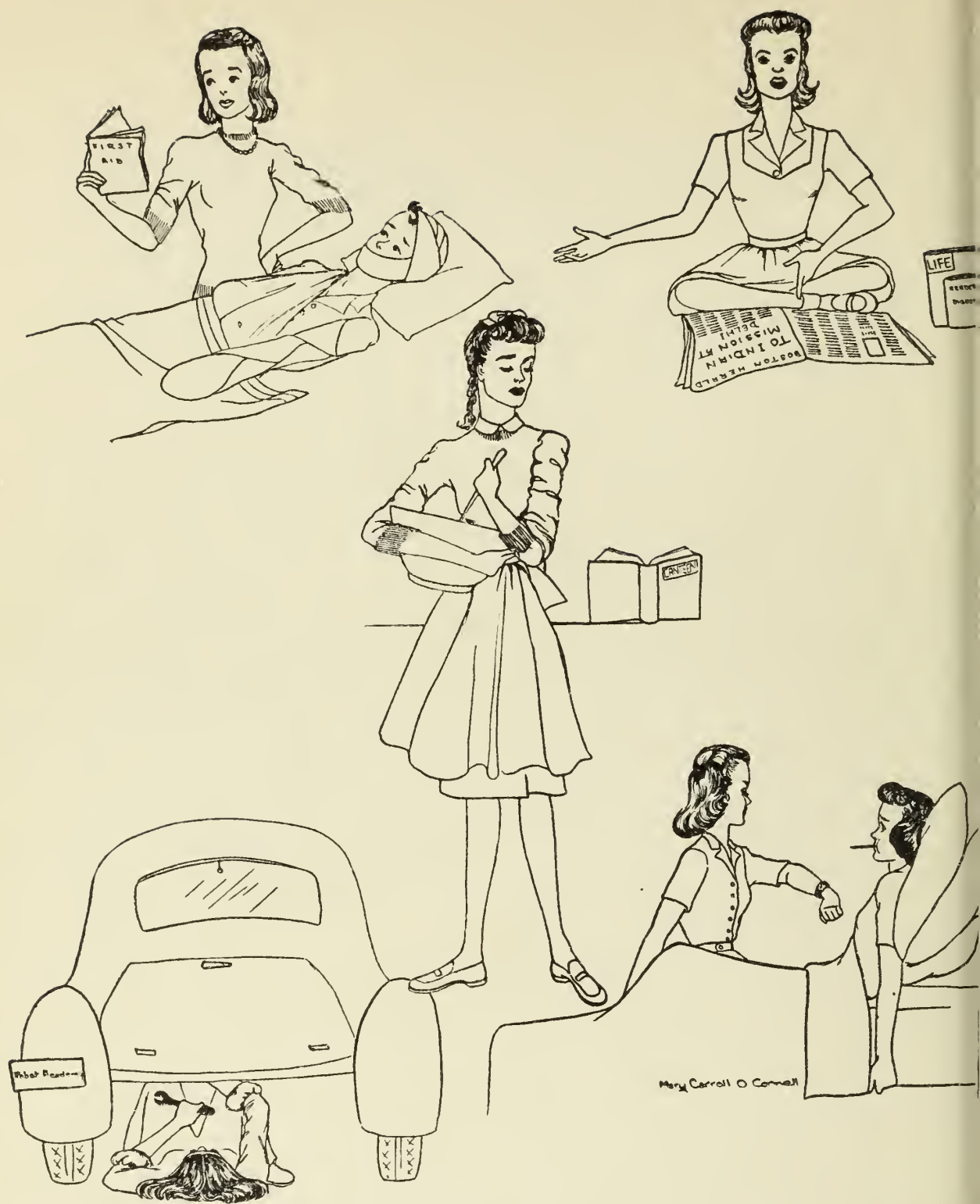
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Illustrations by Mary Bentley and Jane Bishop



We learn a little more.



# THE ABBOT COURANT

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*Editor-in-chief*

FRANCES FLINT, 1942

*Business Editor*

JANE BISHOP, 1942

*Literary Editors*

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HILTON McLAIN, 1943

MARY E. BENTLEY, 1943

MARY C. O'CONNELL, 1943

MARGARET GOODMAN, 1942

ELIZABETH PETERSON, 1943

ELIZABETH LOVETT, 1942

GRETCHEN ROEMER, 1942

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## EDITORIALS

In the last few months, since the United States entered the war, we have begun to realize that the ultimate outcome of this conflict will depend on the part which every one of us plays in the days ahead. Already the country has started its transition from a peacetime democracy to a warring nation, and its present aim is to attain the latter state as quickly and as efficiently as possible. One of the first steps in the transition was the adoption of military conscription for men. Armies are necessary, and for every man at the front there must also be many more behind the lines. Therefore the conscription of women should be our next national movement. Women can take an invaluable part in carrying on the protection and functions of the home front, in taking the men's places in industry, and in supplementing them in the more technical fields. England not only has conscription for men, but compulsory service for women in civilian defense and, with certain qualifications, in military service. What has been considered necessary in England seems to me to be vital here.

Conscription is the key to a systematized knowledge, development, and use of our country's potentialities and resources. Because we are a nation so large and diversified, it is impossible, first, to think that people in all sections and from all walks of life will attach the same importance and react in the same manner to the same things, and, second, to know our capacity. Conscription is an excellent means of mass organization and registration, making possible a cataloguing of our resources of man power in all fields. The result would be a more rapid, competent, and unified action on the part of our country.

There is the objection often raised in this connection, that in a movement so highly organized there is involved a risk of the loss of the democratic principles which we are fighting to save. It is not compatible with our ideals to force the people of our country into duty, especially the women, in whose case there is involved the breaking up of homes and for the younger, hindering of education. My answer to that is simply this: if we really believe in the ideals for which we are fighting, we shall not lose sight of them so easily, but they will grow in importance to us under these trying conditions. Women upon whom homes depend should be employed in such civilian defense as air raid precautions or first aid units, services which would not involve their leaving home. Students beyond preparatory school would probably have to be restricted to plans and courses of study which would ultimately make them of use in some more specialized capacity. At the same time there is nothing to prevent them from entering defense activities in whatever community they happen to be. What is worth having is worth sacrifice. We cannot possibly exist on a peacetime basis in wartime and expect to be victorious. This is a war in which everyone is needed in one capacity or another and each must work where he or she is most needed. If conscription is the simplest, quickest, and most effective means of organizing the battle front, home front, and industrial front, it seems only good sense to use it!

This topic is of particular importance to those of us who are graduating this year, for remote as the possibility of conscription for women may seem, it is one which we cannot wisely overlook in making our plans for the very near future.

J.A.B.

When it was first decided that boys in college should be given an opportunity to complete their four-year course in three, the question arose whether or not the same opportunity should be given to girls. Many other questions were brought up in connection with this plan. Is it necessary for girls to rush through their education? Is it practical? Is it the best thing to do in preparation for the years to come?

I would say no to all three questions. It does not seem necessary at the present time, nor even in the very near future. The positions which the girls would fill would be newly-created defense jobs or civilian work vacated by those men drafted into the army. Right now there are more than enough unemployed women to fill all such jobs, women who have had no college education but are capable of being made useful, or women who are trained for some particular job, or who have already completed their college course. Put these women to work and allow those in school to finish their course as they had planned.

Then, is this shortened course practical? If I said no and supported my answer by saying that the girls could not stand the strain of three years concentrated study, many would declare that American youth is becoming soft, weak. Absolutely not!! We could do it if we had to, and would, but as it is, why place the extra strain on the young women now when they will have burdens enough after their four years are finished? Those long vacations which some people think a waste of time are, in reality, periods in which the girls will lead as normal a life as possible, will refresh themselves and gain new incentive to carry on. Instead of a hindrance they prove to be a help.

As for the future? We know nothing about it except that it is unpredictable, that it is very insecure, and that we will have to do our very best to be prepared for it. I think in this preparation that the college can be of great significance and in four years of work—not leisurely to be sure, but at the same time not pressed—a great deal can be accomplished. If courses were required in the workings of democracy, if classes would take up the problem of the future in regard to plans for peace and reconstruction, how much better suited the girls would be to take their places in the world. A great deal has been said against totalitarianism and we seem to realize the undesirable aspects of life under such conditions, but do we know so



much about our own government and how it works that we can preserve it and carry on when it is our turn?

The main argument in favor of the shortened college course has been that it would enable young women to get their education and after that be able to serve their country. Advocates of this plan say that girls aren't doing anything of immediate aid to the nation while they are in college. However, they could. With such courses as I mentioned before and, in addition, more practical defense courses, the girls would be spending their time in preparation for some special work after they graduated from college. Instead of offering simply physical prowess, they will have a knowledge of some specific field and will be ready to step into a more advanced position without the preliminary training required by the beginners.

The fourth year of college training does seem to me to be valuable. Not only does it give a student time to learn more, time to take extra courses, time to locate one's self in relation to this topsy-turvy world, but it also allows a girl to grow up, to become more mature, and more capable of handling herself in all situations. One year does make a lot of difference.

G.P.R.



Many people are saying, "The government shouldn't allow men to shirk their duty to their country and pretend religious scruples while others die on Bataan." They say that the conscientious objectors are sitting at home while others die to defend those homes. They believe that no one should be exempt from the call to arms because of mental aversion. They want to have the objectors sent to the front to fight or placed in concentration camps for the duration.

These people seem to forget that the C.O.'s are taken away from their families and jobs and placed in camps. In this they are treated like the men going into service. But in some ways they are treated differently, for they have none of the benefits of conscription—no



free uniforms and salary, no reduced prices and untaxed goods, no public organizations for their entertainment, no fanfare, no halo of heroism. The loss of these benefits is a serious one and the C.O.'s have to pay dearly, but it is right that they should. Nothing is to be had without paying, and freedom of conscience is surely one of the things most worth paying for.

They say that we cannot fight war on a peace-time basis, that to keep freedom we must temporarily lose it. But aren't these "they" afraid that when the smoke of battle clears away we shall no longer have as clear a picture of our goal, that this temporary loss will prove an invitation to those who would have it permanent? Any government at war must assume emergency powers, but there must be an articulate opposition of the minority to keep before us what we are losing and must regain when the danger is over.

This active minority shows that we are a democracy in wartime. If they should lose their right to expression of opinion, other losses would follow until it would be difficult to regain what we had given up to the tune of a brass band and patriotic oratory. These conscientious objectors with their work camps are the symbol of what we are fighting for.

Fortunately our democratic government has acknowledged the objectors' rights as a minority. As pure philanthropy this could not be included in a wartime budget, but the C.O.'s are being used to continue other governmental work. The C.P.S. (Civilian Public Service) camps, supported and run by religious organizations, are continuing the work of the C.C.C. and similar constructive agencies. Their part is small but they are carrying on our government's work where it was left when we turned from building to destroying. They are building—building not an unproductive tank or a quickly destroyed bomber, but the roads and forests which may have to be neglected in a depressed post-war world.

But many of these men are good for something more than ditch-digging. They have already shown their deep convictions and thoughtfulness in taking the hard way out of service by declaring themselves fundamentally opposed to war and to the public opinion on it. They include many who were doing excellent work before being drafted and are capable of more than physical labor. Are we right to keep them from serving in other ways, though they have

refused to do the destroying which we now deem necessary for the others to do? Perhaps the solution would be refugee work, which would be consistent with their principles and release others for active service. The Friends have put such a suggestion before the government with the hope that this work of human reconstruction may be turned over to those who believe so firmly in it.

M.E.G.

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## Miss Snow

When I heard of her death it was with a feeling of an injustice done. "How could it have happened to her," I thought, "she who loved life and all that it brought." For her, life was more than a period of years filled with duties, cares, worries, here and there a few moments of happiness. It was more! It was an opportunity and one which she met with hope and courage.

She was everyone's friend in need. In the library and on the corridor—the two places you most often met her—she was always ready and willing to help you in any way she could. I remember one time during the difficult process of making senior dolls, rushing to her in desperation to find out how to make a pair of pajamas. It was surprising the things she knew! With a pair of scissors and some brown paper she had in less than two minutes cut out a pattern and given me full instructions for their completion.

She seemed to delight in making other people happy. Her room was always open and we were always welcome—it was ours as much as hers. At corridor meetings there was a basket of apples or a box of Hershey bars sitting by the door as we went out. One morning before Christmas we found tiny artificial pine trees on our desks and at various other seasons appropriate remembrances—just little things, but things which meant that she was thinking of us and trying to make us happy.

I remember especially her attitude toward the girls on the corridor. She wasn't placed there to watch us, to check on every little thing we did. She was there as a guide, to reprimand us if we needed it, to

commend us if we deserved it, and to help us whenever and however she could.

The first time she inspected our room it was dusty, but she didn't leave a note saying "Dirty room." She made a point of coming back to tell us just what was expected. She always looked for dust on the top of the mirror and the bottom of the bookcase. If those two places were clean she knew the rest of the room would be.

To the rest of the school, however, she was known mainly in the library and her work there was remarkable. It would have been easy to say, "We just won't use the library until the new one is ready." It was hard to plan a make-shift library out of what had been the old "rec" room, but she did it with courage, inspired by the knowledge that soon she would have her dream fulfilled—a library for Abbot which was spacious, comfortable and most of all convenient. She was indefatigable where this library was concerned. Nothing was too much trouble to do if it would in any way help the girls when they began to use it. It seems ironic that after working so hard she should have had so little time to enjoy it, but after all, under her guidance the work was completed. The things she had dreamed of, planned for and so carefully executed were accomplished. Even though she isn't here to enjoy the library she had the satisfaction of knowing that we would for many years to come. And I feel that those who come after us will, as we have, praise her foresight, her skill, and her thoughtfulness.

G.P.R.

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## The Death of Miss Snow

Atop a hill a tall, silent tree  
Graceful in its strength and majestic in its beauty  
Had long o'erlooked the countryside.  
But on a dark eventide  
Lightning pierced the gloom  
To bring that tree its doom.  
Afterwards all those that still lived nigh  
Keenly felt the bareness of the sky.

H. McL.



## The Procession

Even if the calendar and all other calculations hadn't undeniably proved that it was September 24th I still would have been sure that summer was past and fall speeding on its way. The predominating color was green as if Nature was doing her best to keep up the semblance of summer, but a crispness indicative only of fall was in the air. The summer flowers had bloomed and then gone. Those few that remained repeated the suggestion, by their darkened colors and the impression they gave of being able to stand the colder nights and shorter days, that fall and winter were approaching.

Fall did come and as it entered, the last vestige of summer warmth and gaiety vanished. I shouldn't say that gaiety vanished, for autumn in New England is anything but sad. If your eye strayed to the ground it rested upon a rug of yellow and red and brown leaves whose origin could be traced to the rows of maples and oaks that overhung the roadways, forming an arch that was reminiscent of the days of King Midas in its golden splendor. Above these trees or perhaps through a spot where the wind had taken more than its usual toll of leaves a patch of blue, now clear, now blurred with white as the October wind chased a cottony patch of clouds across the sky, could be seen. Nature was generous that fall, lavishing more than her usual number of gorgeous days before she snatched away autumn's many colors and plunged us into a two-toned land of black and white.

But slowly, inevitably this world of silhouettes came. In some ways it was perhaps the most beautiful season because of the contrast—graceful black limbs etched on an almost-white winter sky, dark pines with their fringe of snow, a white field marked only by the scattered tracks of a rabbit who apparently had crossed in as few leaps as possible. In the fall Nature had been queen. As I had walked through the country I had been conscious of nothing but the sky, or the low-lying hedges red in the autumn sunset, or some stately elm atop a hill. But now, as if overnight a transformation had taken place, I realized that men inhabited this world of ours. Houses heretofore screened by leafy hedges and trees presented their faces to the street. Long trails of grey smoke rose to the sky or stretched hori-



zontally as a winter wind caught them emerging from the chimneys. Their windows shone like bright yellow eyes at night and their mouth-like doors were bedecked with holly as the season went on.

But beautiful as was this season, I longed for something else. The black and white, while striking and at times quite picturesque, grew monotonous. I missed the red and golden autumn sunsets, the summer sky of clear blue and white; I longed for the green grass which had lain so long under the drifts of snow. In short I was impatient for spring and Nature showed signs of fulfilling my desire. Almost imperceptibly at first the snow began to melt, the days to linger a little longer, and the wind to soften its harsh blasts. I began to feel as though spring were really on its way but then, just like a woman, Nature would change her mind and instead of April and spring flowers we would find ourselves faced by pseudo-January weather. Vacillating between winter and spring, she kept us in suspense for almost a month. I knew that one morning I should wake up and know, by certain undeniable signs that spring had come—perhaps a certain shade of blue in the sky, the fact that I was awakened by the birds, or the yellow glow radiating from the forsythia buds. I knew all this but just when it would come was impossible to predict. Still, one bright day (it seemed later than it had last year but that was because I was so impatient) the inevitable happened and spring arrived in a burst of glory.

I have watched this procession of seasons—as definite as day and night, each with her own personal traits—for two years. During the first year I marvelled at the wonders which each season brought and during the second I recognized the old standbys and at the same time discovered something different about each one. There have been springs and falls and winters in other places too, but not so lovely as these. As I saw each season approach within these years I knew that it was bringing me closer and closer to the time when I would have to leave but I loved each in its turn; I held it close to me and took from it as much beauty and joy as I could hold. I took enough so that although I may leave I have the memories and the pictures which will stay as time goes on.

GRETCHEN ROEMER, 1942

## Two Mothers

His mother sat with the letter in her hand, unable to believe the message which the neatly typewritten words brought her. That he was dead was impossible. He had always been so alive and, although, since he had joined the R.A.F., she had thought of him being killed, she had never deep down inside her believed that it could happen. She thought of him as he had been when she last saw him—tall, straight, eager, and gay, yet under the gaiety, serious. She tried to picture him as he might be now—crushed, ugly, and dead. But it was impossible.

She loved her other children dearly but he, her eldest, seemed so much more a part of her and they had been bound by a common understanding which she could not feel with the others. He had always made her so proud with his quick mind, his thoughtfulness and his loyalty to her. She had always been able to count on him to live up to those convictions which she had taught him to be highest and most worthwhile. Unconsciously he had become a part of her life—so big that it did not seem right that she could still be alive while he was dead.

Moved by some surge of feeling within her she rose and went quickly, almost running up the stairs. She felt that she must be in her son's room. The desire possessed her so that she thought she would burst if she did not get there. She quickly crossed the threshold and then stood still and looked about her at the walls covered with pictures of horses and his rugby team and a painting or two. His bookcase with old schoolbooks and all his favorite volumes. Books she had given him on a Christmas or a birthday in the years before crowded the shelves. She turned to his bed. Its clean cover was spread unnaturally neatly and it gave the bed an impersonal, cold appearance. It had been too long unslept in. And now he had left it forever. She remembered the times she had gotten up in the night to look in on him as he slept. The times she had pulled an extra cover over his young, growing body and looking at him by the dim light that came in from the hall had stooped to kiss his smooth, firm cheek. Then she had left the room, with her love for him spreading warm within her. Was he gone forever? Would she never know

this sweetness again? Yet this had been sweet, even the memories. She had that much at least and in it she saw a deep well of comfort. He had been her son as wholly as possible and the past could never be taken from her as he had been. Full realization swept over her in a smothering wave and her breath caught in her throat. She flung herself on his bed and wept, partly from grief, partly from gratefulness.

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The mother stood in the doorway, facing the young uniformed man.

"Heil Hitler," he said and saluted. "I am happy to tell you that your son has died a glorious death for his Fuhrer."

Her face was a mask, so immobile that it did not show a trace of emotion.

"I thank you for the news," she said, "Heil Hitler," and she closed the door. The rest of the family was at the supper table, talking excitedly about the mass meeting that was to take place that evening. The mother did not feel that she could face them just then, so she went to the kitchen door and said:

"I shall not eat tonight. Call me when you are leaving for the meeting." She went back through the living-room and up the stairs into the children's bedroom. Three narrow white beds were standing side by side, neat and plain. She sat in the one chair in the room and, resting her head against its straight back, closed her eyes.

Her son was dead. It did not seem possible. She wondered if there was not some mistake. It could not be that they would take him from her when he was still so young and then, kill him. She had always thought that he would come back and had looked forward to the day when he would again enter the house—mature and strong and happy. Why, she had hardly known him before they had taken him and now, to think that she would never know him. No, it could not be. She felt that there was some misunderstanding and that they had not kept their part of the bargain. "Your son has died gloriously," the young man had said. She should be proud. But she felt no pride. Instead she was bewildered and hurt.

She had often wondered what her son was like now. It had been three years since she had even seen him. The girls had a picture of



him which he had sent. He looked handsome and he was laughing, showing good, white teeth. She wondered what he thought of the war. Probably he thought it a fine thing and had been proud to die for his country and for Hitler. No doubt he had hated, as they had all been taught to hate. She knew now that it was bad to have hate in one's heart. If only he could come back, so she could teach him that it was wrong. But now he was dead and could not return.

She got up and went to stand by his bed. He would never lie there again, with his curly blond hair and red cheeks. She would never again tuck the covers around him to keep him warm and kiss him before she put out the light. She knelt on the floor beside the bed and leaning on it rested her head there. She felt sick and tired, so very tired that her whole body ached. Anna called from downstairs,

"We are going. Hurry or you will be late."

"I am not coming, Anna."

They protested but she hardly heard them. Finally they went without her. She heard the door close and then, as though a signal had been given, the tears rushed from her eyes and her sobs broke the silence of the empty house. She wept for her son whom she had hardly known.

BARBARA HILL, 1942

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## The Tigers

Once in the ages forgotten  
When nature covered the land,  
The tiger walked on the beaches  
And sunned himself on the sand.  
Then the green waves crashed their music,  
And the heavens gleamed with blue,  
While the jungle was purple and scarlet,  
And none but the tiger knew.



When man, the pitiful weakling,  
Had risen to power and fame,  
The tigers fell back—it was useless—  
They were hunted wherever they came.  
For beer cans litter the beaches,  
And the factories clatter and drone,  
While the tigers die in their cages,  
Tortured, forsaken, alone.

And now while we fight for existence,  
And the great armies rise and fall,  
We must strive, to the last of our limits,  
Or a darkness will cover us all:  
And again in the great hot jungle  
Where the crimson flowers are sown,  
The waves will crash on the beaches  
And the tiger roar—alone.

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945



## The Meeting

The weather during the final days of the Silas Mountain Writers' Conference lived up to its bright and sun-swept tradition. Michael C. Haines, past, present, and probably future Master of Activities, made the most of it, as he turned his tanned and patrician features toward the west and lifted another newly-bound book in his long, handsome fingers.

"*I Would Walk the Earth*, ladies and gentlemen!" he proclaimed in loud and sonorous tones. Michael C. Haines never left his comfortable professorial chair at Greensborough College except for these occasions. His face filled with the light of the valley, he stared straight through the ruddy sunset and into the great beyond. The crowd was stirred, and they were willing to remain in reverent silence until Mr. Haines would see fit to speak again. When he did, his eyes grew softer and less fiery. His voice was more gentle and less filled with a conquering note: He leaned toward his fellow writers with the air of imparting a great confidence.

"About this work by our fellow creator, Anthony Lane, what can I tell you? It is but a small, slender volume. A few lines of poetry about common, everyday things. Even if it were a larger book I should be unable to say any more than that I am certain these bits of living contain a universal significance. Mr. Lane has written before, for all of us and for many others beyond our little circle. We know the greatness and scope of his work without question, as we know Anthony Lane can turn the world into beauty, joy, or sadness with a single word." Mr. Haines cleared the emotion from his voice, but not too soon to cover the crack. "It is natural and only fitting at this time that Mr. Lane should be the recipient of the fifth of our six special conference awards."

With the careful bearing of one paying supreme homage, Michael Haines placed the book among the others on the table, and turned to bow as toward a god.

"Will Anthony Lane be kind enough to step forward so that those of us who have not had the pleasure of his acquaintance may meet him?"

A little, tanned man, squatting on the steps of the shed, rose slowly, pushing an old yachting cap back on his head as he did so. The eyes of the crowd turned toward him. Michael Haines peered around the corner of the speaker's platform and came forward smiling paternally because he had discovered the god on the steps instead of in the front row. He came quite near to him.

"Anthony Lane, dear friends," said Michael, and added in a hushed, soft voice, "Here at Silas Mountain he is known to us as simply 'Tony'."

Tony's eyes twinkled as he looked from the floor to the rapt face above him. He sucked slowly on his pipe. "Hello, Mike," he said.

The people waited in a well-bred way, automatically counting to ten as if they had just experienced a doubtful end to a symphonic movement. And then they clapped when Anthony Lane turned back to the steps of the shed, they clapped loud and long as if a spring had suddenly snapped inside of them.

In an uncomfortable folding chair near the back Mrs. Judith English, breathing more quickly, patted her round hands together until the palms grew warm and red. When the applause reached a crescendo, she clapped as hard as the rest. Michael Haines smiled benignly on them all and returned to his stand. When the clapping had subsided to a few scattered contributions Michael Haines started to speak. The audience, recovering from the shock of meeting "the" Anthony Lane, gave him their attention slowly. But Mrs. English, unaware of what was about to happen to her, gave him no attention at all. Reaching deep into her embroidered knitting bag she found her glasses and put them on that she might gaze at Mr. Lane sitting there so calmly on the steps. Mr. Lane did not look at her, but that was not important to Mrs. English. She wanted only to look at him. For three years she had wanted to look at him, and now he was no more than twenty yards away from her where anyone in the whole room might see him. A very little man. But a very great man. Mrs. English was certain of that. To begin with, no one could doubt the opinion of Michael Haines, and even if he had said nothing Mrs. English felt that she would have known. She knew almost by heart what Anthony Lane could do with words, without Mr. Haines to tell her. For she owned, with a secret sense of adventure at each purchase, the four volumes which Mr. Lane had previously pub-



lished, and she had even read the new one, though it was hardly off the press.

Out of all this evidence she had painted in her straightforward mind a private little picture of the author, his expression, what he did and said in ordinary life, the way he cleaned his teeth and what he liked best to eat. It was a little hard for Mrs. English to believe, even in her great understanding of practicality, that such a man would have time for everyday things, but she seemed to know somehow that he must, and therefore she had evolved a set of pictures which were with her every day. Mrs. English was not sure whether she believed in having secrets, but she liked having a make-believe friendship with Anthony Lane. Thus she found it hard to believe that now she had come upon him face to face and through a chain of circumstances logical but most extraordinary—for Mrs. English.

It had been only about a year ago when she had sent a neatly typed record of the summer vacation she had taken with Mr. English and their two children, to a rather unimaginative ladies magazine. Mr. English had said when she did it, "Why, Mother, what's come over you?" And she remembered that she had answered, not quite knowing what had come over her, "Why, I don't know. I just thought someone else might like to know what a good time we had."

Someone else had wanted to know. Even the unimaginative magazine had discovered that. And eventually there were letters between Mrs. English and the publishers and then last of all on a certain day in spring, the mailman had brought to his amazed patron a letter unlike any that she had ever received before. He had stopped by the hedge and watched Mrs. English while she wiped the wet, black earth of the garden from her hands and opened the envelope. "It is our great pleasure to tell you that you have been chosen by unanimous vote as a guest at the Silas Mountain Writers' Convention in August. Your book, *Peter's Passport*, though your first, shows promise." At the top of the first page on the letterhead, under Michael C. Haines, was the name of Anthony Lane.

"It ain't bad news?" the mailman had said. And Mrs. English, forgetting that he was there, had shaken her head absently. "No, I mean I've been invited away for a few days next August."

"Oh, that's different," the mailman had answered. "I suppose



now you're famous you get lots of those invitations.'" And he had gone off down the street, his whistle a bright silver sliver in the sunny morning. Mrs. English had stood a long time holding tightly to a sharp twig on the hedge. The neat little street changed before her eyes as if someone had said "abracadabra" and waved a wand over it. Instead of the small white houses with blue and red and green blinds, there was a long green sweep of scenery rather like a postcard Mrs. English had once received from a mountainous area. There were many mountains, all with their peaks hidden in a mass of blue and purple shading, but the tallest was Silas Mountain, the tallest and the strangest, with great rocky crags near its top. A mountain with rocky crags would be the only place where Anthony Lane could go. To Mrs. English only such rugged strength would be significant of his great genius. On the stony peak of Silas Mountain there he would stand, blown by the wind but not yielding, watching the endless sky billowed with clouds, and composing his divine thoughts for the good of the universe.

The sharp twig of the hedge had cut into Mrs. English's palm and had brought her uncomfortably back to her yard and to herself. She had realized suddenly that her back muscles pulled because she had been standing so rigidly and that her throat felt tight and dry. She turned toward the house.

Her husband and the children had been so excited at the prospect of her invitation that they had thought nothing of her detailed preparations, her new suitcase with the light blue trim, her permanent, and the three wash silk dresses she had bought, although she knew them to be an extravagance.

Then came the day when Mr. English had driven her to Silas Mountain, complaining all the way because way up in the country was no place to invite famous people and why didn't they have it in New York somewhere, where you could find something for your money and where you could really get something out of it? Mrs. English on the front seat beside him divided her attention between the box pleats in her skirt and the mountains which she thought silently were peaked by rocky crags. It would have done little good to tell a man like her husband that the genius of Anthony Lane would die and be smothered in the noise, and dirt and confusion of a city, that the open spaces and only the open spaces could house a

man who could take the whole earth in his stride. Hadn't the author of *I Would Walk the Earth* given his own book that splendid title as proof?

The days at Silas Mountain had been crowded and full despite Mr. English's complaints. For Mrs. English they had been a shining new experience with life turned on another side. She tried hard to assume the bored, blasé sophistication of the other "literary people" over the endless teas and the countless lectures. But such events had never before been included in her calm and customary mode of living and she could not help but bubble and beam with joy occasionally or look with amazement at the lady and gentlemen authors who had "I write great works," or "I will write a great work," written all over their faces. She did not miss a lecture or a tea or a reception. It had been only yesterday that she and four or five others had listened to the worldly-wise Marguerite Fyssen Rhodes lecture on "The Essential Acquirements for Writing a Successful Novel." After the lecture, tea had been served and Mrs. English had exclaimed in childlike delight over the frosted flowers on the cakes. Marguerite Rhodes close beside her had stared not at the cakes but at Mrs. English in wonder. "My dear!" she had exclaimed, raising her eyeglasses. "How quaint of you to notice!" Mrs. English didn't tell Miss Rhodes that she had noticed everything for five whole days. Anthony Lane had once written in a poem, "so I must seek the smallest kernel for reward." And Mrs. English had engraved the line in her gospel forever and ever.

Anthony had been unable to reach the Silas Mountain Writers' Conference for the first of the session. Mrs. English did not know why, but she felt vaguely that it might be because a genius only arrived when the spirit moved him or because he was busy with speeches and meeting elsewhere. Actually Silas Mountain was an old game to him. He had been there many summers. If Mrs. English was disappointed, she did not admit the fact even to herself. She merely watched everything and sought "the smallest kernel" as well, and saved her wash silk with the blue and lemon stripe for the gala day when six of the authors represented at the conference were to be picked by Mr. Haines and the committee as the most prominent of the year. Everyone would come to that meeting, reporters and photographers, and many people whom Mrs. English had

heard about but had never expected to see in her whole life. Of course Mr. Lane had to be present today for there was no question as to his prominence as one of America's leading poets. The choice of six authors was supposed to be a surprise but Mrs. English could hardly be surprised about Anthony Lane. Now the only thing that surprised her was the way he looked. Smaller, much smaller than she had thought. In the private pictures of him which she had conjured he had been long and lean, with great shoulders. But as she watched his small, round form retreating under the yachting cap he seemed to change and take on even greater proportions than she had dreamed. Fascinated, Mrs. English moved forward on her folding chair and almost stared. Her Sunday school days came back to her and she remembered, "Judge ye not by the physical proportions of a man, for they are but passing."

Suddenly she was aware of Mr. Haines and of people around her. They were all looking at her—at her! Some of the people were even pointing at her. Mr. Haines was smiling, fatherly, and all-knowing, straight in her direction. Mrs. English's heart jumped to her throat with a great thump as it did when she had a nightmare, or when she saw a mouse. She closed her mouth quickly and stared back at the people. As if from a great distance Mr. Haines' voice played lightly and dimly on her ear drums saying, "And so for our sixth special award of the conference we have chosen *Peter's Passport*, a delightful, charming, and completely natural account of a most ordinary summer vacation, so ordinary in fact, ladies and gentlemen, that few people would think it worth recording. Our decision, however, is proof of our estimate of its worth. Will Mrs. Judith English please rise so we may all know her face? She is a new friend at the Conference, here for the first time this year."

Mrs. English had never fainted but she rose to her feet as if in a trance. The room and people spun in rapid concentric circles. Mr. Haines' face and the bright colors on the jacket of her book seemed to merge together, her very own book that she had written! Anthony Lane's hat and all the countless, endless faces, white and blurred, revolved before her eyes. When her senses at last came back to normal she could hear the voice of Michael C. Haines like a trumpet proclaiming "Mrs. Judith English." The people clapped normally but to Mrs. English the applause sounded like the clanging of a



thousand bells. The lady next to her pulled her sleeve, whispered at her and smiled. Mrs. English realized her face was frozen in an expression of almost horror.

With a great effort she relaxed and smiled at all, at Mr. Haines, at Mr. Lane, and at all of the white faces. Mr. Haines smiled back, and Mrs. English, grasping the back of the chair in front of her, sat down. She sat motionless, her eyes intently fixed on her knitting bag. She was remotely conscious of the flashing bulbs of many cameras. Finally she heard the voice of a photographer, "That will be all—we got a good one." She looked around her and saw that most of the people were already on their way to the inn where a reception was to be held for those who had attended the conference. She rose reluctantly to leave and was suddenly confronted by Anthony Lane. "Last but not least I guess we are," he said in a low, shy voice. "I think your book is swell stuff, but everyone probably tells you that."

The road was filled with the early mountain sunset as they walked slowly in the direction of the inn. She was aware of the click of a ball against a mallet, sharp and clear as people played croquet nearby. Anthony Lane continued, "Nothing can compare with this country anywhere. God, what a sunset! Makes your face all red!" She wanted to tell him she had read an advance copy of his book and thought it too was "swell stuff." She wanted to tell him what his books had meant to her but she felt that she didn't need to tell him. Somehow she realized he knew her thoughts, even though he didn't talk beautiful, moving phrases similar to those in his poems. After all she too looked plain, not literary, and it was the first time they had ever spoken together.

Back at the inn and safely surrounded by the comforting security of her room Mrs. English picked up her hand mirror. It reflected the ruddy glow of the sunset and she noticed with pleasure that her face was still red.

JEAN MCKAY, 1942



## Trip to the Devil's Playground

Old Abe Williams sat on the rickety stoop of his little cabin and sucked at his blackened pipe. He leaned his grizzled black head against the door frame and with his arms on his chest, crossed his knees and gazed sleepily across the road at the trees which were melting together in the warm dusk of the southern evening. Abe wasn't thinking; he was just sitting, with no worry about the future, no regret for the past and little regard for the present. Soon a shadow left the darkness of the woods and moved over the road, shuffling up to a stop in front of Abe.

"Hi there, Brother Abe," said the shadow. Brother Abe knew the thin, squeaky voice right away. It belonged to Jed Taylor, a friend whom Abe hadn't seen for quite some time.

"Hi there, Jed. What you doin' here?"

"Oh nothin', nothin' much. Jes' thought I'd come over, set with you a while. Seems like you'd be mighty lonesome not havin' Jenny 'round no more," was Jed's explanation.

"That's right. Mighty lonesome," agreed Abe. Although the idea had not occurred to him before, he realized that it should have and hated to admit to Jed that it had not. As a matter of fact, he rather liked life without his wife around and hadn't at all missed her nagging and sharp remonstrances. There were lots of things he could do, now that she was dead, that had been strictly prohibited while she lived.

A silence fell upon the two men, during which Jed sat himself down on the stoop and alongside, Abe gazed, like him, across the road.

"Say, Brother Abe, tell you what let's do. Let's us go up the road to Wilson's shed. Jes' what you need t' cheer you up some."

After this remark Abe waited, expecting a quick but definite burst of forbiddance, then realized that without Jenny, none would come. For Jenny had been a religious woman and wouldn't permit her husband to go to a place like Wilson's shed. It was, as the name says, nothing more than a shed, but it served as a gathering place for the colored farm hands. It was a sort of club where they went to drink and gamble their money. "The Devil's Playground" was Jenny's

name for it, and as long as she had lived she hadn't given the devil half a chance to get his hands on her good man. Many times the request had been refused but now, Abe realized, he was free to go if he wanted. So without thinking whether he wanted to go or not, he decided to go, simply because he could.

"Say now," he said, "that's a fine idea. Let's go," and thus giving his approval of the suggestion, Abe got up from the stoop and knocked out his pipe against the wall of the cabin.

"Got any money?" asked Jed. Abe did not answer but went into the cabin and in a moment or two came out again. "Yes," said Abe, "I got some."

The two went out into the road and silently paced down its dusty center. Before long they came to a row of four or five buildings lined along the road. Most of the buildings were stores and, because of the hour, were but black shapes looming out of the darkness, but at the far end of the group was seen a doorway, filled with yellow light. Abe was fascinated, for it was the first time he had seen the famed place at night, and he was nervous because it was the first time he had approached it with the intention of crossing its boundaries of sin. Jed led the way through the door and Abe followed, blinking his eyes a little at the sudden brightness. The shed was filled with some fifteen dark men who were grouped in a rough circle and whose attentions seemed fixed to a certain spot on the floor, which was located in the center. When Jed and Abe entered they turned to look at the newcomers. Some of them Abe knew and others he had never seen before. Some greeted him as an old friend; others turned to give him curious glances. All of them, Abe noticed, greeted Jed, and there seemed to be a sort of common understanding between them which did not exist where Abe was concerned.

The men seemed unable to tear themselves away from the spot on the floor and immediately turned back to it, leaving Abe and Jed to stand on the edge of the group. A man, whom Abe did not know, turned to Jed and pulling a flat, brown bottle from his hip pocket, handed it to Jed. He took out the cork, and putting the bottle to his lips, threw back his head and took a long drink. He then handed the bottle to Abe, who in turn drank. The liquid was sharp and burning to his throat. In fact it burned all the way down and scarcely had he handed the bottle back to Jed when a wave of dizziness swept over

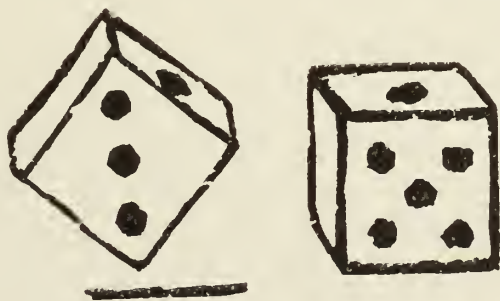
him and for a minute the roof came down and the floor came up. Abe felt Jed pushing his elbow and soon found himself in the center of the group. He looked down and there in the dust at his feet lay the two small white cubes with black dots which he had not seen since the gambling days of his youth. They stared back at him with an awkward persistence. Abe felt warm and friendly. The game was easy to play with so much money in his pocket. Again and again he found the bottle in his hand. Again and again he reached into his pocket for more money. He noticed that it was almost gone. Almost gone was the money which Jenny had so painfully saved under the mattress.

All of a sudden Abe felt sick, and the shed seemed hot, and the black bodies of the other men pushed in upon him unbearably. This feeling increased until he could stand it no longer and felt he must get out of the building. He turned, bolted for the door, stumbled over feet, bumped against men, and at last reached the entrance. He rushed out into the cool darkness. Immediately he hit out down the road, now and then stumbling in his haste. Soon he heard running steps coming up behind him and then felt a tugging at his sleeve.

"Brother Abe, where you goin'?"

"Home, Jed. I'se goin' home," Abe said desperately and jerked himself away from Jed. He started again with a determined gait. He couldn't keep it up for long; he suddenly became so tired. It soon became all he could do to drag himself along. He thought of his comfortable stoop and wished that Jenny had been there to keep him home. A big southern moon rolled up from the other side of the woods and peeping over the tree tops, smiled down on him, a tired, sick old man.

BARBARA HILL, 1942





## Sunday

Sandy uncrossed her feet for the fourth time, risking a look from her mother, and sighed a little too audibly. The seat was much too far above the ground, and her legs, dangling in between at least a foot and a half from the floor, buzzed and her feet felt full of pins. The minister's voice droned on, reading the scripture lesson, and Sandy wondered why all scripture lessons sounded alike. She gazed at the blue bird on Mrs. Whitman's hat, poised for flight, and then at Mr. Whitman's shiny pink head. She wondered if Mr. Whitman liked the hat, but decided he probably didn't, for he had a practical, business-man look.

Mr. Wheeler had announced the hymn and with a blast of the organ they stood. She slid off the bench with a thump that brought a disapproving cough from Father, but what could he expect? He didn't have so far to go when he stood up. The congregation was singing in a blotchy way, and her father was booming happily in her left ear. She glanced up at him, trying to let him know how much noise he was making, but he beamed at her and sang on. Thinking every eye in the church was on him, Sandy looked away and tried to pretend he belonged to someone else.

The hymn was over and with considerable squirming she got herself into a reasonably stable, if not comfortable position, for the first prayer was always a long one. She took a long breath and bent her head. In this position she couldn't escape the fact that her new white shoes were advertising to the world that she had played baseball before church this morning. She swung her feet on a line with her father's legs, so that they were out of Mother's vision, and yanked her skirt down over her newly-skinned knee.

They would be going to Grandmother's this afternoon and she would walk along the red brick wall part of the way. Grandmother's house smelled wonderfully of roses and gingerbread men, and there was a lion on the front door with a door knocker in his mouth. (Sandy never understood why, with such a beautiful lion, they used a door-bell, but they always did.) The one trouble with this trip was that Grandmother would guess the baseball game immediately. Her failing senses never failed to see a scuffed shoe, or to hear a loose



nail on the shiny, brown floors. And she never drew wrong conclusions, or hesitated to air them.

Sandy cocked her bent head to watch, with one eye, her cousin Phyllis, across the aisle. Phyllis was immaculate from her clean white shoes and socks, to her streamered hat. Sandy thought of the stubs of ribbons on her own hat, and told herself she was glad she had cut them, but she sank a little farther down in her seat. Phyllis' head was lowered reverently and her eyes were closed. What fun it would be to cut those smooth, silky black braids with the shears. Sandy cautiously raised one hand and felt her own hair, but it was kinky as it had always been, and by looking cross-eyed she could see that the bangs she had cut had not changed their nondescript color.

Suddenly Sandy had an uncontrollable urge to see what Mr. Wheeler looked like when he prayed, and by slow degrees she lifted her eyes, past the first carving on the pew in front, over the top, up Mrs. Whitman's neck and past the blue bird, which had not yet risen to flight. She closed one eye and let the other rest carefully on Mr. Wheeler's watch chain, and then on his face. She was not struck by lightning, nor had she turned to a pillar of salt, (she tasted her finger to see), so she opened the other eye very, very slowly and watched cautiously. Her father stirred so she lowered her head, but she was satisfied.

The prayer ended and Mr. Wheeler was talking about God. Sandy wondered what God looked like. She supposed he had grey hair parted in the middle and kind brown eyes like Mr. Wheeler. She felt a little jump of conscience in her stomach when she thought of Him, and the baseball game before church. She doubted very much if He would approve. She wished she knew more about His likes and dislikes. She looked across at cousin Phyllis, whose lovely brown eyes were fixed virtuously on Mr. Wheeler's face. Probably Phyllis was on very intimate terms with God, but Sandy wasn't going to admit that *she* was not by asking any questions. She felt lonely when she thought of Him, for everyone seemed to be a friend or at least an enemy of God, but herself. She rather feared that if she belonged to either group it would be the latter, but even that would be more comforting than her present status, an outsider. She looked around her at the peaceful faces, and knew she couldn't discuss it with anyone for then they'd find out how sinful she was.

Finally it was all over, and after her mother had talked to Mrs. Hartigan about her baby's teeth, and to Miss Leonards about the community house, they were out in the air. The family discussed the sermon eagerly, but Sandy pretended to concentrate on not stepping on the cracks in the sidewalk.

SALLY ZIMMERMANN, 1942

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## Skier's Winter

The first snowfall.  
Pure white powder  
And the sun,  
Dazzling on the winter blanket.  
The skier's joy  
At the first sight of snow.  
The waxing of skis.  
Talk of trails and slopes,  
And christies.

Thin rivers of water on the road—  
The January thaw.  
Rain,  
Coming down in torrents.  
"Vacation cancelled.  
Stop.  
No skiing. No snow."  
Prayers to Saint Peter.  
Weather reports.  
At last the reward  
Of little white stars,  
Drifting lazily down to earth.

A hot sun and corn snow—  
Messengers of spring.  
Sunbaths taken at noonday.  
Deep tans.  
Shirt sleeves rolled up,  
Fresh wax applied often.  
Southern slopes grow bare.  
“What is it today?  
Tuckerman’s, Cannon,  
Or Pinkham?”  
March, April,  
And May.  
Sounds of “Next year—!”  
And the skiing season  
Passes on.

PATRICIA DAMON, 1944



## New York's Stepchild

A pleasant excursion that the visitor to New York seldom takes is that of visiting Staten Island. A visitor may set foot on it when he rides on the Staten Island ferry. However, his sole purpose in taking the ride is to view the harbor at its best and he returns immediately. Moreover, if he is very partial to the Statue of Liberty, he takes a ferry direct to the monument. Therefore, in America there prevails about Staten Island and its people a wide ignorance and an unjustified disdain. As I am a native of this American outpost, I feel called upon to explain and to justify its existence.

Contrary to the general belief that a passport is needed to go there, the Stars and Stripes have been planted on Staten Island. In fact it is now considered a part of Richmond County, a section which also includes lower Manhattan. Although a Staten Islander is therefore officially one of them, New Yorkers claim that they can distinguish him quite easily, though not as easily as they distinguish an out-of-towner. While the former does not stand amazed before the skyscrapers, yet he cannot find it in himself to relax fully in the subway, and after a snowstorm he wears galoshes through the snow-cleared streets of Manhattan.

Thus a New Yorker may distinguish a Staten Islander on Times Square, but the Staten Islander knows that in his personal domain New Yorkers stick out like a sore thumb. The frontier of this domain is the ferry. No New Yorker has ever acquired the technique of not needing to make any adjustment as his feet leave land to ride the deck of a ship. A Staten Islander knows this technique so well that he never realizes that he passes over water. It is the New Yorker who knows not in what weather to go on deck and where to stand best to avoid the wind. The complete disregard that a male Staten Islander shows toward the howling babies, the running children, the gossiping women, and the unintelligible words of the shoe shine is something of which the New Yorker is completely void during the trip. But it is at the docking of the boat that the New Yorker is the most distinguishable. As he totters unexpectedly from the bump that always accompanies this procedure, he looks for the captain to give him a defiant look. However, the wise Staten Islander



is braced for the bump and he never looks for the captain. He knows that on the top deck of each ferry there is a small and frail staircase labeled "No Admittance." At the top of the stairs there is a world which he can never see. In this world there lives the phantom who guides the ship. It is this phantom who makes the bump at the end of the voyage to remind the passengers of his service.

Even though Staten Islanders may behave in this common way when they are on the ferry, they are a very diverse group of people. They may be divided into the two large groups—those who live on the hills and have a view of the ocean, and those who do not.

Those on the hills may again be separated into two groups. Chronologically the first are the old families who formerly owned large tracts of land—so large that they could keep a prodigious number of horses and hounds and could follow that time-honoured sport of fox-hunting. However, with the arrival of people, the loss of the greater part of their land, and the disappearance of foxes they were forced to forsake this pastime and turn to the less colorful diversions of golf and tennis. As these families have remained in their large, beautiful houses, the second group has come to the hills—the families of those small town boys who came to the big city some twenty years ago and made good. These last despite their recent success have little in common either with the bright lights and talk of Manhattan or with the provinciality of the ordinary suburb. Therefore they live on Staten Island and are happy.

Below the hills there is a larger and more mixed population. There are the poorest who live on small, shabby, and non-productive farms. There are Italians who at the time of holidays and weddings decorate their streets with lights of many colors. There are Scandinavians whose weddings are all day affairs full of food, speeches, and gaiety. Between celebrations these people live a quiet life. The children attend the numerous public schools, the men are gardeners, bus drivers, or they work in the shipyards or perhaps even own small shops, and the women keep house on some days; on others they work. Although poverty may be present here, it is not the poverty of city slums, for Staten Island is open.

Staten Island contains little of note except for the earliest American schoolhouse and Vanderbilt's tomb. It cannot boast of many famous men except for Edwin Markham who once lived there. And

why is Staten Island so lacking? Perhaps because it is overshadowed by Manhattan but most probably because it has been uninvestigated and unappreciated by the American public. Therefore, I ask that the next time that Staten Island is mentioned in a conversation, please look as though you had heard of it before and that you respected it to a certain extent. You must never forget that Staten Island has a heart. Just watch how a Staten Islander winces when a New York salesgirl asks if there is a tax there or just watch the pride with which he tells you that in size Staten Island is larger than Manhattan. These will prove to you that Staten Island is worth your memory of it and your respect for it.

HILTON McLAIN, 1943



## Charlie

Even though small shreds of morning mist scattered across the lake blocked our vision, we did not fail to recognize the smooth, regular stroke of his paddle. The canoe was a half mile away, cutting the halcyon lake into two shimmering halves as it slipped past the dark firs on the shore.

We were camping in the heart of the lake country of northern Ontario. The small crackling fire and the bubbling pot made the only sounds in the cold, still world. Before us Opeongo Lake stretched for nine miles, blue and dazzling, with rocky shore jutting out on either side.

Having sighted our guide, Kitty and I returned to the cooking. Soon we heard the scrape of the canoe's bow on the sand. As the man was lifting the canoe up on the beach Kitty called to him:

"Any luck, Charlie?"

"Three speckled and a rainbow," he called back, coming up the hill with four beautiful trout on his line.

I watched him walking easily and perfectly coordinated under the green canoe, although he was unusually tall and the boat must have weighed eighty pounds. He carried the tackle in his free hand. Charlie would have been unmistakably a woodsman in any surroundings, from the comfortable slouch of his felt hat with the ring of bright feathered fish-hooks around the band to the quick searching look in his grey eyes. He was around forty-five, although he was as mysterious as any woman about his age; and he had been a guide and a hunter since boyhood. Love of the northland—of following snowshoe trails in the dead whiteness of winter, of long canoe trips, of wild animals, of fishing in the silver-grey dawn—all these were a part of him and his philosophy.

He was the idol of everyone, for varied and unusual reasons. The camp counselors enjoyed him mainly because he was the best bridge player that Algonquin Park offered, although French-Canadian guides are amazingly good at card games on the whole.

He would only play bridge with campers on the long ten-day trips, and even then he would give you up as a pupil very abruptly



if you dared to forget which suit was trump! To Charlie's exacting mind bridge was a science, and should be regarded with respect.

Campers who were excluded from his honored group of students still had his stories. They were also reserved for the long trips. They were told after the girls were warmly sheathed in sleeping-bags and only the embers glowed in the stone fireplace. Then when his pipe was carefully packed a respectful moment of silence would fall before the sound of his voice was heard. Charlie would spin tall tales as only men of the forests and mountains can; with a dash of subtle humor and an enormous amount of exaggeration in with the reality. We never believed these stories, yet we rather hoped that such amazing things would someday occur. Above all, we had to believe in them out loud. Once Charlie had felt that his audience was listening only because the story was funny, and he had retired in dignified silence to sleep under the canoe and had been unrelentingly stubborn thereafter. But if the girls were properly admiring and terrified by turns they would hear tales better than any adventure book has ever told.

One August night he told us about being chased by the forest ranger, after poaching all over the Province of Ontario at the age of fourteen. In the blackest hours before dawn one morning Charlie heard the ranger who was following him land on the shore and pitch his tent. He soon realized that the warden was unaware of Charlie's own tent standing a few hundred feet away. So under cover of darkness he crept into the woods behind the ranger's campsite and began to make violent angry crashings in the brush. The unsuspecting warden came out to scare away the "bear" and was led deep into the forest by the boy without even seeing him. Then quick as a flash Charlie streaked back to the point, got his tent down, and was a comfortable distance away before the angry ranger reached bed again. He tells the story so that we will understand why he himself is now an excellent warden in his spare moments. "Got to know the tricks of the trade from the poacher's point of view, too," he explains with a low chuckle.

No one could resist such stories and neither could anyone resist his personality. On returning from this particular trip we were greeted with the exciting news that Charlie had acquired his first son during our absence. This was our opportunity. The girls who had tripped



with him got the idea of knitting "little Bushman," as he was immediately termed, some bootees.

We set to work. They were created in record time, and the following Sunday before breakfast the three of us slipped down to the guides' quarters with the small box. Charlie was eating with the other guides, but he got up as we reached the porch.

"We—we made something for Bushman," Kitty explained, suddenly overcome, and held out the box.

I could hear only the slap of water on the shore as he opened it. I can never forget the care with which he took the tiny blue shoes from the box and the cute way he smiled.

"Did you really make 'em? Gosh, I—" He, too, was without words, and we scooted away before he could thank us.

All of these things were Charlie: kindness, fun, cleverness, and simplicity. He was a man in a million, and we knew him and loved him as such.

ELIZABETH LOVETT, 1942



## Dreams vs. Reality

Joan settled into the seat, took up a magazine, and prepared herself for the two-hour train ride that was to take her home. The idea of going home was a painful one to her, but Mother had written that a week's visiting was enough to impose on the most hospitable of hosts, and you couldn't argue with Mother. Of course Mother didn't understand the situation at all, Joan thought, and you couldn't explain something as delicate as this in a letter—you really had to tell her all about it in secrecy, in a moment when things were very understanding and intimate between you.

Joan was fourteen, gangling, with horn-rimmed glasses and straggly hair, and at the moment she was absorbed in what is popularly known as a "crush." She had been visiting a girl friend for the past week and her friend's twenty-one-year-old brother Ray was the cause of her present distraction.

Joan leaned back in her seat and let her thoughts float easily over her wonderful memories. She pictured to herself the big blond boy who had been so thoughtful and kind to the two younger girls, who had planned their entertainments, driven them to and fro, and never for a moment made them feel unimportant and insignificant. How she envied her friend for having such a brother; she knew no one whom she envied quite so much. To have the fates deal Ray into anyone's destiny seemed to Joan a vision of pure joy. She thought particularly of that one day when he had taken them to a baseball game. What fun that had been, and how wonderful! She remembered how he had cheered, how manly and sophisticated he had seemed, and how grown up and proud she had felt being escorted by him. But she also remembered how distant he had been; she could never seem to really talk to him. Of course, she told herself stoutly, that made him more attractive, but it had made things difficult all the same. And then had arrived that horrible day when his remoteness had disappeared and his girl had arrived for the weekend. That girl who had been so poised and assured, had made Ray act nervous and impatient at every delay and annoyance, and had made him talk more than she would have believed possible. The transformation had been amazing and utterly discouraging to her at the time. But who dwells on the

unpleasant aspects of a situation for long? Joan's thoughts drifted back to the day at the baseball game when he had been so kind, grave, and remote, but baseball games made her think of her own brother at home. At the thought of him she wished with all the strength of her adolescent heart that he was not small, sloppily dressed, and generally careless of her feelings and desires. Why couldn't he respect her, as all girls should be respected, and look out for her? Why couldn't he be smooth and dress decently? Well, he had been away all summer and maybe when he met her at the station he would be changed. Maybe he would be big and tall, and treat her as though she were really grown up. Joan smiled to herself at this happy thought, and imagined how seventeen-year-old Joe would look grown up and how people would look at her in envy as he helped her from the train.

Of course, Joe was only her brother and he could never mean what Ray meant to her. She guessed this was what that curious thing called love was like, and she was positive that she would meet and marry a boy as nearly like Ray as possible. This she would do when she was eighteen, and she would be changed from the drab, unexciting Joan of today into some vision of loveliness; this loveliness to be gained in some mysterious way with the addition of four years.

The train slowed down, and Joan began gathering her things together. Her heart pounded at the thought of being home again; it really was rather exciting now that she was actually here. And Joe would be at the station, he had to be, and furthermore she was sure that he would be entirely changed. The train swayed and slowed and she struggled nervously with her suitcase on the rack above her head. She put on her coat, took up her one dirty glove and staggered to the door of the car. The train stopped with a lurch and she grabbed hold of a man to steady herself. Finally she was on the platform, suffocating with the heat and dirt of the station and squinting into the sun that blazed up from the sidewalk and down from the sky. Then she saw Joe and her heart stopped pounding to drop into the pit of her stomach instead. What had ten weeks of new horizons and new contacts done for him? Nothing, absolutely nothing, and she felt like having a good cry then and there in memory of those empty dreams. Instead, she didn't have time because Joe came bounding over to her, pecked her cheek in an embarrassed way, grabbed

her bag, and talked a blue streak as he half propelled and half pushed her out of the station. She could hardly move or speak from disappointment and chagrin, but she began relaxing without realizing it under his good humor and obvious joy at seeing her. Soon she was answering him and finally she was holding up her end of the conversation with energy. They sat together in the front seat of their little coupe and talked on and on of all the many things they had been saving to tell one another. Suddenly she looked up at his grimy, happy face, and she thought abruptly, "Ray never talked like this to us; he never included us in his real thoughts or pleasures. I've never seen him really open up to anyone; he even was careful of himself with that girl. Why, I wouldn't have him for anything!" She crept up closer to her unromantic brother in contentment—this was what she wanted and needed, not a god to be worshipped from afar, but a companion who enjoyed her company and who loved her in a friendly, easy way.

THEO MANNING, 1942

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## The Black Hills in Winter

The days are shortening now,  
The Black Hills cast their black shadows over the open vein,  
And the sun dips its fingers in a bowl of splendor,  
As each bit of fleece is touched with flame.  
And high up on the needled height of Rushmore  
Is a pure white scar.  
The snow that is falling has not far to go  
To brush up against Lincoln's beard,  
Or to touch the tip of Washington's nose.  
It makes what is hard seem soft;  
Its careful molding fills the cracks and crannies,  
Fills a cut where a workman dug an inch too far,  
Things not seen from two miles away,  
But which nevertheless are there.



The tourists have left with their cameras and cars.  
The hills once more are asleep,  
Asleep like a bear in its hole,  
Calm, and yet breathing,  
Sustained with life of years passed,  
Alive with the thoughts they awaken:  
The Valley Forge Winter, the cold and the snow,  
Mount Vernon's majesty, the cherry tree fable,  
The Sage of Monticello, green lawns, delicate rooms,  
Standing still in their simplicity, each entirely  
The work of its master.

In those wrinkles the size of streams  
Even there is etched the worry of Civil War,  
The struggle between two fires,  
Each an endless passion.  
And yet the belief in those eyes is  
That "this nation shall not perish from this earth . . .".  
In the remote hills of South Dakota  
Is a man immortal who believed that,  
With every breath of life and being.  
Beside these three  
Is carved with dignity,  
A man of rich, full existence,  
With vigor his password.

The Black Hills in Winter,  
Are tranquil and calm,  
With those four great heads shining as beacons,  
In this world  
And in the world that comes after.

BETTE GORSUCH, 1942

## Kate

I left the house in a pouring rain and with the very mixed feelings that come from the knowledge that a rather difficult task is ahead. Just everything had gone against my little scheme of revisiting Newtyle that evening, even the weather, but I was determined. So, in spite of the lack of elemental politeness, I hurried down a road which was full of mud holes overflowing with water, to the bus stop. I hurried because my mood was so mixed, being at one moment happy because of my destination and the next, fearful because of the self-imposed mission I was on, and, for a more practical reason, because you can never be sure of the clocks in our house, and busses have an annoying habit of being on time.

I was going to visit a woman with whom it had been my good fortune to spend the whole of the previous winter. The woman's name was Mrs. Hain to the world-at-large, but Kate to all who knew her. She was a person who always seemed to be happy, supreme in her little kingdom of the farm, very much in love with her husband, kind, generous, and thoughtful, yet before I had known her two months, I realized that half these statements were absolute contradictions to Kate's true nature, the unexplainable contradictions that go to make up a human being.

Kate did not like living in a small village, she did not like being merely a farmer's wife; I feel sure that at one time she had dreamed of being much more. After all, in her youth she had gone through the experiences of the last war. There had been soldiers stationed in the village then—English and American soldiers. Would that in itself not be enough to set a young girl's heart aflame with fancies? She had been attractive, more than usually attractive, and I think as a girl she had been very popular. Kate had dreamed great dreams I'm sure, because still in an odd moment a tiny fragment would sometimes fall from her lips. Then becoming a little embarrassed she would lapse into broad Scots dialect and try to hide behind a simple screen.

Kate needn't have taken me into her household that last winter, but she did, and I think she did because of those dreams that she could not dispel from her mind. She may have hoped to find in me a

morsel of that world she had failed to find for herself. I think she perhaps had meant to reveal herself a little, but the moment I arrived she had a sudden instinct of pride. She saw in that moment that she must never show me her feelings, that she must defend her humble home and station in life with all her might.

In the few months I knew her I came to love Kate. She was one of those grand people who are always thinking of others, always wondering if you would like a hot-water bag or if the gingerbread would turn out right. It was certainly a pleasant system for those she practiced on and I think it constituted her life.

Kate was slight, just below medium height. She looked tiny beside her husband. She had plenty of dark hair that seemed to delight in curling around its owner's head in the most attractive way. Her face was sweet with a little pointed chin that stuck out charmingly when she smiled. She could mock in a gentler way than anyone I had ever known.

Kate loved to laugh, and I often recall how she would stand with her arms akimbo emitting gales of hearty laughter that was noisy, but inescapably infectious. Again I would see her with those strong arms carry out buckets of food to the poultry and doing a regular man's job around the farm. Sometimes when she came in from working in the garden, or on the farm somewhere, her hair would be all tousled and she would look devilish, like a gypsy. She could, however, be womanish too, after a fashion, for I have seen her cajole her husband into doing something with a most becoming feminine manner. And on Sunday, when the unruly hair was caught back, a becoming hat transformed her into something almost angelic.

The appearance of the bus through the rain cut short my meditations on Kate. I signalled frantically in case the driver should not see me on such a night. He stopped, however, and I clambered in. I always clamber into busses; I have not yet attained the virtue of being able to step into a bus unaided and come out triumphantly on the top step entirely unruffled. After a fleeting glance I entrusted myself to a seat near the front of the bus where I would be able to keep one eye on the road so that there would be no danger of forgetting to alight at the right time, and the other eye, I found, kept straying to the floor, where at my feet lay a large collie dog. I do love dogs and I had a perfectly delightful journey getting acquainted



with the one on the floor whose name seemed to be "Rover." He brought back to my mind the memory of many happy days spent in the Highlands where such dogs are very common, and so in this manner passed the bus journey, half my mind on what was before me and the other half wandering in the pleasant vales of former summers.

The bus stopped with a final jerk that sent my gloves to the floor and left me clutching the seat in front of me for dear life. I quickly collected myself and proceeded down the aisle with about as much dignity as one who has spent the last half-hour being mercilessly bumped around can muster. I gained the door and stepped—oh, heavens—into a puddle and the arms of a man. He was most polite, however, and even helped me round the back of the bus onto the road. There he left me for he was getting on the bus. I thanked him and he replied that it was no trouble at all, with the amazing eagerness that strangers always seem to arouse in one another. Perhaps it is because they know that the meeting is by chance and that since they have to part in a minute or two, at least they might as well make the ensuing minute or two as pleasant as possible. Then each goes on his way with a little more warmth in his heart, and a better outlook on humanity.

I struck out down the road and came at last to Kate's house. I paused outside to give myself a mental bracing-up for what was ahead, and I believe I even squared my shoulders before I knocked. The moment or two that you always find yourself with before you hear footsteps approaching the door, I spent in imagining the scene that would meet my eyes and the warm welcome which I knew I should receive. You see, Kate is like that, she has the wonderful faculty of making you feel wanted and at home right away.

I knocked on the door and in a moment or two Kate appeared. She stood back and looked at me for a moment or two as if she couldn't believe her eyes, then I was in her arms and being heartily kissed. She quickly drew me inside and made me take off my outdoor things and sit by the fire. She inquired after my family and about school, and how it was to be back. I noticed that her eyes were just a little starry as I, clumsy ass that I was, talked on about the wonders of being home again. She looked at me rather timidly and said, "But ye did like bein' out here, did ye no'?" I hastened to assure her that



I did and all danger over, we started to talk about the people we knew and in general "The Village."

I could see that she was delighted to have me inquire after this person or that, and recall to her the things I had enjoyed doing and the many happy evenings Newtyle had afforded me. We talked and talked and time seemed to fly past, so that before I had said what I had really come to say, Kate suggested that we have supper. I seconded the idea heartily and thought that I could easily tell her while I helped her prepare supper, but it was not as easy as all that. We began to get the meal together and goodness only knows how many times I opened my mouth and then shut it again without speaking.

I cannot tell you exactly why I hesitated, for all I had come to say was that I might be going to America, and that phrase of six words, once you have become used to it, isn't so very big or so overwhelmingly significant. But I knew that Kate hadn't heard it before and for the first time a phrase like that is apt to be rather frightening and disconcerting. We finished laying supper and were waiting for the kettle to boil when I took the plunge.

"Kate!" I said, and something began to go thump, thump inside me. These things flashed through my mind and many, many more of the selfish thoughts that a woman in a crisis is heir to. What if I should never see Kate again? What if I did go to America, as the phrase faintly suggested? What if I did have to leave all my friends?

"Kate!" I said again, with a little of the grim, determined spirit I had started out with. "I think I'm going to America next week." There, I had said it, and it sounded awfully silly, like saying "I think I'll fly to the moon in ten minutes," or "I think I'll just pop up to Heaven and find out what God is having for breakfast."

I gathered enough courage finally to look at her; she looked at me, too, and "Oh" was all she said.

Then came a flood of questions. How had this come to be decided so quickly? Who were we to live with? Were Mummy and Daddy going too? How were we going? Where were we leaving from?, and finally in a sort of last desperate effort, Had it been definitely decided?

I said, "Yes, I think so." Then she asked me what I thought about going. I found that a difficult thing to reply to, for indeed, not knowing much of America, or where I should be, or whom I should be

with, how could I know what I thought about it? I told her this, and said that actually I had an idea that the whole scheme would come to nothing. And so the difficult part was over. I had told her and she had taken it well, much better than I had expected.

We lingered long over supper, each looking the other over carefully and trying to drink in the details of our respective features so that just in case this should be the last time—

We finished at last and Kate didn't even protest when I helped her with the dishes. It was as if in that half hour or two we were just two human beings slightly confused and a little bit afraid. We had no social, moral, or physical differences; we existed only in our feelings and these were mutual.

At last it came to actually saying goodbye. I had dreaded this and thought that it might be difficult, but when you get right down to it, there isn't much two people can do if they have to part. All one can say is "goodbye" and "good luck" with varying degrees of feeling and truthfulness. So it was with us. She wished me all the luck in the world, and I knew she meant it. In return, I said "goodbye" and "thank you"—and I meant it too.

I walked through the rain—the same rain—to the bus stop, and I wished with all my heart that we could all live as Kate and I had lived that evening. It had been so perfect that I will remember it all my life. I went home very happy that night, feeling I had come to know one of my fellow human beings much better, even if it had taken a major crisis for the occurrence.

MARGARET SIME, 1942

## An Unusual Shade of Blue

The facts that it was a beautiful piece of workmanship and that it had arrived carefully packed in sawdust in a box from Markham-Strauss were excellent reasons for the evident importance attached to this gift, but they were not the determining ones. A gift from a mother-in-law has ever created a situation of the utmost delicacy for the bride, and this, again, was the case. The gift in itself was perfectly harmless—the card enclosed was the source of the dilemma of the young couple.

“A letter bowl for the front hall in your new house. Mother”

She had seen it, and had been attracted by its unusual shade, which she thought would be such a nice blue for the hall. Mother was so generous. She had given them a silver tea service, a check, and some of the family antiques and heirlooms. She had given most unselfishly of her time and advice in all matters pertaining to their marriage and the building of the new house. Her taste was impeccable, and the style of the smooth, artistically molded bowl was tangible evidence of her inherent Bostonian tastes and characteristics. She had been wrong in none of her previous imperative suggestions, there was no reason for doubt on their part that she could be this time. The bowl was destined for their new front hall, which, in turn, was destined to match the bowl.

Days of agony ensued when the time came for papering and painting. The precious bowl, whose intrinsic value was the good opinion of a mother-in-law, had been carried from store to store in town after town. No wallpaper was obtainable in its shade. Tears had been shed, sleep had been lost, but the crusade for the satisfaction of mother's whim went on. Finally the idea of papering the hall had had to be given up in favor of painting, so difficult had the problem of matching become. Innumerable cans of paint had been bought, samples mixed, and patches tried, before a perfect blending of the liquids had produced the correct shade for the walls of the new hall.

And now the house was completed and they had moved in. A feeling of hustle and bustle pervaded the atmosphere as the last-minute touches were being made in the attempt to reach the ideal state of preparedness before the time of mother's arrival and censori-



ous examination. Surrounded by the perfectly blending walls, the letter bowl shone forth from the polished mahogany hall table. That the solution of the problem of the gift would be brought to a serene and completely successful closing seemed imminent. The door bell rang, bags were brought in and carried upstairs; there was talking and laughing. The door opened, admitting the long-anticipated guest. In she came and with her accustomed sweeping movement turned quickly, surveying with satisfaction the effect of the blue hall. A swift gesture of an arm, a dangling pocketbook, a crash, and silence. Three pairs of eyes focused on the floor strewn with a thousand pieces of china of "an unusual shade of blue."

JANE BISHOP, 1942

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## Windy

Headstrong, wild, and mother's despair are three terms that described him perfectly. Although I was only nine and Windy was fourteen when I first met him, I knew instinctively that he would not let life ride by him with a placid outlook on his part. He and my brother Dick became great friends, riding their bikes, whizzing along no-handed, and playing vigorous basketball in the backyard. I remember mother never approved completely when Dick started out anywhere with Windy, and she was uneasy until they returned, but I never doubted that the boys were doing anything but having the usual happy time of football games followed perhaps by a soda and a few cents spent on a harmless pinball machine at the drugstore.

No one could resist Windy's perpetual ease with older people, and whenever he saw anyone's mother or father, quick as a flash, he would amiably shake hands and start a friendly conversation. The parents could not deny that they were flattered and pleased when someone younger was so pleasant. Why then, all this "resisting" and "denying"? Of course I always stood up for my brother when he declared, "Aw gee, Mom, Windy's O.K.! I wish you'd stop picking



on him. Just tell me one thing wrong with him!" That usually beat Mother, as it was the very thing she and Father had been asking themselves. Windy had an intangible quality of danger about him—he had done such thoughtless things as broken my doll carriage by putting our large dog in it; he had dug the neighbor's green grass with a flying golf club; and another time, when we were giving a circus, he fell off the swing trying to do a wild trapeze act, breaking his arm as a result. Still, Windy remained a good friend of ours. His innocent sheepishness always won me over when I started to be cross with him and wanted to fly at him with clenched fists.

Something about Windy always made me feel that it was I who had made the mistake, not he. One time he broke the rudder on our sailboat and I caught him off balance and pushed him overboard. When he sputtered up he said, "You know, Sis, that makes you just as bad as me." I recall that I was really hurt.

His parents never seemed to enforce any control over him and we often deliberated at home what caused the trouble in his family. We knew that his real father was dead and that his stepfather wasn't very close to him, but Mother had never known his mother.

The next year both Dick and he went away to school and they were still good friends, although they didn't see each other except during vacations. I thought that Windy would be tamed at school, but Dick told me that the old love of excitement and danger had not left him. His marks were good, as he was exceptionally bright and remarkably little studying enabled him to pass, but he was always on bounds for one prank or another. On vacations he would run wild, driving his father's car at a breakneck speed and smoking cigarettes by the dozen. Windy's looks weren't as striking as his personality, but he always had a clean and scrubbed look. He now had a lot of girl friends, and I had a feeling that a few of them liked him more than he knew. But I guess he really did know it—his conceit was the kind you could sense although not be made conscious of by his words. He was a great favorite and everyone knew him. Although the parents would mutter, "That boy's heading for trouble," the young ones would yell, "There's Windy! Hey Windy, come on over!" At school I'm sure he had many friends and probably would have held some important office if his sense of mischief had not jumped into the path of that success a few times too frequently.

By eighteen he was an accomplished beau too, and was taking all the girls out, never arriving home or crawling into bed early as far as I knew. I used to get out of bed some nights when I heard Dick come in just to ask "who Windy took" and "was she nice" and "did he like her?"

Then, the summer before Windy became nineteen, he really fell in love, with a girl named Nancy. They were completely alike, both of them were full of fun and well liked wherever they went, but Nancy's parents didn't approve of her seeing so much of one boy because she was only seventeen. This barrier made the two all the more anxious to see each other, and they worked out ways to remedy that situation before long. Dick told me that the boys would take Nance to parties and Windy would take another girl and that there would be a very unconcerned exchange when they arrived. Everyone was glad to help this impulsive pair. If they weren't exactly glad to do it, they were afraid not to because these two personalities were compelling and important ones, leaders of their crowd. Windy and Nance were deeply in love though, and their love was based on more than a common bond of enjoyment of thrills. They knew each other so well that they could tell each other anything and everything. He knew that Nance could really be serious and Nance knew that Windy had some high aspirations tucked away in that whirling brain of his, but that he was just too busy and happy doing other things to think about them.

After about a year of knowing each other, their friendship was pitifully severed. During spring vacation Nancy was killed in an automobile accident. Windy was driving the car and he escaped with a broken leg. Onlookers sarcastically suggested that good luck had always been a sort of charm with him, but Windy himself was desperate about Nancy's death. He came to our house about three weeks after the accident and he cried when mother said how sorry she was. I had never seen a boy that age cry and I guess it made quite an impression on me as I have not forgotten it and I don't believe I ever shall. About a week later I was alone in the house when I heard the doorbell. Finding it to be Windy, who had obviously come to see Dick, I was very surprised as he always used to bang the knocker with such a force that father would jump out of his chair like a flash. Windy stayed, and at first I was very uneasy as I had never

been in such a sensitive position and I didn't know in what direction to steer the conversation. We began talking about summer vacation and that must have been his outlet, for I could not think of one tactful word, and didn't dare mention Nance. He started off by telling me that he and Nancy were going to have had an "S-Class" sloop to race together in the summer, and that they had just about saved enough money for its purchase. Then, either because he thought me a little older than he had before, or more likely because his mind was too filled with other things to notice to whom he was talking, he started talking about Nancy—how much he had thought of her, how the accident was all his fault, how he wished with all his heart it had been he. "They say I was lucky to get out of it, they don't know how much I want Nance alive again. They say I'm young and I'll soon forget; they don't know, they don't understand!" What seemed to be gnawing most inside him was the unanswered question of why it had to be Nancy and not he. "I've never been good, I've never done anything to be proud of, so why didn't I get killed instead of Nance? Oh no, it always has to be the no-goods who are left, always the ones who will amount to nothing who have all the luck!" Windy told me that he was going to leave Princeton and join the air corps. Something was tearing him up and it was easy to understand, knowing Windy, that he would always be restless and impetuous and that Nancy's death had set a cynical attitude in his outlook, which, to this time had always been defiant and sure.

Windy joined and was stationed in Alaska the last time Dick heard from him. He had written "Win de War with Windy" on the envelope—typical of him, but also typical of him when tears came into Mother's eyes. We don't know now if Windy is dead or alive, but if he is dead we can be proud of him, and if he is alive we know he is still fighting, the way Windy can.

MARY ALICE BECKMAN, 1943



## Winter Calendar 1942

## JANUARY

*Tuesday 6*—Vacation over at 8:00 p.m.

*Saturday 10*—Elissa Landi, lecture on "The Play's the Thing—Or Is It?"

*Sunday 11*—Vespers, The Reverend Winthrop Richardson, Winslow Congregational Church, Taunton

*Sunday 18*—Vespers, The Reverend Charles Reynolds Brown, D.D., Dean of Divinity School, Emeritus, Yale University

*Thursday 22 to Monday 26*—Midyear examinations

*Sunday 25*—Vespers, The Reverend Vivian T. Pomeroy, D.D., The First Parish, Milton

*Tuesday 27*—Boston Symphony Concert

*Tuesday 27 to Thursday 29*—Intervale for the Seniors

*Thursday 29*—Second semester begins

*Saturday 31*—Kate Friskin, concert

## FEBRUARY

*Sunday 1*—Vespers, Professor Hans Kohn of Smith College

*Saturday 7*—Boston Symphony Concert. Square dancing in Davis Hall

*Sunday 8*—"Liberal Arts Group," Negro singers

*Saturday 14*—Senior-mid plays, "The Knave of Hearts," "Cottage for Sale," and "The Maker of Dreams"

*Sunday 15*—The Reverend Roy L. Minich, First Church, Malden

*Sunday 22*—Vespers, The Reverend Brainard F. Gibbons, Church of the Good Shepherd, Lawrence

*Saturday 28*—Cecil Roberts, lecture on "The Novelist at Home"

## MARCH

*Sunday 1*—Vespers, The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D., Pastor Emeritus, First Church, Cambridge

*Tuesday 3*—Boston Symphony Concert

*Saturday 7*—Prom for the Seniors and Senior-mids

*Sunday 8*—Lecture and movies on Northfield

*Saturday 14*—Senior play, "The Barretts"

*Sunday 15*—Student recital

*Thursday 19*—Spring vacation begins at 10:00 a.m.



## Spring Calendar

### APRIL

*Wednesday 1*—Spring vacation ends at 8:00 p.m.

*Sunday 5*—Easter Vespers, The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, Chaplain, Phillips Academy

*Saturday 11*—Song practice and Abbot movies

*Sunday 12*—Vespers, The Reverend Bernard T. Drew, Lawrence Street Congregational Church, Lawrence

*Saturday 18*—*H.M.S. Pinafore* given by the Abbot Fidelio Society and the Phillips Academy Glee Club at Phillips Academy

*Sunday 19*—Church, Phillips Academy, The Reverend Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D., Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Vespers, singing by Norma Allen Haine '15; poetry reading by Miss Marguerite Hearsey

*Wednesday 22*—Art gallery tea, and lecture by Karnig Nalbandian on "Prints and Print Processes"

*Saturday 25*—Lecture by Miss Marguerite Lehr, Associate Professor of Mathematics at Bryn Mawr College, in honor of the new Abbot Cum Laude members, followed by a reception

*Sunday 26*—Music students' recital. Vespers, The Reverend Sidney Lovett, D.D., Chaplain, Yale University

### MAY

*Friday 1*—Concert by the Abbot Fidelio Society and the Governor Dummer Academy Glee Club at Governor Dummer

*Saturday 2*—Senior-mid picnic. Tea dance for those below the Senior-mid class. Speech students' recital

*Sunday 3*—Vespers, The Reverend A. Grant Noble, D.D., Williams College

*Wednesday 6*—ABBOT'S BIRTHDAY

*Friday 8*—Second performance of *H.M.S. Pinafore* for the benefit of the Red Cross

*Saturday 9*—ABBOT BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

*Sunday 10*—Church, Phillips Academy, The Reverend Arthur Lee Kinsolving, D.D., Princeton, New Jersey. Vespers, History of Abbot Academy by Miss Hearsey

*Friday 15*—Lecture at Phillips Academy, Archibald MacLeish

*Sunday 17*—Vespers, Abbot Christian Association

*Friday 22*—"A" Society picnic

*Saturday 23*—Field Day. Senior banquet

*Sunday 24*—Organ recital by Mr. Howe—Vesper hour

*Tuesday 26 to Friday 29*—Final examinations

*Friday 29*—English country dancing on the Circle. Singing on the steps of Abbot Hall

*Saturday 30*—Alumnae Association Annual Meeting. Garden Party in honor of the Graduating Class. Alumnae Banquet. Draper Dramatics in Davis Hall.

*Sunday 31*—Baccalaureate sermon at the South Church by the Reverend James T. Cleland, Amherst. Commencement Concert in Davis Hall

## JUNE

*Monday 1*—Tree and Ivy Planting. Graduation Exercises at the South Church, address by the Reverend Theodore Cuyler Speers, D.D., New York City. Commencement luncheon



# The Abbot Courant

March, 1943

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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MARCH, 1943

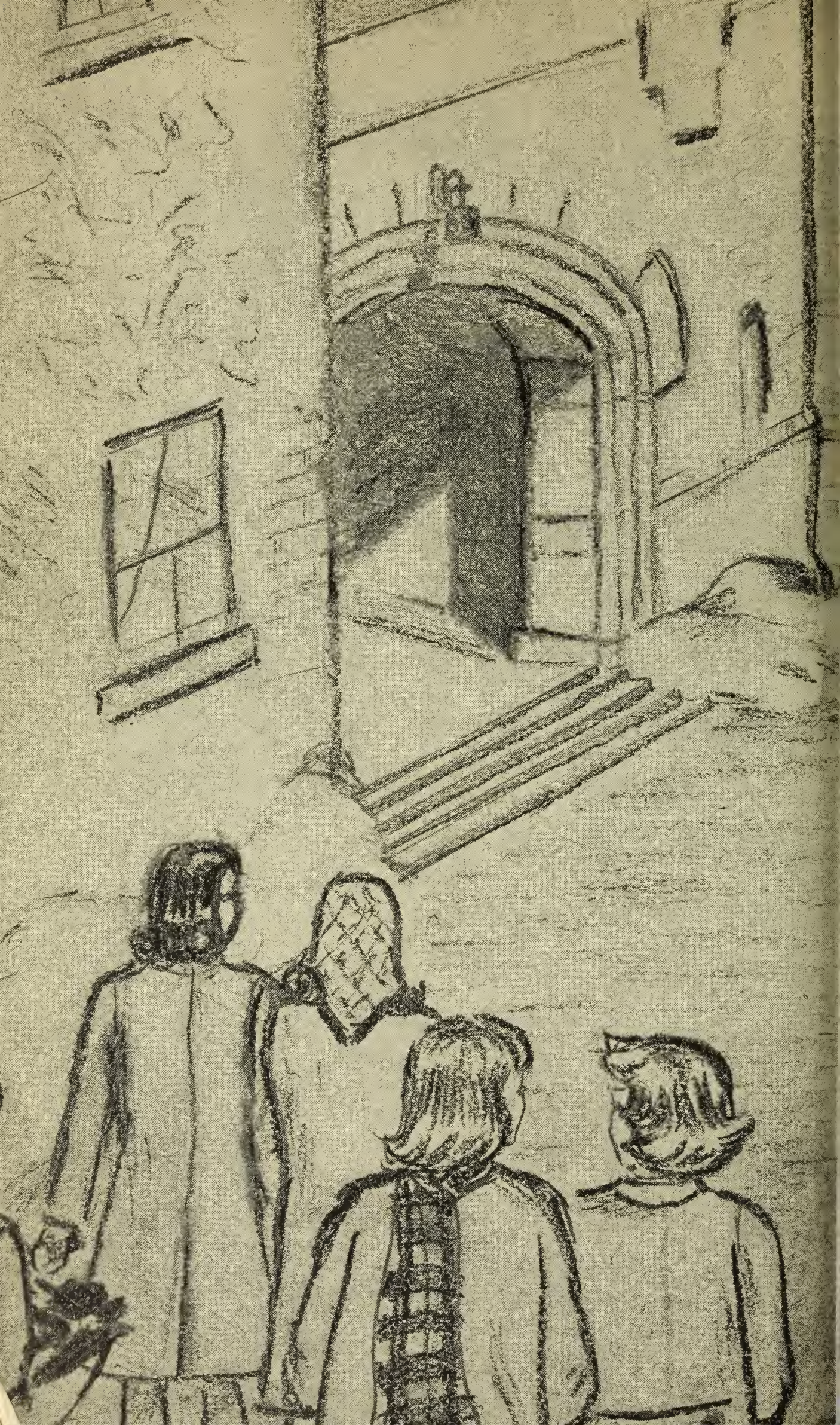
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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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MARY C. O'CONNELL, 1943

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## EDITORIALS

When the world is at war, when boys, men, and women are making sacrifices, and when an evil as obvious as Nazism is in existence, it seems to many that they must write about the war. They are quite right. The public must be informed of the news, books must be published that describe in detail different phases of the war which interest certain individuals, and above all the printed word is an effective means by which to keep the people aroused. However, we who are of high school age should definitely be limited in the amount of writing that we do about the war.

In the first place those of us who have an intelligent knowledge of the war are very scarce. Our parents who faithfully read the papers every day, who are patient enough to plow through long technical articles, and who can successfully follow the analyzing of news commentators admit that the present situation is at least puzzling. Without a doubt Churchill and Roosevelt during their conferences at Casablanca often turned to the specialists around them to be enlightened on many of the subjects connected with war strategy. To

know about the war through and through is beyond the scope of any one man. Therefore, imagine us who glance irregularly and haphazardly at the headlines, who listen to a short resume of the news three times a week, and who look in magazines mainly for scandal presuming to write about this overpowering subject.

Moreover, we in America have not felt the force of war as so many European and Asiatic countries have. We who are at school know nothing of the thunder of cannons, of the relentless advance of tanks, and of seeing a bomb hit its mark. Very few of us have any personal experience to recount which is directly concerned with war, as many English, French, and Greek children have. Everything that we write about is either something we have heard or a product of our imaginations, and it is not fair to those for whom such things are a startling reality that we should write so.

We trust that in a few years this war will be at an end. It is then that we must help shape the thoughts and feelings of the people. We perhaps more than anyone will have been untouched by the oppressive weight of war. Our minds can, if we want them to, be the most normal. We are old enough so that we shall not be blind to the war's enormous consequences and whatever we do we will always take them into consideration. However, we are young enough so that the war does not have to upset our outlook on life to a very great degree, and so we can still retain much of our idealism. But if we have only trained ourselves in expressing ideas of horror and strife, much time and many opportunities to straighten out the embittered souls who return from the war will be wasted while we remodel our mode of expression.

Above all we must not only look beyond the present into the post-war period but also into the future centuries of civilization. It is not wars nor the memory of wars that make civilization advance. It is the refining of men's manners and the purifying of their spirits that forward civilization. Although many beautiful stories of human sacrifice are a part of this world struggle, they are based on the fact that men are killing men—ruthlessly. An institution which is as permanent as the written word should be devoted primarily to those subjects that are an impetus to refinement and purification, not a menace.

Although these points have been presented very arbitrarily, they

were not meant to discourage all writing about the war. This occupation is a good emotional outlet. Often it clarifies one's thoughts or even helps one to see beyond the war to the future. But they were meant to divert much writing into different and in the long run more worthwhile fields.

H. McL.



In previous years at Abbot the news was given each night in the dining room. It was a brief summary of the events of the day and lasted approximately five minutes. One of its greatest disadvantages was the unavoidable noise which hindered both the hearing and the attention of the girls. This year with the increasing importance of world events a new plan has been made. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday a few minutes during chapel is devoted to a brief report. Because there is silence and no outside distractions the girls can give their whole attention to the speaker. In turn this interest on the part of the audience together with the longer time for preparation encourages the girls who report to put more effort into their work. This year there is also a change in the content of the news. Instead of many news dispatches briefly summarized, one important event which has recently occurred is taken and fully discussed. Some people feel that this method does not give them enough of the actual news of the day. I, myself, disagree with them. It is possible to take a few minutes each day to scan the paper and see what has happened of importance, but it is very difficult for us here at school, with our full program, to find time to read a newspaper thoroughly. When the news is limited to the discussion of one event or one condition we are given a background which enables us to understand more readily whatever we find time to read hastily. Some of the reports this year have been based on the Extra-Territorial Rights in China which Great Britain and the United States renounced, the racial discrimination in this country, the magnificent resistance of the Russians especially in Leningrad and in Stalingrad, and most recently the "Unconditional Surrender Conference" of President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill at Casablanca.



The only criticism that I have heard is from some who would like to have just the facts given and be left to draw their own conclusions. They feel that some reports end with leading questions or unnecessary comments as to what turn events will take in the future. However I think, and I'm sure a great many students agree with me, that the news this year is better prepared, more interesting, and more profitable.

K. E. S.



## “The Chimes”

I heard the bells of England once again,  
In grave melodious symphony  
That joyous Sunday morning.  
All up and down the length of Churchill's Isle,  
From Scottish kirks, and crumbling, ivied towers,  
Cathedral towns of ballad and of song,  
The flying tongues of bronzed and lichened bells  
Rung through lost centuries of history,  
Proclaimed the greatest victory  
Of all their storied past.  
“Oh, God, our help in ages past!”  
Bell ringers with eager steps  
Climbed dusty stairs to seize the untouched ropes,  
Give ringing voice to long-mute bells  
With all their joyful strength.  
Small children, born in dark and bomb-scarred nights,  
Listened in wonderment;  
And the old, who oft had feared  
That death might come before they heard  
Those bells ring forth again,



Pressed trembling hands together in thankful prayer.  
Far rang those bells through the crisp November air,  
Distantly drifting over green fields  
Where laughing boys had perished in youth's flame,  
Died gallantly, that those same bells might ring again.  
The spirits of Queen Bess and all her stalwart folk  
Stirred at ghostly echoes through the hollow years,  
Pealing the faith of a land they once made great.  
The chimes rang their message into tired hearts everywhere,  
Words of quietness and strength and hope.  
A grim fire fighter in a London street  
Had tears, unnoticed, pouring down his grimy cheeks  
As he listened, turning tired eyes  
To the smoke-plumed sky above.  
A Spitfire squadron, winging into a blue battleground  
Over the sullen Channel,  
Dipped once in salute, and then passed on  
To weave its pilots' destinies in smoky webs,  
As they struggled with Nazi spiders.

In other days the silver bells unheeded sang,  
"Come to worship, come to worship!"  
God quite forgotten, war's clamor spread  
Until, at last, the chimes stood dumb.  
"Let the bells be silent 'til invasion—or the victory."  
Invasion!—that dreaded fiery word.  
Invasion—or God's victory.

Full triumph?—no, not gained as yet,  
But surely now how near!  
The night was long—God, let this be the dawn,  
And on this happy morning bless the land,  
While England, that tough old lion,  
Bares her teeth in even mightier rage at Evil.

MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944

## “Riding the Seasons”

Riding horseback dates back hundreds of years. The horse is not the best means of transportation, but formerly man liked to travel by horse because a horse was relatively swift, and man is a creature of speed. Today the horse is not needed for transportation. In most cases it has become purely a luxury and a means of getting pleasure.

Riding adds a great deal to a person's life. Some people's idea of seeing the country is to take a drive through it in an automobile going forty miles an hour or more. It is good for these people to have to go slowly and really see. Horseback riding is ideal for this purpose because you go slowly enough to see, and yet fast enough and far enough so that you can see a variety of things. This would not be possible if you were walking.

Riding is one thing you can do alone and you will benefit if you do so often. Of course you don't always have to ride alone; you can gain a great deal by riding with other people, but not everyone is a good companion on a ride. The person who rides with you should be carefully chosen. You want to have some one along who is going to enjoy the ride and not talk about his troubles. It is a time to escape from the problems of everyday life. Riding by oneself is in many cases better than riding with other people. Today people are not alone enough. They do not have time to think things out and assimilate their experiences.

Riding alone is delightful. You set the pace according to your feelings or moods. Some days you will want to plod along and not pay any attention to your horse, and other days you will want to trot along briskly. Still other days you are keyed up and ready to enjoy the thrill of tearing across country, jumping all obstacles. You gain an immense feeling of power and vitality.

Plodding is ideal for hot summer days. For an example, let us say you are going to start your ride about four o'clock in the afternoon and are planning to take your supper with you. At four o'clock on a summer afternoon the sun is really hot and you are content to go slowly. Everything seems to move slowly. Your thoughts come slowly but with extreme clearness and order. After you have ridden two or three hours you begin to get stiff, and you dismount and walk,

leading your horse until you find a good place in which to eat your supper. While you eat sitting on the ground, you can watch the sun go down and see the world settling for the night, and the animals and insects awaking to start their activities. And as the sun sinks lower and lower and the darkness softly falls, a cool breeze floats from nowhere and cools you until you are no longer warm sitting where you are, but must get up stiffly and start home.

On your way home through the cool night you travel at a brisker pace, but still slowly enough to observe and enjoy your surroundings. Everything seems to be moving after the sleepy afternoon. To the right and left of you there are constant little rustling noises as animals, unseen, scurry away from the path. In front of you the way is lighted by fireflies. Soon you leave the woods and come to your home. As you bed your horse down and listen to the sound of contentedly chewed oats, and smell the faint odor of clean straw, you realize you could not ask for a more completely happy day.

Riding on an afternoon in the fall is very different from riding on an afternoon in the summer. There is a slight quickness in the air which seems to reflect the quickness in the whole world as the earth hurries to prepare for winter. On such a day as this it is impossible to plod along; you must hurry too. Now through the woods through which you once had travelled so slowly you trot, throwing up a spray of yellow and red leaves with a noise like the receding surf on a beach. Everywhere around you there are signs of animals hastening in their preparations for winter. There is the squirrel gathering nuts and leaves, and the birds collecting together making ready to leave for the South. Nothing is standing still and you can not stand still either, and you ride swiftly through the woods and across the fields which could not be ridden on before without destroying the hay; and when you have rubbed your horse's coat free from sweat, which has a natural smell that goes well with the other fall smells, you are sure there is nothing you would rather do than ride.

Hunting is the finest way of all to enjoy riding. Maybe it is because it takes so much preparation, and the anticipation is greater than in any other form of riding. For weeks you have schooled your horse over jumps and conditioned him to stand the strain of two or more hours of jumping and galloping. On the day of the hunt all your work bears fruit, and if you have done a good job, you get your



reward in the form of the most unbelievably thrilling moments. To feel your horse stand back and jump over a high stone wall and feel his extra kick as he sees the ditch which was invisible from the front of the jump, and to land safely on the other side and gallop easily off is an experience which you will not soon forget. Your horse always responds and does his share. He often has to take the initiative when your bad judgment gets you in a bad spot. A horse will never let you down, and you feel ashamed when you let him down. People could improve their characters immensely if they would observe the character of the horse. Any horse would make a good person, but there are few people who could make an even average horse. As someone once said, "Man is the only animal that blushes and the only animal that need."

HONORA HAYNES, 1943



### "Choice"

Clover fields, and daisy heads,  
And deep blue sea,  
These in sunshine are for you;  
Moonshine for me.

*Moonlight on white birch trees,  
Fairies here and there,  
Snowfall in a quiet wood,  
Mountains misty fair.*

Lilacs sweet, and orange groves,  
The bluebird's melody,  
Soothing scent of fir and pine,  
These in sunshine are for you;  
But moonshine for me.

MARY BECKMAN, 1943



## “To Be, or Not to Be . . .”

A woman has been condemned to death. She has committed no crime—her innocence of any guilt has been challenged by no one, yet . . . her death sentence has been pronounced. It is subject to no appeal. Her doom has been irrevocably sealed.

She is not old. Years of life had stretched before her . . . life now so precious that every breath is savored, every moment lived with an acute consciousness of its value, yet so hideous that its remaining months, perhaps years, will be filled with indescribable agony.

For this woman will die of cancer. It is less than an hour since she heard, dry-eyed, the sentence pronounced. She has left the great stone clinic, and is walking, her senses numbed, along infinite miles of city blocks, feeling nothing, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, thinking . . . everything. She thinks dispassionately of the little, white-haired old doctor who told her . . . the truth. She thinks of her apartment, not her home, for a home is a place you share with someone you love, and she did not share her apartment with anyone. That was because there was no one she loved. She had loved someone, once, but he had been killed, and she had been able to get over her grief at his death. She wonders fleetingly if there will be anyone who will have to “get over” her death, and she knows there will not. No, she is quite alone. She thinks of her work—she is the editor of a woman’s magazine—and wonders if it might not have been more constructive, and knows it could have been. That little stenographer who had asked her for a position last week—couldn’t she have found a place for her? She thinks of the war, and knows that her personal tragedy pales into insignificance beneath the vastness of the world’s desolation. But her death isn’t insignificant! It’s important—more important and terrible and unbearable than anything in the world! But she cannot wait, day after day, while the pain gets worse and her body shrinks with disease and the activity of her mind is deadened with drugs. Why not end it now, before the decay of her body becomes apparent to the world, to shame her and make her a pathetic object of pity? Lines which she had memorized long ago flashed through her mind: “To be, or not to be: that is the question: Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and

arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them?" End them. End them.

She walks and thinks. She thinks about death; will it be quick and painless or an endless agony?

And she thinks about God. It has been a long time since she has thought about God. Or Heaven. Or Hell. And she wonders about Him. She wonders what would happen to her soul were she to die now, before she had a chance to . . . to what? To make some reparation? Reparation for what? What wrong had she done? *What good had she not done?* Her step faltered. She stopped.

Her immortal soul.

She looked up, and her breath caught. For she was standing at the portals of Saint Patrick's Cathedral. She felt herself moving, almost timidly, up the stone steps and into the ever-open church. Within, she walked softly down the center aisle toward the altar. In the half-light a sense of awe crept over her, and when she knelt before the Tabernacle no prayer came to her lips. For several minutes she knelt thus, and a sense of peace, so deep that it was almost a physical feeling, enveloped her. Then, after a long while, the words came to her. "Dear God," she whispered, her eyes at last wet, "dear God, thank you. Thank you for the warning, for the chance. Thank you, dear God. Dear God."

MARY CARROLL O'CONNELL, 1943



## "Here, Today"

The well known saying "You can't judge a book by its cover" is applicable to the Music Box Canteen. The Canteen is in a building which would not attract a passer by. It is an unpretentious, two-story building with a white front, the second floor having large windows where light filters through from behind closed curtains. A simple sign is on the door: Music Box Canteen. But you feel, the moment that you enter the place, the warm glow which every newcomer experiences when he or she enters. The soft lighting, the smell of hot coffee, music, all reflect in your heart, and you realize what

the magnet is which draws people there. The gay hostesses, the laughing boys dancing, talking, discussing important subjects reveal to you that here a sense of fraternity abounds.

The Canteen is for boys in the Army, the Navy and the Merchant Marines of the United Nations. It is here where they live brief moments with their allied brothers, playing ping-pong, reading, writing letters or perhaps drinking coffee at the food bar. They meet new friends, or perhaps spot a fellow airman with whom they had suffered severe blows at Casablanca, or with whom after being torpedoed they had desperately tried to swim in burning oil. They love renewing experiences with one another, never with fretting or harassing tales, but instead with modest, alive, and informative ones.

It is rare that you find in New York a canteen which is open to members of the Merchant Marine as well as to soldiers and sailors. There are a few open only to seamen, but the seamen do not want to be isolated. Why should they be? Their names are strangers to fame, for they are unhonored and unsung, but they go about doing just as heroic tasks, though minus the uniformed designations of the men in the Army and the Navy. They go to their jobs without the glamour of bands and marching. "His bugle, the hiss of steam. His height of glory, a lonely perch in the crow's nest." One night there was square dancing in the Canteen, and in one set a sailor, a coastguardsman, a corporal and a seaman took part. An onlooking seaman said, "That's the way it should be." He was right.

I was privileged to be a hostess at the Canteen during December and on Christmas I went down with the thought that perhaps the boys would be sad or depressed, but this thought rapidly disappeared when I saw a Norwegian, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, an Englishman, and an American enjoying their turkey together. This was unity. At night wellknown radio stars entertained; presents were given to the boys; gratitude, appreciation, pleasure showed deeply in their faces. At twelve o'clock I was waltzing with a Czechoslovakian. The Star Spangled Banner was played. It was then that I had a feeling of being closer to the whole world than ever before, as I stood there next to a Czechoslovakian, surrounded by men from all over who were standing at attention to our anthem on a Christmas night.

I hope that I have showed you what a wonderful piece of work is



going on within the door of 68 Fifth Avenue, for the frequenters "have distilled their atmosphere into it" making the Music Box Canteen something which is helping the world to become international.

MARJORIE LEHMANN, 1943



### "Forbidden"

Where feathery grass along the windswept dune,  
Runs down to hide the barren, rocky reef,  
I wandered late, and sought to merge my grief,  
In listening to the ocean's haunting tune.  
And where the lonely rocks were washed in spray,  
I saw a soldier coming 'cross the sand.  
His shout came faint, "The coast is banned  
From sunset to sunrise—you must not stay."  
The sentence fell upon my stricken mind;  
Not even pounding surf could reach my ear.  
Is nature, too, forbidden for mankind?  
Then, from the sea, a whisper stilled my fear,  
Then came the message I had come to find,—  
"All wars and death will go, I will be here."

JANET COOLEY, 1943



## “Now as Ever”

“There is something about the present which we would not exchange although we were offered a choice of all past ages to live in.”

Before I start discussing this statement, I want it known that I realize that I have no right to do so. There is not one age of the past with which I am thoroughly acquainted. I have caught glimpses of some of them in history books, novels, and movies. However, these glimpses certainly are not all-inclusive and I cannot believe that they are correctly reproduced. Most of them are the works of men of a later period—only a member of an epoch can see and know what his age is like. Moreover, I do not know my own age. I have led a sheltered, easy life and I am still too young and inexperienced to understand the industry, the psychology, the corruption, or even the beauty of these times. Therefore, I am not in a position to compare the present and the past.

However, I do know that I have been happy and that I have been surrounded by an invigorating age. As a girl I have been given a freedom which girls in the past have never had. We are encouraged in athletics and today it is quite the fashion to wear slacks. Of course, if I wanted my tom-boyish leanings satisfied, I could have done so in the much more romantic-sounding age of the pioneers. However, the hardships of that era do not appeal to my softened twentieth century constitution. Moreover, at that time there was very little to invigorate one's mind. Only a few pioneers can have had any conception of the future they were starting, and their lives were void of culture. They did not even have the time to enjoy the beauty in nature.

But today there are possibilities for everyone, even girls, to turn their lives in any direction they please. Farming, the drudgery of all past ages, can now be turned into a successful business, although it still requires much and constant work. All the sciences are advancing and requiring more people. As the world is united by our modern means of transportation, professions and businesses are expanding. Because there is so much to know and so much to do and because society is sincerely striving that none shall be frustrated in their

ambitions by class or racial discriminations or by a lack of means, this age can be a happy one.

Yet, if I were to consider this age in relation not to the century but to the present, I would have to admit that it lacks inspiration. This is so not because there actually is a war—despite its horror, the war is an exciting affair and the way in which the young men of our land are fighting is inspiring. However, the fact that war had to come shows that many governments are still pursuing the shabby and unscrupulous policy of imperialism. It shows that prejudices against peoples and selfishness are always present. Also, even though the principle that “all men are created equal” is inspiring to hear and true in theory, it is obvious that our present method of practicing it needs much revising before men can handle the ever-increasing problems that the machine age produces. People say that this is a transition period. It is true that many of the old political, industrial, and theological theories are wearing out but there are not many who can look into the future and see either the new theories or where they will lead us. Even the literature of our times tends primarily to describe the present and its concentration on realism makes it forget to theorize, predict, or inspire.

Therefore, because I feel that the invigoration and lack of inspiration of the present balance each other and that our times do not shine any brighter than others, I do not agree with the quotation with which I began. In addition, I have formed an idea whose roots can probably be found in my democratic training. If “all men are created equal,” the men of ancient Egypt or of the Stone Age must have been equal to those of today. Perhaps not in intellectual skill, but in their capacity and chances for happiness. Thus all ages must be equally happy and it cannot possibly matter in which one lives. Most people grow up in an age, assume its outlook and do not regret their age.

HILTON McLAIN, 1943

## “August Afternoon”

Low-rolling clouds hang motionless over the distant mountains, shadow-filled and wavering deep blue in the summer heat. In the sun-filled sky, shed of all cool color, not a bluebird or a bobolink disturbs the summer afternoon, but rather seeks a resting-place in the cool, damp grasses of the spring, or in the blackberry bushes growing wild and thick near a half-dried stream. The grass along the road is dried and brown from lack of rain, and tiny, yellow butterflies send up miniature clouds of dust from the dry road. Over the brown cornfields, a conspicuous crow circles slowly down into the sleeping valley, to disappear below a crippled oak. . . .

The shadows lengthen down the road. The sun long since has slipped below, leaving upon the mountains shades of deeper red, and deeper, until, in purple shadows, they slowly sink into the graying sky. In sleeping fields and in the gray stone walls already cool, the crickets, taking heart, begin their familiar refrain—plaintive, half-heard. The poplars' whisper, unheard for many days, is waken'd by the evening breeze, and in long sighs, hidden whisperings, and tiny cries, it thanks the long cool wind. The smell and feel of rain is in the air. It runs through the grass with cooling fingers, it ruffles the birds in their nests, and they awaken with anxious sounds and flutterings, it hastens through the oaks and maples with a half-given promise, it caresses the tired road with a cool touch, it gathers in dark, rolling clouds, massing and receding—and receding. . . .

Stillness then is deep and long. The grass leans back with head bowed low; the poplars' sigh is hopeless in the smaller wind; the crickets in the fields take up their refrain on discontented note; the birds in the blackberries sleep peacefully; and through the silent clouds, a great, full moon appears for none to see.

JANET COOLEY, 1943



## “Alone”

The sun streamed in eagerly through finger-smudged window-panes, squeezing as avidly between the roughly-hewn red, blue, and purple paper figures of Red Riding Hood, The Three Bears, and a mangled profile of George Washington. It lightly played upon the bent heads of thirty young students laborously mastering the modern hieroglyphics practiced by most enthusiasts of the second grade, and its penetrating beams were then swallowed by the cavernous ventilator in the left hand corner of the rear wall. The hush of concentration had descended upon the schoolroom. Miss Rickets, a person who displayed all the talents desirable for teaching any grade but the second, coolly surveyed the angelic picture spread peacefully before her, at the same time she was toying nervously with a large, red, cubic eraser which she always kept with her but had ceased using since the rubber shortage. Everyone was busy—or were they? Down the row of heads stooped in such deep reflection in the third aisle, a little bump appeared. That bump was the upper extremity of a new child in the neighborhood, a girl who had been hanging her rough green coat with the small red collar on the fourth peg in the rear of the room for only a week now. Miss Rickets knew nothing of this child's temperament, and did not fancy knowing any more. It concerned her not a bit that the bump in the third row wore a countenance wreathed in woe and unhappiness, that the little girl wandered everywhere mournfully alone, and that she spent most of the recess hour alone, building a mound in the community sandbox faintly resembling a Roman atrium. It mattered only to Miss Rickets that the bump in the third row was not scribbling as studiously as her classmates, and putting the red, cubic eraser down with a thump, she hoarsely shattered the serenity of the room.

“Marion, really! I should think that at least you would try to work as diligently as everyone else. Never allow your mind to wander one single minute, even though recess is near—it is very wrong!”

Marion wonderingly surveyed her teacher with the mournful eyes of a young puppy thrown into the cold. Her lower lip trembled visibly. She wished she knew what “diligently” meant, and why Miss Rickets always raised her left eyebrow and looked down her



long aquiline nose in such a frightening manner. It always made her feel just as she had felt the time when she was riding on a dappled grey horse with a bright orange bit on the merry-go-round and her nurse had left her for a minute. Something had happened and she had slipped. It was such an awful, mysterious feeling way down inside her—as though she had swallowed a hot baked potato whole. Her nurse had caught her in time, but here there was no escaping Miss Rickets' gaze.

She bent her small head over the scrawled manuscript before her, and vigorously applied her stubby pencil in a fervent attempt to forget Miss Rickets and her insecure left eyebrow. It was no use—she only thought of other things. She recalled with a shudder how she hated and dreaded recess. She wished that it never would come. Recess was the time when all the little girls and boys sidled off in mysterious groups of threes and fours and played make-believe, or hop-scotch together. It was the time when little girls like Sally Piper, a sausage curled child with apples for cheeks, led her troop of junior admirers in any direction, just so it was away from Marion. Recess was the time when secrets were exchanged and meaning looks manufactured. But Marion was alone. Marion had been in the class a week and still she had no friends. Her timid, unassuming advances had been scornfully rejected by the bullying classmates, and she became completely discouraged.

Sitting in her miniature desk, Marion wondered why they did not like her. Perhaps she should have neatly turned out homemade cylinders all over her head like Sally Piper, but her hair was tawny, straight, and very uncompromising. Perhaps if she had Sally's shiny red enamel lunch box, they would crowd around her at lunch time and tell her all their very deep secrets. Perhaps if she could skim down the sliding board backwards as the talented Sally did, she might be the center of attraction in the playground. She went over these points in her mind, and suddenly sat up very straight on her hard wooden chair. She could slide down the sliding board, and she would show them right away!

The freeing drone of the recess bell pierced sixty waiting, alert ears, and before Marion could fully comprehend what she was doing, she was carried in a tidal wave of eagerness to the playground. The great mound of the sliding board in the middle of the area seemed to be suddenly a huge magnet, and Marion the key. Her un-

wavering feet carried her easily up the worn ladder and deposited her on the top, and left her there confronting the angry, pert scowl of Sally who had just been preparing her miraculous decent. Marion's feet suddenly left her, taking her courage with them. With a meek, "hello" she began to inch painfully toward the ladder in order submissively to descend, the way she had ascended. Sally, however, sniffed in distaste, and tossing her head edged nearer to the board and retorted smartly,

"Get out of my way—can't you see that I want to go down? What are you doing up here anyway?"

Marion, feeling like a deflated balloon, meekly tried to oblige her tormentor. Mistress Sally tried to push a little harder, and Marion tried harder to evaporate as desired. The result was devastating! Before either knew it, they were tumbling down the slide in a tangle of arms and legs and confused senses. Marion had indeed made an descent which would attract attention. And it did.

When the ball of Marion and Sally had landed with a resounding bump at the foot of the slide, it was immediately surrounded by a throng of peering eyes and pointing fingers. Through a maze of grime and dust, Marion dimly distinguished a very round moon with odd spots over it. Not far off she could hear some one crying very loudly and Miss Ricketts' angry voice,

"Why did you push, you naughty child? What will the principal say?"

The moon before her dissolved into a friendly, boyish face covered with freckles. Its owner grinned sympathetically.

"Oh that's Sally. She's only scratched her leg and is bawlin' like everything. But you've lost a tooth and have got a hum-dinger of a black eye. She's cryin' though, and you ain't—"

This seemed to be a very important fact, for the collection of youthful heads gathered around her all nodded assent. She had more than proven herself. She had not only defied the leader, but was even braver. The atmosphere changed from sultry summer to cool, eager spring.

Marion accepted the piece of gum proffered her, and contentedly ran her tongue through the empty socket where her tooth had been. Tomorrow she would buy a red enamel lunch box.

ELIZABETH PETERSON, 1943

## “Black and Silver”

Where do you come from, O Spinner of Silver Moon-Threads,  
Spreading your net over the world asleep?  
Gossamer, soft as a kitten's fur it is;  
But strong as steel,  
Holding us bound in a spell of mist-dreams.  
I am wandering in the dark forest with shoes of air:  
I have escaped the spell.  
Why, I know not,  
And I feel the thoughts of the dark forest,  
And they are a black mist flowing.  
The twisting snake-path  
Is moving back and forth,  
Back and forth,  
Gliding  
Below.  
The edge of the dark forest  
Cuts the snake-path:  
The skeleton lies white in the meadow.  
It is held by the Moon-Threads;  
Spin them, O Spinner.  
Bind fast the sinuous snake-path.

MARY BENTLEY, 1943



## “Rack On”

The coercing heat of the August day has ebbed until cool summer evening descends on the countryside. A stillness, broken only by crickets, fills the air. A large green and white barn sits stolidly in the foreground. All outside is peace. But come a moment within the barn. Even in the sitting room the clean smell of cedar floors, horses, new mown hay, and good leather permeates the atmosphere. In the tack room there is a row of bridles, replete with shining bits and red and white brow bands and cavesons. Hung beside the bridles are comfortably familiar saddles contrasted by immaculate white girths. From the barn itself excited whinnies are heard, then a deep, effective voice saying, “Tommy, bring me the harness for the two year old.” A drawl from a colored boy replies, “Oh me! Mr. Chittick, you done know she stepped on that harness yesterday and it ain’t fixed yet.” A few words pass between the two and the problem is solved. Soon a handsome chestnut mare emerges from her stall. She is hitched to a jogging cart and in her impatience to be off she tears the back screen door off its hinges. Out on the track stern, quiet, but commanding words are heard and the mare settles down to her work. Over in the corner stall a young colt kicks up his heels and begs to be turned out to romp and play, while an elderly gentleman keeps a third horse contented by feeding her tobacco. Tommy now has turned to getting a small, coal-black mare ready to go out. This horse, unlike the others, is not anxious. She puffs up her sides when the saddle is put on and throws back her head in an effort to avoid taking the bit, but once ready she too has plenty of get up and go. She is led out and stands; I mount and lo and behold, the saddle slips around on her tummy. Could this be ground I am sitting on? Surely, the horse never felt so hard before. Everything is set straight and we are off. There is the most exhilarating feeling, the feeling of comradeship, between you and your horse, the mutual understanding of the problems to be met and at the same time the pitting of mind and strength to see who will be master. You reach the track and let your horse walk around it once, carefully handling the reins; then suddenly the horse feels that slight pressure and she is off at a brisk trot. Walk again, then slow gait, then canter, then, most

thrilling of all, you hoarsely shout at her, "Rack on." She is truly away. What a feeling of swift accuracy. Despite the general belief to the contrary, horsemanship is a skilled craft. It is something that a whole life must be devoted to in order to become truly expert.

There are all kinds of horsemen, just as there are all kinds of businessmen. There are people who make horses their means of livelihood and others who make them their means of recreation. There are honest horsemen and horsemen who are so dishonest that they are a blot upon a community. With the latter kind I have had little experience, but I do know a few. One especially notorious character makes a practice of buying horses from fox farms, where they have been sent to be destroyed, and reselling them to unsuspecting amateurs. Another man feeds his horses just enough to keep them alive, thereby keeping them so tame that even a beginner can ride them.

A friend of mine had the misfortune to rent one of these psuedo tame horses for the summer. Upon being given several pounds of grain the animal became unridable. With the exception of these sharpsters and others like them, horsemen are some of the finest and most colorful people in the world. A sense of fairness and quiet friendliness is prevalent among the majority of horsemen. They can spend hours around the barn discussing the relative value of Peavine and McDonald stock, or hours more telling tales of funny horses.

Many people think that horses are dumb animals, but I personally think horses have both a sense of humor and vanity. There is no funnier sight than a horse posing. And I know of a horse who has a penchant for biting people when they are in a stooped position. Horses always seem to know when beginners are on their backs and accordingly act as badly as possible.

To my mind there is nothing richer or more humorous than knowing horses. They can be a solace or a rollicking companion. There is seldom a deeper friendship than that between man and horse.

GERTRUDE HAMPER, 1943

## “The Lost Atlantis Today”

Somewhere upon the vast Atlantic floor  
Beneath that bloody sea of war and strife,  
Where ships are being sunk and men are killed,  
There lies an ancient city once renowned,  
ATLANTIS, now at peace with all the world.

Through ruined buildings, temples, palaces  
Which long ago resounded with the tread  
Of ancient people, now the fishes swim  
And gaze with vacant eyes at marvels old,  
The works of art of masters long since dead.  
And on the throne of Cronos, valiant king,  
There reign as monarchs octopi; and snails  
Upon the massive altar dwell, where priests  
In strange, fantastic ceremonial garb,  
Once offered sacrifices to their gods.  
And sharks go searching through the streets for prey,  
Where once an ancient people lived and died.

How many times have corpses of today  
Come drifting down to find their resting place  
Midst buildings emptied long ago by flood  
And fire far worse than any modern war?  
And has perhaps a shattered submarine  
Paused there to lick her wounds, and stared amazed  
At coral crusted buildings, once the pride  
Of mighty monarchs and their subjects all,  
Who little dreamed that soon their happy land  
Would sink beneath the sea, and sailed away,  
Up from the shadowy depths to fight once more,  
Forgetting all in zeal of youth for war?

CAROL PARADISE, 1944



## “There Are Dentists and Dentists—”

It was in October at a time unbelievably distant when one used gas and tires with perfect equanimity. I was on my way into Boston to see the dentist. I sat unhappily in the car, looked disconsolately at the traffic rushing by and thought: “Here I am. Onward to the dentist! Maybe I’ll be in a traffic jam. There are loads of cars hurtling around. It’s really very possible.” It wasn’t possible. I was drawn relentlessly to the dentist’s office. It was in an orange-brick building. “Orange!” I reflected. “Honesty is the best policy. Why use halfway measures? A gory red would be much more appropriate.”

I staggered feebly up the steps and collapsed in the elevator. The elevator man had sad brown eyes and a prison pallor. He pressed a button and we lurched up to the fifth floor. I stepped reluctantly out and somehow sidled into the office. A sad-eyed nurse said in sepulchral tones, “Come with me,” and I came. She led me to the chair and there I sat and wondered: “Where’s dear doctor? That poor nurse—he probably keeps her for atmosphere. Her mother must have fed her on skimmed milk and bread-crusts when she was a child and it’s left a lasting imprint. Where’s the doctor? I suppose he likes to leave me in suspense. ‘Seven hours until dawn and death.’ I hear a noise behind me! Aha, doctor, I know you’re there, pussy-footing around! I’ll surprise you before you can creep up on me, force my jaw open and push ten fingers down my throat. Oh—he isn’t there. It’s just his little tea-kettle of hot water gurgling. Where is he? Now I know how a prisoner feels before his execution. Ah, here comes the executioner.”

“*Well, well, how are you today?*”

“Well, well, well, well, just fine. I’m sure I look bursting with health and happiness. Come, come, get down to business.—Yes, I’m opening my mouth.”

“*Let’s open a little wider, please.*”

“Let’s! One, two, three, together! My mouth’s not elastic. Maybe he wants to see my tonsils. Every doctor who sees my tonsils is so captivated by them that he wants to take them home with him. *He* can’t have them, though. I can’t show favoritism now—not after all the offers I’ve refused. No, here are the bands. He’s going

to fit them. I love last minute tailoring. He's pounding them in with a hammer. I'm going to have a shattered jaw."

"Now, will you please double up your fist and place it under your lower jaw?"

"Certainly. It's nice to be able to support the broken bits instead of having them flopping around loose. He's finished. Now he's mixing cement for my band. He's sterilizing my tooth. Stop blowing air on it! It hurts! The bands are on and there are pieces of cement rolling in my mouth. They feel like boulders."

"Now we'll chip the cement off."

"Give me a chisel too. I always liked stonewalls and now I guess I've got one in my mouth. All I need to complete the picture is Pyramus on one side, and Thisbe on the other. I'm through at last! I'm a prisoner freed from chain and shackles. The execution's done. I feel wonderful! What's that the doctor's saying in meaningful tones? Does it matter?"

"When will your next appointment be?"

"Yes—it matters."

NANCY McIVOR, 1944



M. B.



## “Bob”

He was only a paper boy, yet how much more he seemed to us. Five days a week we heard the familiar “plunk” of the paper as it landed on the porch; I have never known it to miss its target. However on the sixth day, it was delivered in person, for Bob collected then. On that sixth day we could expect to have a pleasant chat, for collecting, to him, was not merely a duty to be executed once a week by the distributor of the papers, but rather an opportunity to exchange views.

This paper boy, who was a source of information in himself, was only about my age, perhaps a bit older, yet he seemed to have the judgment of an experienced person, the ability of a trained artist, and the attitude of a grown man. His interests were varied, and covered almost every field. His interest in science was centered in photography, in art he specialized in manual work, and in sports his main diversion was football.

He loved all pets, and in return was loved, in a sense, by them. Sometimes when a household would be practically turned upside-down because a pet puppy would not come when called, Bob would be summoned, and in no time at all he would return the little wanderer. In all seriousness he was often consulted on the subject of whether or not puppies and kittens were old enough to be graduated to regular diets from baby food, and in the great majority of cases his judgment was followed. No one questioned the validity of his advice or its source; each one felt satisfied with the fact that Bob always had some animal tagging along behind him. He could attract to eat out of his hand birds which we would have to gaze at from a distance. He could tame squirrels which we considered wild. No cat ever scratched him and no dog ever bit him.

What was it about him that attracted humans and animals alike? It was his judgment. If he saw that Mrs. Latham was up to her elbows in preserving, he paused only to find out when he could return and screw on the tops of the jelly jars more tightly for her, and then wished her a pleasant good day. If he found that little Holly Mitchel had fallen down that afternoon, he was all compassion, admiring her wounded knee until her little heart nearly burst with pride, and at



the same time telling her how sorry he was, just as though she were grown up. If Peter had been naughty and was in disgrace with his family, Bob was terribly sorry but he really did not have time to stop and talk with him.

By saying that he had the attitude of a grown man, I mean that it seemed to me as though he had jumped from infancy to adulthood with no apparent childhood and without the joys which accompany it. Although he was our age, he never seemed to want to go to any of the parties which were constantly being held, and gradually he ceased to be asked. Furthermore he never seemed to feel a pang of self-consciousness such as I have often felt when talking to adults, and I envied that in him, for he rather seemed on a plane with older people. They took words of advice from him which would have been classed as impudence coming from us. He would answer with a long, drawn out "well-l-l-l" which seemed to flow perfectly naturally from his lips, but which we could never have ejected successfully.

In saying that his talents were varied and unusually developed, I am not making an overstatement. About Christmas time he would make candle stick holders fashioned from birch logs, and decorated with berries and greens, and he would take orders for wreaths. When first mother placed an order with him, it was with some misgivings, for after all, what did a boy of thirteen know about the art of wreathmaking? The members of the Women's Club, mother included, had made some wreaths and she counted on using her wreath for the front door and quietly disposing of the one she had ordered from Bob. You can not easily imagine the shock she received when Bob proudly drew forth his creation from under some protecting layers of newspaper. It was simply lovely! The greens were as fresh as those with the sap still running through them, and the berries imitative of those yet to be picked. Mother was speechless with curiosity which was satisfied by his statement that he had read a book on wreath-making and had practiced during the summer on cattails. Mother's wreath looked quite sad in comparison, for she had used greens treated chemically to preserve the natural freshness, and berries which could never wither, for they had never known life, and she had formed the wreath too scientifically for it to be really beautiful. Ever since that time, the wreath on our front door at Christmas has been the handiwork of Bob. He used to get a certain

pleasure out of asking how the wreath was surviving, knowing all the while that its freshness had not forsaken it.

I wonder what our wreath will be like this year; mother will doubtlessly make it, but not of synthetic products because of the war priorities. Of one fact I am certain: Bob will not make it, for he is now at war. Perhaps he is in the Solomons, or Africa, or Europe, or even training here in America, but wherever he is, and whatever he is doing I am sure that he is still executing good judgment and applying his sense of art, and perhaps even growing up to his customary attitude.

BETTYE RUTHERFORD, 1943



## "Children of War"

A piercing scream, straight from the deepest Hell,  
Torn from the soul of a body,  
Crushed so that none could tell  
Whose son was he.

A childish whimper, lost upon Death's cold ears,  
Hushed through visions of horror,  
Plucked from future years—  
Whose son was he?

Wild hysteria—Pity asked from Pain—  
Death asked from Life,  
Comfort sought, in vain—  
Whose son was he?

A silent prayer, a tribute from the Free!  
Raised to Heaven's mercy—  
"O that God would see  
Whose son was he!"

MARION BURDINE, 1943

## “The Day I Came Closest to Death”

It had been raining, and for three days we had been forced to postpone a picnic which we had been planning. At last there was a sunny day. The whole earth reflected the sparkle of the ocean. After the rain and wind that had been raging for three days, it was wonderful to see the sun and be able to get out of doors after being confined to the house, where everyone's nerves had been strained by boredom. I felt at peace with the world, thoroughly glad to be alive, as I stood breathing in the smell of wet earth and stretching in front of my bedroom window.

The plans for the picnic had been made days ago, and so it was not long after dinner that we got into the car and drove to South Beach where the picnic was to be held. South Beach is a wonderful beach: first, there are sand dunes you can slide down and play on; then there is a wide strip of sand, which is very white, and runs down to the water. Though the beach is quite flat, it drops off so suddenly that when you walk into the water you only have to take a few steps to be over your depth. On this particular day the surf was higher and better than I have ever seen it before or since. The waves were tremendous, partly because of the rising tide and partly due to the storm of the last few days. After the days of inactivity, the thought of battling with the waves was overpowering, and we lost no time as we prepared to swim.

I had often swum at this beach, even though it was not considered safe unless you were a strong swimmer. I had never had the slightest feeling of the situation's being out of my control when I had swum there before, so I did not have any hesitation about swimming there again. The waves were high, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. I would tread water, because I was out over my head, until a wave came; then I would dive through it or throw myself on it. I got a tremendous feeling of power and an exalted idea of my own strength, and considerable contempt for the waves. Some of the smaller waves, which I would have usually considered large, were today too small for me to pay any attention to. One of these small ones washed me part way to shore so that I was at a point where most of the waves had just broken. The water moves fast here and I had always stayed



farther out where I had more control, but today, before I could swim out again, I was suddenly drawn out on the water collecting in front of a wave, and as I looked up I was appalled by the sight of the wave above me. It was titanic, a shiny, ebony black wall. For a second everything seemed to pause as if preparing for a finale. The top of the wave looked like the taut string of a violin. Then the swell rose to the finale in a terrific crescendo. Almost as if it had waited for the last note to die, the string snapped, and then, changing in character, the black mass, with a rim of white appearing as if it were baring its teeth, sprang.

I was caught between tons of falling water which were thick with sand, and the sand on the ocean floor. I felt as if I were being pulverized. (The saying "I feel as if I had been through the mill" now has real meaning for me and I hate to have it used about trivial things.) After being well ground, I was tossed up for a moment and got a gulp of air. This one gulp revived me enough so I realized the horror of my situation. Then came fear. I wanted to scream, but I couldn't. I struggled and raged until I got a second breath, only to go down again. I wasn't afraid now; I was angry at the waves of which I had had so much contempt, for now they controlled me. They showed me how weak I really was, how helpless, and how strong they really were, but I was too angry to feel awed and humbled. My lungs ached for want of air, and when I did get a quick breath, it burned. It was too hard to fight for air; I just couldn't bother; it seemed easier to let go. Gradually a warmth spread over me, and I thought about home, about how the family would drive home and have supper in front of the fire and talk and rest after a happy day in the open. I was happy. I was giving up. I wouldn't fight any more. "—Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease, and layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?" Suddenly I thought, "What if I drown? My family won't drive home to supper in front of the fire. I've got to go on. I've got to take another breath." I struggled and drew another painful breath which was knocked out of me as I was hurled up on to the beach.

"My, you looked funny, bobbing about like a cork," said my family.

HONORA HAYNES, 1943

## “The Art of the Ages”

“The art of cooking adds richness to living and affords unfailing amusement.”

There are many who consider eating an art; it is not, it is merely the enjoyment of the finished masterpiece, as is looking at a beautiful painting or hearing a great piece of music. The art of food, the one too long considered merely woman's work, and thus too often denied this name is cooking. However by this I do not mean to infer that all cooking is art. Certainly a quick lunch or an unexpected meal hastily put together can be considered only on a par with a rough sketch or a simple air. They are a rehearsal, a promise of what is to come, a promise which will be fulfilled if the artist is inspired and talented. A good cook can be made, but an inspired cook is born. Everyone has known women who cook because they have to. Their produce, if they are conscientious, will always be good, but it will remind one of a conscientious but untalented person striving to play the violin; there will be no mistakes but also there will be no fire. A born cook can make mistakes but even these will be inspired. It is the born cook who creates new dishes and develops gourmets.

My mother is a born cook. She enjoys puttering around with flour, milk and eggs, creating something based on her knowledge of the mechanics of cooking, either changing a favorite recipe a little, or exactly following a new one. As long as I can remember we have had a cook to do the prosaic cooking, the pictures for advertisements, the music for soap operas, but it was always my mother who created the important dishes.

Just as artists differ in their methods so do cooks. My mother likes fancy baking: different cakes with unusual icing, candy, exotic dishes and combinations. She has a few specialties which her friends always beg her to have when they come to visit. One custom she had in Bogotá was entertaining by Sunday breakfasts with fricasseed chicken, country sausage, and waffles with Log Cabin syrup. She is fond of making waffles although she herself cannot eat them as she is allergic to eggs. She has another specialty, this for tea, of gingerbread waffles with lemonsauce. She has always liked to try new things and does not try them out first on her family. She knows enough about the mechanics of cooking to know which recipes will work

but she is not daunted by strangeness or difficulties. She likes to try new combinations and only very rarely does her judgment betray her.

I also like cooking but I prefer another type of cooking, the more substantial kind. I have not yet had a chance to try most of the more common things and I enjoy doing these. I like to cook what I have enjoyed eating in other places and as my experience is limited my efforts fail as often as not. I like best to plunge my hands into a panful of bread stuffing (walnuts in it this year) and to fill a well scrubbed turkey up to the crop. Or to take my part in our yearly making of the plum pudding for Christmas by mixing the various ingredients with my hands as my mother puts them in, and at last to feel on my hands, scratched by the nuts, the soothing coolness of the jigger of brandy which signalizes that the pudding is ready to cook. I like best to cook with my hands; my mother prefers to work with the proper equipment. She likes to have all the accessories of a well appointed kitchen about her. I like nice things too, but I also like to wipe my hands on my apron and would just as soon use a skillet as a saucepan.

Cooking is everything any other art is. It teaches patience and hope, for there are some things about it any person can do well. Just as is true in any other art, an appreciative audience is nice and the artist must himself like his art. The cook must find his best medium and practice so as to become proficient in all mediums. The good cook should have much practical experience that he may be able to judge recipes and foretell flavors in order that he will not create tragic mistakes.

My mother and I enjoy greatly our hobby. She has a very extensive collection of recipes and everywhere I go I try to get the recipe of what I like to send to her. She has brought her family up gourmets and has given considerable enjoyment to many people. She is very courageous as regards food and her test for a new city or country is to visit the market and to persuade her cook to make some of the native dishes.

Cooking has cemented many friendships for us both and has afforded us much amusement. Many of our family traditions are centered on cooking and it is these which make my life worth living. I hope that my stove, stomach and teeth last me to the end of my days.

YVONNE BEVIER, 1943



## “Pass Creek”

Pass Creek; this name probably does not give you any particular thrill, but I know what it means. To me it signifies home; to me home is Pass Creek and it does not matter if I am ten or twelve miles from my house, I am still at home.

I want to tell you about my home and I hope you can picture it in your mind as I explain it. Imagine you and me riding horseback up a graveled road towards the Big Horn Mountains which tower conspicuously above everything around us. We are following a rapid creek. We watch it swirl and swish over and around large boulders, making a roaring sound like music to our ears. We are going up all the time, not a big hill, just a gradual hill. Finally we pass over a knotty pine bridge; there the ranch is in view. You cannot see it all, for trees along the creek shut off your view, but at our left is a corral made of pine trees or logs. Next to the corral is an apple orchard with many crab and other varieties mixed.

Now as we move farther along we come in full view of the house. It is a large white house with seven gables. It is built on a knoll which is terraced down to a stream which winds around the house. The creek is bordered on both sides with wild plum and choke-cherry trees and these make a beautiful picture, especially when they are in full blossom in the early spring. We follow the road until we come to an opening, and there we see the barn. We can tie our horses in separate stalls. After we have removed the bridles and have given the horses oats we shall go through the barn, over a rustic-looking pole bridge; then we mount a few steps on the terrace and find ourselves facing the front door.

From where we are standing we can see acres and acres of alfalfa in full bloom. We not only see it but we can smell its fresh scent.

This is home, all of it: the road, the creek, the orchard, the barn, and the alfalfa field. My home is larger than most persons', for it extends to the north for eight miles, to the east five, to the west sixteen and to the south nine. This land is used to raise cattle and horses, to grow hay, alfalfa, wheat, oats, barley, and rye. When I am in any of these fields I know I am home.

Every night when I go to bed, I lie motionless for a long time try-

ing to hear every sound that is to be heard outside. I can hear the bawling of the cattle, especially at weaning time. At weaning time we keep the calves in the orchard and the cows on the other side of the fence, where the mothers can lick the small white faces of their calves once in a while. You see, a time comes when calves must stop drinking milk and learn to eat, and enjoy eating, grass. But they are very unhappy calves when they are first driven from their mothers. They cry day and night until they have forgotten. Then they go frisking about, nibbling tender blades of grass.

But as I listen to them at night, before they are weaned, I can hear the mothers call and the little calves answering in a pitiful "maaa." Then my ears catch the rhythm of the creek as it babbles in an unceasing tempo. In the distance I can hear two or three coyotes yipping and yowling, making cold chills run up and down my spine. As I snuggle farther down under my comforter, my head begins to nod with the even rhythm of the creek. I hear the lonely hoot of an owl far off in the distance. My eyes close, and the bawling of the cattle grows faint as I drift off far from the things which God made for me: the land, the water, the animals, and my mother and father.

When all of these are put together they spell only two words and these two words are my beloved home, Pass Creek.

MARY ANN MOSS, 1944

## “Glory at Toulon”

Since the noble French had fallen, and their freedom was no more,  
We had thought their spirit broken, trodden down forevermore.  
“We thought the French were fighters,” and we’d sadly shake our  
head,  
Till the news burned up the ether that their spirit was not dead.

*For they’d blown themselves to glory at Toulon!*

Oh, the fleet had been in harbor for some twenty months or more,  
Proud memories of France as she had been in days of yore.  
But then one morning early, with the first pale streaks of dawn,  
Thè cruel Nazi hordes o’erran the city of Toulon,

*And the French were blown to glory at Toulon!*

With floating mines the port was blocked, and no escape they saw,  
And they swore they would not give their fleet to feed the Nazi maw,  
So they placed the charges to destroy the ships they loved so well.  
When the magazines exploded they were blown to heav’n or hell,

*And they died in a blaze of glory at Toulon!*

And towards these Frenchmen true, contempt had fallen from our  
lips,  
Till this suicidal act of theirs, in scuttling their ships  
Proclaimed to all that France still lived, despite the Hun regime,  
And seamen, dying, laughed to think they’d cheated Hitler’s scheme

*When they blew themselves to glory at Toulon.*

CAROL PARADISE, 1944



## “New Hampshire”

Her name was Sally Leavitt, but she was affectionately known as “Old Sal.” For ninety years she lived on her hilltop farm, and from its windy heights she watched New Hampshire grow from a wilderness to a thriving state. She could look far down over the foothills to Lake Winnepesaukee, north to the towering White Mountains, and south and west over miles of forested countryside; but Old Sal was too busy to do much gazing at scenery. From her birth in 1800, to her death ninety years later, she was continually on the go.

A character she was, yes. She wore top boots and a man’s breeches, and could outswear any of her hands; but she was a wonderful woman, the salt of the earth. If any person round about was sick, Old Sal was sure to be there, directing operations. And she certainly was good at directing, as her hired men ruefully agreed. Even the brawniest of bullies cowered before her steely eye.

Her farm was the best for miles around; large, clean and filled with dozens of well-fed animals. Her house was big and white, usually filled with the odor of cooking, for Sal found time from her managing duties to be an expert cook. But Sal never married, a husband would only have been in her way.

To the end of her days she ruled the hill-top, and the hearts of all who knew her. Gruff, yet with a heart of gold, she seemed a symbol of New England, and especially granite New Hampshire.

How do I know of Old Sal Leavitt? Who has told me all the tales and legends connected with her? Sal is really only three things; but it is easy to see what she actually was like. Those three things are as follows: a chance word dropped by a farmer, “Yes, that old place up there’s the Sal Leavitt place. ’Twas quite a farm in its day.” An ancient house with hollow-eyed windows and creaky floors, birds nesting in the rafters of its sheds and rooms. And last, a solid granite gravestone, apart from all the rest, covered with ice and snow, and bearing my own name.

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945

## “A Worthy Cause”

Henry Williams and the tall, dignified, exclamation point of a man, who had “I am soliciting for a worthy cause” written all over his grave exterior, had parted with every expression of mutual satisfaction. Henry sat at his desk, running his fingers absent-mindedly over the scarred walnut surface, as his caller’s polite phrases echoed pleasantly in his mind—“...calling upon the more prominent businessmen of the town...such a deserving charity...” Even in hard times, Henry Williams could keep up with his fellow “prominent businessmen” in the size of a contribution. The amount he had handed over with a studied casualness had been, it is true, more than he really could afford—but it would look very impressive in the paper tomorrow night. They always published such things.

Half an hour later he glanced up to find his brother-in-law standing in the doorway, nervously balancing his hat on one hand. Henry hadn’t seen him in some time. He thought his farm was a rather shiftless place and didn’t care to go there often, although he believed his wife liked to see her sister.

“Well, Edward?” He didn’t ask him to sit down.

Edward cleared his throat uncertainly. He wasn’t the kind to make long, inconsequential speeches. “I hate to come to you like this, Henry, but can you lend me a little money? I’d go to the bank, but I don’t want to saddle the place with a mortgage. And I really need it. Somehow I just haven’t been able to make ends meet this year with my oldest boy in the hospital and all.” His hesitation increased visibly at Henry’s silence. “I’d sure appreciate it, Henry, and I’d give you good security and—”

“I’m sorry, Edward. Business hasn’t been any too good you know and I can’t quite see my way clear. Nice to see you again, though. Remember me to Ann.”

And Edward went down the hall, his shoulders a little more stooped under the added yoke of knowing himself a failure.

Henry put in a busy day. His wife Laura, a pleasant-faced, colorless, little woman, let him in that night before he could use his key. People referred to her as “a nice little thing,” and no one would ever have guessed that she cherished a secret liking for Byron. She took

his coat. "Have a nice day, dear? Henry, could I have six dollars to pay Mrs. Hoskins? You forgot to leave me any housekeeping money this week."

"Not money again, Laura? Well I can't give it to you, I didn't bring any from the office. And you don't have to have Mrs. Hoskins every week, do you?"

Mrs. Williams looked down at her hands. They were small and pretty and they needed a manicure. Then she turned and went out toward the kitchen. She hated to keep Mrs. Hoskins waiting, who had often demonstrated that her goodness of heart quite equalled the size of her gaunt, granite block of a frame. And then there was what the doctor had told her only a few days ago about her heart and working too hard—she mustn't worry Henry now, though, with all his business troubles. She'd manage somehow. . . .

In the kitchen Mrs. Hoskins was scrubbing the floor with her customary expression of martyred justice. Every inch of her considerable expanse indicated capability, and behind her dour aspect no one ever suspected that she had troubles, probably because she was usually so busy taking on those of other people.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hoskins, but I'm afraid I can't pay you right now. And I won't be able to have you next week either."

For a moment a protest struggled against Mrs. Hoskins' tightly pressed lips. Then she looked up at poor little Mrs. Williams standing there, and knew it wasn't her fault. "It's all right, ma'am," she said quietly and picked up the brush again. Her husband must surely find work within the next few days. In the meantime, they'd just have to get along. . . .

Henry Williams was reading his evening paper in the living room. He allowed a satisfied smile to rest upon his face as he thought of the list of public spirited citizens that would be published as contributors to the fund. He, Henry Williams, would be among them with a contribution as large as any.

The committee member that had called on him spoke of Henry that evening to some friends. "You know, Henry Williams gave me quite a sum for a man of his means. He certainly is a fine, charitable fellow." And the others agreed.

MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944



## Fall Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

*Tuesday 22*—Arrival and registration of new resident scholars before 6:00 P.M.

*Wednesday 23*—Arrival and registration of re-entering resident scholars before 8:00 P.M.

*Thursday 24*—First chapel—9:00 A.M.

*Friday 25*—Classes meet—first calling night

*Saturday 26*—School picnic—old girl-new girl party

*Sunday 27*—Vespers—Miss Hearsey

### OCTOBER

*Friday 2*—Mr. Louis Fischer, American Foreign Correspondent, lecture at Phillips Academy

*Saturday 3*—Corridor stunts: Sherman and Draper (not Seniors)

*Sunday 4*—Vespers—The Rev. A. Graham Baldwin, Minister at Phillips Academy

*Friday 9*—Senior picnic

*Saturday 10*—Corridor stunts—Abbey House and Seniors

*Sunday 11*—Vespers—The Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., Pastor Emeritus of The First Church in Cambridge

*Saturday 17*—Mr. Fritz Kuntz—"India: Key to World Security"

*Sunday 18*—Vespers—The Rev. Winthrop Richardson, Taunton

*Friday 23*—Lecture at Phillips Academy: "Fire, and Control of Fire", Professor Arthur R. Davis of M.I.T.

*Saturday 24*—Concert—Miss Margaret Sittig, Violinist and Miss Kate Friskin, Pianist

*Sunday 25*—Vespers—The Rev. James Gordon Gilkey, D.D., South Congregational Church, Springfield

*Tuesday 27*—Boston Symphony

*Saturday 31*—Hallowe'en costume party in Davis Hall, day scholar and faculty stunts

### NOVEMBER

*Sunday 1*—Vespers—A.C.A.

*Saturday 7*—Field Day

*Sunday 8*—Congregational tea at South Church. Vespers—The Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy, D.D., First Parish, Milton

*Saturday 14*—Andover-Exeter football game at Andover

*Sunday 15*—Vespers—Dr. Claude M. Fuess, Headmaster of Phillips Academy

*Saturday 21*—"Wake Up America!", lecture by Vanya Oakes

*Sunday 22*—Vespers—The Rev. Frederick M. Morris, Trinity Church, Newton Center

*Wednesday 25*—Thanksgiving Service

*Thursday 26*—Thanksgiving

*Saturday 28*—"Swiss Alps"—lecture by Mrs. Twining Lynes

*Sunday 29*—Vespers—The Rev. James T. Cleland, D.D., Chaplain, Amherst College

## DECEMBER

*Tuesday 1*—Boston Symphony

*Saturday 5*—A.D.S. play—"Artichokes for Dinner"

*Sunday 6*—Vespers—A.C.A.

*Saturday 12*—Christmas party sponsored by A.C.A. in afternoon. Christmas reading, Mrs. Bertha Morgan Grey

*Sunday 13*—Christmas Service—Miss Hearsey

*Monday 14*—Christmas dinner and carol singing

*Tuesday 15*—Christmas Vacation begins, 10:00 A.M.







# The Abbot Courant

June, 1943

ANDOVER, MASS.

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXIX

JUNE, 1943

NUMBER 2

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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*Editor-in-chief*

HILTON McLAIN, 1943

*Business Editor*

ELIZABETH PETERSON, 1943

*Literary Editors*

MARY E. BENTLEY, 1943

CAROL PARADISE, 1944

JANET L. COOLEY, 1943 KATHERINE SHAUGHNESSY, 1943

VIRGINIA HEIDENKAMP, 1944 MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944

ALMA MASTRANGELO, 1944

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## EDITORIALS

It's a brisk October day only a few short months after graduation, and there in your mailbox is an issue of the *Abbot Bulletin*. Perhaps a little thought is required to discover just why and how it found its way there. In one of the first bewildering weeks as an Abbot student, you were given a printed form and asked to fill in certain questions. Although you may have long since forgotten this paper, it still remains filed over in the alumnae office, accumulating information about you all through your life. Ever since those first days you have been a member of the Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy, and while this may not have been particularly significant during your school days, now that you and your friends are widely separated, it means a great deal.

On thumbing through the *Bulletin* which is sent out three times yearly, you find news of Abbot and the changes there, and also news of the individual classes. There on one of the last pages is printed "1943" and under it are items about your own former classmates. After the first excitement of reading the news you will begin to won-

der, no doubt, how all this information was amassed. Behind this *Bulletin* lies an efficient organization made up of trustees and a council, with the actual work in the office done by Mrs. Chipman and Miss MacPherson. There are Abbot Clubs in Boston, Chicago, Connecticut, Detroit, New York, Pittsburgh, Old Colony, and in Maine, and Ohio. News is obtained through letters written directly, through girls revisiting Abbot, and through club meetings. Much is received by word of mouth. In Boston each winter there is a meeting of the alumnae and some addresses are checked up on when invitations to this are sent. At commencement there is a reunion of all classes and a questionnaire is distributed to both those present and those unable to attend. Each class has a fund secretary and when she sends out her appeal she encloses a personal message which encourages closer unity among her classmates.

All the news obtained in this way helps to make the *Bulletin* more interesting, it also helps to complete the record of each girl. These records are not only useful to Abbot but they aid others outside of the organization in establishing birth dates and then furnish a valuable picture to anyone in need of data.

When an alumna becomes lost and her mail is returned, the Association tries first to contact her parents. If this fails, an Abbot friend, or one who lives in her city, is written to and asked if she can suggest any addresses. The message of "deceased" often sent back from the post office is not accepted until it is verified by the Bureau of Vital Statistics. Through these methods many of the lost alumnae have been found.

The Alumnae Association really is one of give and take. The more information you volunteer and the more cooperative you are, the greater will be your enjoyment of the work done by the Association. This summer is the time to begin to make that first October *Bulletin* and all the following reunions and club meetings sources of news and enjoyment for you and your friends.

K. E. S.



Will this summer be a summer as usual? This is a question that is foremost in the minds of each of us. We often wonder just what this coming summer will be like. Will it mean a change from the ordinary pattern of vacation time, or can we eagerly look forward to a time of play, gaiety, and frolic?

The war has greatly affected our lives. With it has come many alterations that have changed our manner of living. We have been led to the belief that victory demands a great deal from every one of us. We have suddenly realized that the task confronting us requires our united efforts. Only in this way can we bring an end to this bitter strife. Only in this way will the world once more enjoy peace.

Throughout this vast nation of ours people from every walk of life are working to attain that goal. "Do your share" has been the byword. This was all the inspiration needed, for immediately students rose up and declared that they, too, would help. There were many things that they could do, and would do. Thousands—those from high school, prep school, and college—have offered their services. This summer they are going to sacrifice their vacation and devote their time towards helping Uncle Sam. To them, this summer will not be a summer as usual.

One of the greatest and most desperate needs for labor is on the farm. His former helpers now serving in the armed forces, the farmer has no one to plant, cultivate, or harvest his crop. He realizes that producing food is as essential to victory as active combat duty. For this reason, he has called upon the youth of America for assistance. This summer, we shall see thousands of girls and boys leave their city homes and pour forth into the country. They will gradually adapt themselves to a farm life, planting, picking, weeding, caring for animals, haying, and countless other tasks. For four months they will work in the open air and sun, thinking not of the toil, but of the help they are rendering to their country.

There are also many other ways in which we are going to aid the war effort. In the backyard of almost every house, there is going to be a victory garden, where a number of vegetables are going to be raised. This, too, demands our help. We are going to tend these small crops at home, while our parents devote their time to other war duties. Gardens require a lot of care, and after our harvest, we are going to can our produce. Next winter we won't be able to buy



so many canned foods, and by canning ours now, we shall be well supplied.

This summer many mothers will be working in defense factories and their children will need someone to care for them. Many nurseries are going to be opened throughout the summer and high school students will help to run them. Many girls have offered their services to their community, and have volunteered to devote their vacation time to taking care of children. No remuneration is expected, for our services are free. These nurseries are to be established by the Red Cross and the Girl Scouts in almost every city, and anyone desiring to help can inquire through these organizations.

The Red Cross also needs assistance in rolling bandages and making surgical dressings. This work likewise demands a great deal of time and effort. There is no salary, but it is one of utmost importance. Every bit done helps, and one bandage more that you will make may mean another soldier's life saved.

For those who feel that they would like to combine their summer recreation with working, there are camps that are planning to raise crops part of the time, and participate in their usual activities the rest of the time. Girls and boys who would like to do this may have some of the camp fee deducted or are to be paid in war stamps and bonds.

Whatever we plan to do this summer, we all agree that we are not going to participate in our usual summer activities. We won't be taking trips to the seashore, for the gasoline shortage has affected that, nor will we participate in our other enjoyments of vacation time.

Yes, we have all decided to cancel our usual trip to vacationland this year. We are all going to do our share. For most of us, this summer will not be a "summer as usual."

A. J. M.



## The Call

When Georgie was a very little boy, he lived with his many brothers and sisters, and his hard-working mother and father, in three rooms of a huge, shabby house on Franklin Street, not ten feet from the railroad tracks. There was nothing pretty about his surroundings: house next to house, wall after wall, and there was no place for sunshine in the sooty streets, the straggling, unkempt backyards, and the dark alleyways. But there were the tracks, and in the shining rails Georgie found his hope. All day long when he was very little, Georgie would lean out on the windowsill and watch the crashing, black trains go thundering past him and roar out of sight down the tracks.

The trains that passed Georgie's window were varied and exciting. There were freight trains and cattle trains, passenger trains and single engines, tankers and little box cars. When a freight train lumbered past with its steady pull, Georgie waved and yelled joyfully to the engineer, and he never failed to get an answering wave or greeting. Occasionally, one of the men would be walking the top of a car, walking swiftly, crouched over, and Georgie could hardly suppress his excitement and wild fear. When sleek passenger trains passed smoothly by, Georgie could sometimes see very clearly the people in their plush seats, with their coats hung on hooks next to the window. Or he glimpsed them eating their meals in the diner, when it flashed by. But these people were only stiff puppets in a show, and Georgie never tried to wave to them.

In the multi-colored box cars, Georgie found an inexhaustible source of interest and delight. There were names of far-off cities on them, cities that linked only dimly to his small knowledge of the country, but which filled his imagination with large and vivid pictures. In the dusty and travel-stained legends of contents, origin, and destination, printed importantly on each one, Georgie saw a message written just for him, a beckoning which he longed to follow. And when the sight of a dirty tramp, hunched in the straw of an empty box car, flashed by in the quick succession, longing filled his heart,

for he knew that that man was going to the far-off land described on the box car side, and he longed to join him and be carried down the long, gleaming tracks by the roaring, rumbling engine.

The song of the rails caught Georgie: the steady click-clack which was beginningless and endless, yet which began and ended with him and his window; the roar of the trains caught him up and whirled him unconsciously out of his drab life, with a sure promise of new life and adventure.

As Georgie grew older, his brothers and sisters became more numerous, and his father grew poorer. He now sought his living on the wharves, packing and loading the huge freighters in port, or doing the odd jobs around the docks. And it was there, when he followed his father in search of small jobs, that Georgie found his new call. It was a larger horizon that beckoned him now, and the song it sang so hauntingly was of a different tune, but it called up the same longing in Georgie's heart, and it touched the same chord within him that was free and joyous and full of hope. There isn't much about the docks to call a person unless he is a dreamer. The constant, rank smell of dead fish and tar, new paint and soggy rope, rusty iron and black, salt water covered with oil is not the fresh, sweet meadows of Paradise, but for a dreamer it is a new outlook, an invitation, and Georgie dreamed and heeded its call.

In the early morning when the half-light fills the streets, and night still lurks around corners and in alleyways, Georgie wandered down to the wharves and listened to the song coming in from the sea and covering the docks. He heard it in the creak and clatter of rusty chains, he heard it in the weird, high scream of the circling gulls, he heard it in the groan of a swinging boom or in the sound of footsteps running down a gangplank. He smelt it in the wet, salt wind of the ocean, in the rotting wood and damp coils of rope on the pier. And he saw its visible shape in everything around him, in every ship that came into port: huge freighters, stubby tugs or pleasure yachts, and even in the smallest, battered dinghy. In every grimy deckhand, he saw a promise of joy and happiness, and he followed the long, sweeping flight of the gulls with envy. The old longing for freedom caught Georgie in its spell, and he kept on dreaming and hoping.

Things don't change quickly on the wharves. As the years roll by, the scene remains so much the same, it seems never to change at all. Each morning, the intense blackness of the night dissolves into gray, swirling mist; then the sky gradually separates from surging, green sea until the sun rises and floods it full of light and color. The horizon stretches farther into the distance, and the gulls come screaming down upon the docks. Around the port, people seem the only things to be affected by time, for youth cannot live forever, and even dreamers grow hard and unbelieving.

Down the narrow street by the docks, a workman plodded wearily homeward through the dusk. His grimy overalls were grease-stained, his face tired, drained of animation, and his eyes held no luster or light. Unconscious of outward surroundings, he passed by the fish stores and taverns, not heeding the lights and voices, nor the gray mist that swirled around his tired figure, damp and cold. Out of the black curtain of night, a foghorn hooted out in the bay. Its erie call came three times, lonely and unanswered. It seemed to strike a responsive note, for the workman lifted his head, listened intently for a moment, and then directed his steps to the end of a pier.

Here the world seemed to drop before him, and end in gray fog and lapping, invisible water. Strange thoughts swam through his mind, recalling his childhood, and the years that had passed between then and now. They had been years of toil and hard work. Misfortune had seemed to visit him at every turn. When his father had died, he, being the oldest, had had to shoulder the responsibility of a large family. Necessities mean hard labor, and even the scant schooling and bare living of his younger brothers and sisters had meant years of steady work for him. The load had never seemed lessened as the years passed, and his burden seemed as endless as, as . . . What was it that had seemed endless to him so many years ago? Was it the sea, forever rolling in, forever lapping against the wooden piers, that he had watched and loved in this very place as a young boy?

Or was it something farther back, years and years back? His memory was striving to recall, probing back into forgotten depths, but the only thing it brought back was a strange humming noise that rushed passed and called to him to follow. Or was it the scream of a gull, calling to him from the salt air? In the present or in the past? Hope . . . or was it not to be for him at all?



The foghorn out in the bay sounded again, three times, the loneliest sound in the world, and George turned from the sea with a sigh, and resumed his steps to his home.

JANET COOLEY, 1943

### Perfection in Peace

Far out on the plains,  
Where the purple hills rise,  
A bay mare is standing  
A light in her eyes;  
Far down on the ground  
Lies a quivering heap,  
A little bay colt  
Is there fast asleep.

They doze in the shade  
Of a cottonwood tree,  
A strong silent guard,  
Standing noble and free.  
So wild and content  
Not a worry or care.  
No human for miles  
To frighten this pair.

VIRGINIA VERGES, 1946



## A Rolling Stone Does Gather Moss

I have had friends say to me "Are you not sorry that you have no roots?" "Do you not miss much of what a person with a home has?" and when I was younger people asked my Mother if she did not worry about her children having no permanent roots or home. I can say only that as far as I know I have missed nothing, save perhaps the prying of neighbors and small town gossip, and I have gained much in not being exposed to it. I have a home, the Portuguese have a word for it, "lar," which means the place where the heart abides.

When my Father joined the Rockefeller Foundation, he and my Mother realized that probably their children would be brought up abroad. This prospect did not deter them, for, as they have said, since, they feel that one of the best ways for a person to become proficient in geography is to travel. They realized that they would have to accept more responsibility towards us than parents ordinarily have to. Most of the time they would be unable to turn us over to the state authorities to be educated and entertained. They would themselves have to inculcate in us a love of country and rarely seen relatives. They would have to be our permanent friends and would have to stand on their own feet without the advisors and councilors available to young parents living near their parents and friends. Also they realized that they would have to accept full responsibility for the way we turned out, and be responsible for us to their parents, brothers, friends and relatives. They chose to shoulder this load, and I, for one, am glad.

People argued that, if we should be brought up in South America or in another foreign country, the native servants and tutors we might have, would poison our minds toward our country. Living abroad has made us more patriotic, though we may not know the Oath of Allegiance as well as the child who parrotlike repeats it daily. I remember that when President Roosevelt made his South American tour in 1935 we were in Rio. As our house was on the street through which he would be driven, I invited several friends to come and see him. We hung an American flag out and waited for him. As he drove by, in an open limousine with President Vargas at his side, he saw our flag and waved to us. We were thrilled, and re-

calling what our parents had said about the need for Pan-American solidarity, we exclaimed upon it. Mr. Roosevelt was a symbol of what we were so proud. One child, recently arrived from the United States, proceeded to express the views of the people among whom she had been living concerning Roosevelt. We were all amazed and shocked, not because she criticized him, for we had heard our fathers say things about him, true things and not merely voiced grudges, which were much more damning than anything which she said, but because we knew that this was not the place for it. We are capable of criticizing our country but we know that there is a time and a place for criticism and we hate to hear prejudiced people air their views about it or any part of it.

Our family consists of just four, now that the dog is dead. The rest of the family is considered to be merely relatives. In this family we have our traditions, our secret jokes, and unity. All these have grown up out of our living abroad. Without this experience we should be like countless American families, "keeping up with the Joneses" collectively and individually. Our standards would be based on what the town or our particular circle thinks rather than on what our family and the worthwhile people we have met and are yet to meet think.

Our friends always enjoyed having us come to their houses when we were in the United States. They would compliment Mother on our manners and our ability to listen to and even to join in an adult conversation. Not until recently did I understand why. Because of our stay abroad we have been exposed to many children, a few at a time and mostly for a short time. These other children lived as we did and even in childhood we all realized how transitory our friendship would be. We were spared neighbors who always, except when they are doing neighborly deeds, seem to have children who romp on the flower beds and dogs which bite. Without neighbors there were no neighbors' children and no voices outside the windows before dinner was half over urging the children outside. Adult conversation, being given half a chance, fascinated us. This adult conversation was not that of an American get-together discussing baseball, in season, gossip and the wrongs of the present administration, but on world politics, art, science, literature, and sometimes would turn to anecdotes about great men and woman and personal experiences. There

can be no better liberal education than to listen to the informal talk of intelligent, educated people.

In the future the things that will be of the greatest value to me from having lived abroad are my sense of integrity, based not on gossip and achievement, but on love and respect, my patriotism, not blinded by glorious misinformation, the sense of unity of our family, based on necessity and the ability to listen intelligently to the conversation of worthy men and women about worthwhile topics.

YVONNE BEVIER, 1943

## Silver Slippers

The usually peaceful atmosphere of the Edwards' household had, for the past week, been in the state usually described as chaotic. The telephone rang every ten minutes, Mrs. Edwards was slowly cracking under the strain of Christmas—or her daughter—or both—and Mr. Edwards wandered lost and forsaken in a sea of feminine flurry. The very expression of the placid, white, suburban house seemed startled and astonished. Judy was going to her first dance.

Meanwhile the center of all this bustle lay submerged in the foamiest of bubble baths dreamily musing on the contents of the box she had tenderly deposited on the coke bottles on the icebox. A gardenia bracelet—it was exciting—even, even sophisticated, she whispered to the tile fish swimming on the wall before her rapt gaze. She contemplated the dazzling prospect of gliding over a polished floor in Chuck's manly arms—and tried to forget that awful story of her mother's of how she, at the diabolical age of five, had hit him full on the face with a mud pie.

Half an hour later she stood on tiptoe in her silver slippers before the mirror and gazed and gazed. If she lived to be ninety and had all the beautiful evening dresses one could wish for, she would always remember this first one as the loveliest of all. It was just the color of a strawberry soda and the swaying full skirt transformed her adolescent lumpiness into something slim and tall and queenly. Her older sister, with the wisdom of seventeen, had applied lipstick carefully and then told her, for goodness sake, to hold her stomach in



and not to fall over her feet, but even this could not prick her bubble of happiness. Fall over her feet indeed! She tried moving slowly and gracefully in the heels that were almost spikes instead of at her usual coltlike gallop and practiced smiling graciously at thronged admirers.

If only her mother wouldn't make her wear those hateful overshoes over the enthralling silver slippers—but perhaps the little, black, hooded velvet jacket almost made up for them.

Her bracelet was white and perfect, damp with heavy fragrance, and she slipped it carefully on. She was ready. For a moment her stomach felt full of butterflies and the cool, cultivated voice that she had secretly practiced wobbled a little. What if no one danced with her? Chuck was late. She just had to be a social success. But tonight she wasn't Judy Edwards, but someone quite, quite different.

Was that a car? She catapulted to a front window. All the neighbors' Christmas trees were lighted, like the fabulous contents of a jeweler's window against black velvet. And there was Chuck striding up the path. She gasped in admiration. He looked at least seventeen.

The buzz on the doorbell sent a little electric thrill up her spine and she clutched her bracelet nervously. She mustn't hurry down—she knew that much. She should keep him waiting, and then sweep down and enthrall him. The familiar voices of the family and Chuck's adolescent growl floated up the stairs to her. She fixed her hair for the hundredth time and wished that it would go over one eye, straight and silky instead of curly.

"Judy—Chuck is here."

As if she didn't know it! "I'll be right down, Mother"—(silvery tones).

She just couldn't wait any longer. She wished her knees wouldn't wobble so inside her rustling skirts. She managed a bright, gay smile, obviously tacked across her mouth, and picked up her delicate skirt ever so little to show her sparkling slippers. . . .

She turned at the landing and there were her mother and father, a little reviewing stand for this parade of one, wearing approving, parental beams. Chuck seemed to be on the verge of swallowing his Adam's apple. There were a million stairs and she felt like a hippopotamus in a canoe. And then—and then—oh perfidious high-



heeled slippers, perfidious trailing skirt! Judy certainly made her unforgettable impression, for the last stairs were covered in a series of ungraceful somersaults, and she landed in a confused heap of net at the foot where the solid oak floor cruelly refused to open and deposit her in the basement.

It is a terrible thing to have your life over when you have only been thirteen for a month. It is a terrible thing to have a social career ruined before it has ever begun.

All these thoughts swirled in a black whirlpool around Judy. It couldn't have happened. It must be a nightmare. She must not cry—she must not cry. The bottom had dropped out of the world. Her parents swam hazily before her eyes. Chuck had lost all power of speech and stood bolted to the floor, every freckle popping out on his blanched face. "Golly," he finally gulped, "g-g-golly!"

They were picking her up. She was surprised to find herself still in one piece. Couldn't she have dramatically injured herself leaving Chuck to brood over her windswept grave? And now he would laugh forever and ever. Dusty, cheerless, aeons of time stretched before her. They couldn't be expecting her to go—not after this!

But her coat was on. Chuck was stuttering good-nights. The familiar door was closing unbelievably, irrevocably, behind her.

\* \* \* \* \*

The third step from the bottom gave a loud protesting groan as she crept up the stairs she had descended so hastily hours before. She tottered wearily in her slippers, clutching the battered remains of her precious bracelet in one feverish hand, but her eyes were full of stardust. In the other hand was a large fried egg sandwich, for after all she had been through she felt in need of very substantial nourishment. Her dress was a tired ghost and her feet had ceased to function, but the evening. . . . Once more the Edwards' home had weathered a crisis. There was only one relief for her overburdened soul. She opened her very secret diary, a record of an existence that passed from one crisis to another, and taking a huge bite of the sandwich began scribbling furiously.

Yes, thirteen is a wonderful age. And, besides, there is fourteen—and fifteen.

MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944

## The Cloud

It is a clear, bright day,  
Yet one cloud in the west passes on its way  
To distant ports.  
Like a ship with strong sails  
Gliding on a breeze,  
Wafted from some unknown lip,  
Moving on the calm sea,  
Slowly, softly,  
Sighing as it rocks  
A sigh that beckons me.

Oh, to lie upon that down!  
The billowing whiteness enveloping me;  
To cushion my head and be flown  
Through the sky,  
Misty arms wrapping me in the supple substance,  
Bewitching me with lazy charms.

To pass under the shining sun,  
Not seeing the momentary shadow on the earth  
As the cloud glides on.  
To pass through darkness near the magical moon  
The cool, hushed air of night soothing my slumber  
Whispering a tune;

And I should be the first to see the dawn,  
My bed tinged with pastel colors and hues  
That herald the morn;  
To float the idle time away  
In blissful rest;  
To gaze at the heavens in a feathery cloud all day!

HILARY PATERSON, 1945

## “Sunshine City”

If you say that you come from Miami, someone is bound to say, “What! way down there!” Well, it is for a fact “way down there,” being located on the southernmost tip of the United States, but that doesn’t mean that, being so far away from the heart of the country, it is less important in its standing with other cities. Miami is not a small town; in fact it is the southernmost large city of America, having a population of over 200,000.

When I consider Miami’s outstanding features, I find that I can boil them down to two points: one, its location, and two, its climate. Being on the tip end of America, it serves as an important base which connects us with our Pan American neighbors to the south. Cuba is just off the coast and the close connection between the two helps to spread the Spanish language into Florida. This connection is important in keeping friendly relations between North and South America. Miami also serves as a jumping off place to points south. For this reason it is very important, even more important now that we are in the war. However, this is not why I like Miami. To me, Miami is the symbol for palm trees that rustle in the slightest breeze; for an ocean that makes me forget time and place; for a moon that is a little brighter than other moons; and for nature in all its glory that is forever beautiful.

Miami has not always been there. In fact, the growth of Miami dates from 1896 on. This means that in 47 years Miami has built up a population of over 200,000. The main reason for its development is the obvious reason. Because of its mild, year-round climate, good fishing, swimming etc., people, who have been once, decide to come again and even decide to settle there. Because of this migration Miamians do not speak with a Southern accent as would be supposed from the fact of their living the farthest South. As a result of their connections with Northerners, Westerners, and Canadians, to name a few influencing forces, their accent is neither Northern nor Southern.

The man who did the most for the growth of Miami was Henry M. Flagler, who financed six hundred miles of railroad in Florida, connecting Miami with the North. This means of transportation



made the speedy growth of Miami possible and gave adventurers the chance to make their fortune in an unexplored paradise.

The fact is known that Miami is the center of one of the world's greatest winter resorts. There are many reasons for this fact, some natural, and others man-made reasons. The most natural reason is its climate. The winter sport season runs from November to the last of May, which means that the tourist season is usually seven months long. During this time thousands of tourists have a chance to turn brown, to get as fat as possible, to fish, swim and play to their heart's content, without having to worry about cold weather.

Another important factor in Miami's importance is that it has seven miles of white, clean sand just made for bathers. There are no rocks along the shore, as you find farther north, because Florida is built on a limestone foundation which, when worn down by breakers, crumbles to form very fine sand. There is also no manufacturing in or around Miami which is the reason why the buildings are so white and look so clean. We were very much amused one day when a guest from the North asked Dad, in all seriousness, "When do you wash your buildings?" "We never wash our buildings. We never have to. They wash themselves," was Dad's reply to the very surprised man. There is no smoke, no dirt to injure Miami's freshness. Thus the total appearance has undergone little change, except for the addition of a new building here or there. In fact, it would be hard to distinguish a recent structure from one ten or fifteen years of age. Maybe this is why they call Miami the "Sunshine City."

The Miami of today is more than a Resort City. It is one of the government's most important tools. Because of its year-round climate, and because of its flat surface, Miami can be used as a training base for Army and Navy flyers. No one knows how many airports are hidden under the dense growth of the Everglades. Today you can always see at least one plane in the sky, if not more. Miami is well-guarded from above to prevent air attack. Planes fly over in "V" formation and swoop down until you feel sure that they are going to crash. Miami has a feeling of importance which comes from being important to the government. A thousand men are shipped in and another thousand out of Miami every day. There are more than enough men in training so that they can graduate a class a day. Every buck private knows that he will sooner or later be trans-



ferred to the land of the sunny south for at least a month. Army life in Miami is not so hard, because the government has taken over most of the luxurious hotels for barracks. Where there once was a debutante, there is now a "Buck Private." The only difference is that she could have breakfast in bed, whereas he must get up—or else!

No one can really say what the Miami of the future will be. Because of its location and climate, it will probably continue to be a Winter Resort and also an important Army training base. It will still connect America with her southern neighbors and possess the name "Sunshine City." Fate made it possible for Miami to be built, and fate alone knows its outcome. However, there is one thing that I am sure of. Miami, along with every other city that has become militarized, will not be ruined by wars. Bombs can destroy material things, but gifts of Nature such as sunshine, oceans, and palm trees will remain. To me, Miami will be forever beautiful.

MARION BURDINE, 1943

## Moonless Night

Oh, Moon, great orb of silv'ry, shining light,  
Seen, free from all obstruction, from this place,  
Unearthly shadows casting on Earth's face,  
My heart is full of sadness now, tonight.  
Diana, in your chariot of the night  
You roll across the darkest midnight skies.  
Smile on me, sadly waiting, with your eyes,  
And give me one last evening of delight.

This morning I was told the fateful news,  
How, in the course of days, or even hours,  
The sacred sight of both my eyes I'd lose.  
So I, on whom the sullen blackness lowers,  
Ask nothing from you but a moonbeam bright  
To light the darkness of eternal night.

CAROL PARADISE, 1944

## The Bridge

The fog moved in from the sea like a dark, menacing shadow, and settled among the wharves and warehouses and fishing dories of the waterfront. The black night became saturated with it. Above the street the bulky outline of the old storehouses was barely distinguishable. From somewhere out in the bay came the mournful wail of a fog horn. A faint gleam of light and the incessant jumble of jazz music from a cafe up the narrow, cobblestone street penetrated the murky night, but only served to heighten the utter loneliness of the waterfront.

Out of the haze a figure could be discerned, shuffling slowly down the street, the footsteps echoing on the damp pavement. It was a man; he walked stiffly, shoulders bent, hands buried deep in his pockets. He turned the corner, crossed the street, and began making his way through the crates and bales on the wharf. When he reached the edge he hesitated for a minute, undecided, staring into the lapping black waves far below him. Suddenly he began to sway and instinctively grabbed a coil of rope behind him for support. He staggered back a few steps and then sank weakly to his knees. Powerless to arise, he remained motionless for many minutes while the ringing died in his ears and his mind gradually cleared.

As he sat there, surrounded by the heavy night, small incidents from his past life began to take shape before him; experiences supposedly forgotten, but now showing the impression they had made by reappearing years later. His lips curled in a bitter grimace.

"Not a very pretty life." When he spoke his voice was dry and strained. He remembered the time he had fought in the street with another urchin of his own age. They had rolled over and over in the mud, cheered on by a circle of older ruffians. He had been beaten, badly beaten, and now the cruel taunts of the boy came back to him as vividly as though everything had occurred just yesterday. The years had not succeeded in erasing the utter humiliation of that experience from his mind.

Suddenly he was fifteen. Life was a struggle even then. He had to fight hard for everything he wanted, including food. Once he and another boy had crept up behind an old fish vendor, overturned his

cart, stuffed their pockets with food, and set out at top speed in opposite directions, while the flustered old man screamed threats at their disappearing backs. He could still smell the pungent odor of the fish, and feel the pounding of his heart as he stumbled into the safety of a dark alley. From these insignificant snatches into the past he received one torturing impression: all too clearly he realized that never in his life had he done a thoroughly honest or truthful deed. It struck him like a slap in the face. Of course there was always the excuse to fall back on—he had thought about it often. He hadn't been given a fair chance at life, growing up in the tough section along the waterfront, never knowing any real home, never knowing any higher ideal than to become like the rough wharvesmen who loaded the big freighters. But no excuse could pardon the murder. He shuddered. The very word burnt his mind like a hot brand. It had been a night like this one, just a year ago, that he had struggled silently with Sullivan on this very spot. The argument was so trivial that now it was difficult to recall just what it had been. As the fight progressed his anger rose. He was being overpowered, and in a last wild attempt he slipped his sharp blade into Sullivan's heart. The wounded man's grip loosened. He slid silently into the black water, disappearing instantly beneath its surface. He had stood there in the deathlike stillness, the full meaning of his impulsive act gradually dawning on him. His face was a frozen mask. Suddenly he wheeled about and darted quickly down the street until he was swallowed up in the night.

There were days of tense agony following the discovery of the victim's body on the bottom of the bay. But he had been clever, he thought, in acting as if he were concerned about the crime and even offering his services in helping to track down the murderer. Who would have suspected that he, a onetime friend and co-worker of Sullivan's had played any role whatsoever in his murder? Still there were instances of uneasiness—that night in the tavern when the men were discussing the whole affair. He had seen the look in the captain's eyes as he lowered his voice to a rasping whisper and said, "He'll die for this when we catch him." No one had noticed him slip out for air.

But as time passed and the incident was pushed further and further into the back of men's minds, he began to breathe more



easily. He worked at his job with a new vigor and even acquired a smug sort of inner satisfaction at his cunning.

And then it happened. Slowly, very slowly, it surged over him. At first it came like a little prick but soon it had filled his waking hours with torture and even penetrated his restless, feverish dreams. "It" was his conscience. For the past few months it had pressed itself more and more into his life, until he thought he would go mad. That was his reason for being here tonight. What was the use in going on with a life which was gnawed incessantly by a guilty conscience—a life that never had and never would produce anything but misery? He had carefully weighed both sides of the question of suicide for a long time before making the final decision. And now the time had come. He rose unsteadily to his feet. He walked slowly to the edge, trying to calm the terrible pounding in his temples. It was almost dawn; he had better hurry before anyone coming along the street might see him. For a moment he glanced up, and then stood transfixed, an expression of complete awe on his face.

The fog had risen above the water and had now almost completely disappeared. Far above him, spanning the entire bay, was the bridge, its powerful steel frame glowing in the dawn. How often had he seen that bridge towering over him as he worked. But never had he seen it like this—tinted almost red by the first rays of the rising sun. It was beautiful standing there, so firm and strong in the early morning light. As he remained immobile, eyes raised to the bold mass of steel, a strange calmness flowed through his body, and the throbbing in his heart became stilled. He knew then what it was. That bridge was a symbol of strength! Suicide was the easy, cowardly way of ending a life which so far had no real strength to its credit. Everything was so simple and clear now. Why had he not understood sooner? A few minutes ago he would have regarded his life as an utter failure. Suddenly there was hope! He was being given a chance to make his life noble and to perform an act so honest that it would obliterate completely the mistakes and errors of the past. It would require strength—but he was sure he could do it. First he would go up and watch the sunrise from the bridge. It must be inspiring to be up there in the fresh dawn and watch a great city come to life. Then he would buy a cup of coffee and turn himself over to the police. It would mean sure death. But that death would be a far



greater one, perhaps not in others' eyes, but in God's, than any he might have considered for himself just a few minutes before.

The fog was now completely gone, and the streets were just beginning to hum with early morning business. He walked up the cobblestones with an almost eager step, his eyes shining, and turned up the hill towards the bridge, whose great steel arches were bathed in the sunlight of another new day.

VIRGINIA HEIDENKAMP, 1944

## Tree Song

This tree, our gift from God on high  
Will grow to shade the land  
Where other girls some day will tread  
This ground on which we stand.

This living symbol of our class  
In future years will grow  
In memory of the Abbot life  
We lived once long ago.

As other trees of years gone by  
Have by one faith been made,  
So may the wisdom we have found  
Bloom forth and never fade.

By this will we become a part,  
A link in Abbot's past.  
This tree, our hope, once planted here  
Will hold our memory fast.

MARION BURDINE, 1943

## The People in the Country

In Colombia the life of the country people is very different from that of the cities; they live in little houses surrounded by land that is their own or they have rented on the farms. They work in those lands and, when it is time, they come down to the nearest village to sell what they have collected.

The market where these people bring the vegetables, potatoes, grains, and fruits is in the village which has a center square. This square has almost always a fountain in the center and on one of the sides is the church.

Every Sunday before the break of the day from every little house people carrying their vegetables, fruits, and other things begin to go out, and all the paths from far and near the village seem to be moving lines; some of them have a donkey or a cow that is loaded with the things that they hope they can sell this morning, the others carry them in their arms.

At six in the morning all the houses are empty; on Sunday everybody comes down; first, to go to mass, and second, because everybody wants to come down. Children help to carry as much as they can and it is not always much; these people are poor and the nourishment of the family for the week depends on whether they sell their things; so they come to pray with all their hearts. They are very religious. They don't have instruction but they have a strong belief in God.

Now comes the most picturesque part of the day. All are in the square sitting on the ground surrounded by the things they have brought. If you come first to a place and buy something, they don't ask for money or whether the price is very low; that is, as they say "Yes, Sumercé (this word they use for the persons they respect), this is very cheap for you because I want to begin the day well," and then they say a prayer. The noise is terrible, if they know you, because they know that you are the owner of a farm. During the summer vacation they always see you and they begin to call: "Sumercé, I have good bananas for you today," or "Sumercé, don't you remember me? Last year I always brought the good peas and potatoes?" They have very good memories and they remember you and always

wait for your coming back the next year. They try to make friends among the people who usually buy from them, and always they keep the best things for them. In those markets one can find, besides fruits and vegetables, Panama hats of all different kinds and dresses of the kind they wear; for the women wear long skirts, a veil on the back of the head, and over it a Panama hat. The colors are bright because of the very different kinds of things one finds.

At about ten o'clock the church bell rings and everybody keeps silent for a minute, all the hats come off, and no one walks—this is the general prayer. The colors and noise make Sunday morning a very happy one. Everyone seems happy. They don't have watches, so the time is known by the sun.

They don't usually dance, but they have a special music to go with their dance; the typical Colombian dance is called "Bambuco." Its music is very hard to play if the person has not heard it and does not feel it. The music is played with an instrument like the guitar but it is different in sound. Another instrument is made of canes and has a sweet tone when well played. The dance is in pairs—man and woman. The steps are small and it does not seem to have much movement, but it is hard to dance long because one easily gets tired. This dance has a meaning and sometimes it is the man who loves but not the girl and at the end both love each other. It is very interesting to see them dance but they only do so when they know the person who wants to see them. To enjoy this music one must know it well, and at first it is not attractive to the foreigner.

These people are not superstitious but sometimes they have very strange ideas. Many of the babies have a black thread. This is to preserve them from the looks of people who, as they say, make them ill. Many of them go on a pilgrimage to a little village called Chiquinquirá where the Virgin Mary appeared once and since then they go every year. All the way going and coming back they sing a special song, and in Chiquinquirá there are feasts in honor of the Virgin Mary.

INEZ ORTEGA, 1944

## March

Rain spat  
Like an angry cat  
In March;  
And the fingers of wind and rain  
Tapped and played on the window pane,  
Like a staid musician gone insane  
In March.

There pass  
In the waving grass  
The winds;  
Changing, and fickle, and vain,  
Like a beautiful woman who does not deign  
To acquaint her friends with her change of plan,  
The winds.

I hear  
In the birth of the year  
A cry,  
With the breath of life in its sound.  
It's the call of returning birds around  
The world, in their flight which is northward bound.  
They cry.

So look:  
It's an open book.  
Is March.  
It's a subtle promise of warmth and green,  
A touch of April, dimly seen  
In the steaming loam, under showers clean,  
Is March.

MARY BENTLEY, 1943



## Working with the Soil

They say that working with the soil is good for your character. I don't know what gardening does for your character but it certainly does something for your back. While you are hoeing a row, you're all right, but straighten up to see how much further you have to go! . . . Then, too, there is the question of your hands. This occupation seldom gives you hands "he loves to touch," but, nevertheless, it is with pride that you display your hard calluses. Gardening develops your sense of balance. Moving about a garden for a few hours without touching a plant is not as easy as it looks. Also, while gardening, your ingenuity is severely taxed. It takes a great deal of imagination to think up all the positions you assume before you have finished weeding a row. But it is not these benefits that I remember best from my gardening experience—which covers all of one summer.

Once gardening was a complete mystery to me. I thought that it took some strange knowledge of skill to have things grow. But last summer my father and I spent many hours with a hoe in one hand and a book on gardening in the other. At first we measured the trenches carefully for the different seeds—there was a great difference between  $\frac{1}{4}$ " and  $\frac{1}{8}$ ". However, we soon gained the assurance of an experienced cook, who throws ingredients into a mixture without a measuring cup and the ruler was no longer one of our tools. Also I came across the amazing fact that weeds are not a special plant but that there are many and varied kinds—some tall, some short, some ugly, some beautiful, some considerate, some tenacious, but all plentiful and fast in growth. Nor does it take years of training and experience to be able to distinguish between the weeds and what you are weeding—there is something very distinctive and dignified about the real plants. Our knowledge was further enriched by amused Vermont farmers, by insects who tried to eat the cabbage, and by cows who did eat the corn. The farmers now and then dropped useful hints that are not found in books—such as not touching beans when they are wet. The insects enlivened our work by giving us the chance to use the sprayer. The cows made us feel like real farmers, faced with a farmer's problem and we went in search of the break in the fence. The episode gave us a new respect for cows—the corn was

scattered throughout the garden but they did not miss a row or a plant. Despite the fact that we learned mostly by blunders, that garden grew and thrived—all except for the spinach, and, who wanted that anyway? This proves conclusively that seeds will sprout even when suffering from great adversities.

Therefore, in some instances, gardening probably proves to be demoralizing. It can almost be said that once you have thrown some seeds on some earth, you have a garden. It requires very little effort to get a crop. Of course, if you do work, and the work is limitless, your crop and the garden's appearance improve as the work put into it increases. However, you can easily fall into the state of mind in which you are satisfied with a poor garden as it requires little or no effort and it does serve the purpose.

Thus I find that gardening does not enrich my character but my sources of pleasure and joy. It's fun to dig into hard ground and get very dirty. There is nothing like raking loose ground and seeing how well it then looks. More important, though, is the joy you get one day when you stand and run your hand through your hair to feel the warmth the sun is leaving there. Before you, you see straight, well-kept rows of healthy plants. Gardening must be something like raising children. You have no real control over them. You don't know where they came from. So many other forces affect them. Yet you also are an important influence for you helped care for them. They are a creation whose growth is a composite result of heredity, environment, your own efforts, and God's careful supervision. When your work is finished and, if on the whole the result is a good human being or garden, you are happy. You know that you have been working with God to create something He wanted.

HILTON McLAIN, 1943

## Contrast

### I

The hush of nature. Waking mists lay their cool cheeks against the rounded pebbles of the mountain summit. Underfoot, small spheres of dew are quiet on their green axis, waiting to receive and reflect the first light. . . . All about, rising and falling, the fanning of an early breeze rustles the low-clinging shrubs. Mingled with the clear touch of this high, cool air is the refreshing tenseness of expectancy—a hope for something even more than having the world at one's feet. For that is where it lies. Spread out carelessly far below, the shadowed countryside has dissolved into waving lines, twisted rectangles and strange dots, some moving, some still. The lines and rectangles and dots end where the mountains, arm in arm, take possession of the horizon, and the horizon entwines itself about everything. Something even more than the vanishing of the grayness, making the lines, dots, and rectangles tinted and clearer.

Still it has not happened. The clouds are whiter now, the mists dryer. . . . And then the sun reaches out with burnished arms and pulls itself over the opposite peak. Dawn has come. . . .

### II

The fluctuating murmur of animated humanity. Late afternoon waves of heat slip stealthily between the loose pebbles of the macadam floor, and the smell of roasting tar rises and diffuses through a darkening atmosphere. The suffocating air of excitement on a day drenched with heat settles heavily on all within the confines of the amusement park. The stormy crimson of the ferris wheel, the bright blur of the ever revolving merry-go-round, and the cool green of the disturbed lake are gradually melted by this demanding heat into a glorious maze of exciting color. It is as though some unknown artist had suddenly blended hues of earth and sky and then tied them together with a rainbow. Nothing is still. All is in motion with the mechanical activity of fatigue. People walk, people run, people laugh and shout, but everyone loses his identity in this blackening mass of swaying, throbbing, tiring, humanity. The red of the ticket



taker's cap has faded in the heat, and the merry-go-round has slowed down. There is a silent longing—

The shadow of night slowly drifts in from the far corners of the waning sky. Small specks of burnished dust sink to the ground in the last rays of the setting sun. From somewhere a cool breeze penetrates the sultriness—people sigh—night has come.

ELIZABETH PETERSON, 1943

## Anton von Vetter

The name of Anton von Vetter may be found in three places—in the birth records of Salzburg, Austria, in the student directory list of Harvard University, and on the prescription list in an obscure, dingy office in Vienna.

The boy Anton was a sensitive lad with huge, dark eyes that bespoke some haunting tragedy. He was only five years old when his beautiful, Tyrol homeland had been trampled under the hastening footsteps of noble and peasant alike as they dashed, blind and exulting into the open mouth of the fiery volcano that was shaking all Europe in the year of 1914. Four years later, when the flames were quenched, ragged, shattered wrecks of men came trudging back to what remained of the homes they had hastily left. Even though Baron von Vetter was not among them, young Anton was taught to regard that volcanic flame as a holy and pure fire and that his father's life was the least he could have given for his country.

Several years after this the valleys and hills bloomed forth again in all their heart-breaking beauty and tranquility, and yet sometimes at night Anton would wake suddenly to hear again the rushing footsteps and hoarse cries and to see the flares of torches lash their flames into the sky. It would be many long minutes before he could reassure himself that he was safe in his bed, the war over, and his beautiful, pale mother was sleeping in the next room. There was a wonderful understanding between mother and son. He did all that was in his childish power to please and repay her for the tender care she had given him. He studied his lessons assiduously and finally went to the University. He loved it there, but soon became involved in a secret society that was deep in intrigue to restore Austria to its



pre-war status. Pledged to secrecy, he could not explain to his tearful mother why he was so loath to accept the scholarship at Harvard University with which he had been honored. In the end he went, but with a heavy heart.

At Harvard he formed a firm friendship with a chap by the name of Bill Formington. Bill was deeply fond of Vetter, too, although he could not understand this remote, haunted Austrian fellow. He was constantly amazed and yet fascinated by Vetter's all-consuming love for his native land and his point of view on life. Perhaps Bill even guessed that Anton was a member of the secret forces working against the government, terrifying Austria. At any cost they were very close, and Bill was quite lost when Anton abruptly left for home at the end of his junior year. He thought of his friend constantly, and he felt the impact of his strange personality more strongly in his absence than when he had been with him.

Several years went by, however, before Bill went to Europe to visit his old friend. Once he had reached the wild grandeur of the Tyrol country, a strange fear gripped him, and an urge to hurry caused him to drive hastily past the picturesque little villages and fields. Up, up went the tortuous road and finally Bill reached the crumbling, gray castle of the von Vettters. Bill's premonition that something was wrong was confirmed when he saw the old doorman's troubled face. He thought he had never seen so tragic a face as that of Anton's mother. When she moved or spoke, it was as if she were hollow and quite lifeless. She told the hatless, anxious, young American that Anton had left for Italy on some mysterious mission and had not been seen or heard from since. She spoke the word as if she were reciting some well-learned lesson with a sing-song inflection that was more heart-rending to hear than the most impassioned outburst of grief. Bill left; there was nothing he could do. He felt so helpless in this land where everything was taken so fatalistically. As he drove slowly down the winding trail into the dusk, the unutterable sadness of the countryside swept over him and for a moment or two he had difficulty in seeing the road.

At the same time in far off Vienna in an obscure backroom, the fat, gloating commissioner of the government secret police drew a line on the proscription list through the name of Anton von Vetter.

VIRGINIA VERGES, 1946

## The Scottish War Memorial

Before you visit the Scottish War Memorial in Edinburgh, you should spend a little time in Scotland appreciating the mountainous landscape and learning to understand the people. Without this preparation the full power of the memorial cannot be felt.

Edinburgh is a city. It is noisy and busy. However, the memorial is above the city and you move away from and rise above the turmoil of human activity as you approach the monument. Guarding the entrance is a Scotch soldier. Because of the few days you have spent in Scotland you have a new opinion about kilts—you know that they are a part of the nation's character. It is very appropriate and dignified that the soldier should be in kilts.

This memorial is a building which from the outside resembles a medieval castle. It is built of rugged-looking stone. The deep-set, arched windows and the square, stable appearance of the edifice remove one further from the metropolis of Edinburgh into the past—into the days of chivalry when courtesy and courage were the keynote.

This building, nevertheless, is quite modern. It was erected in memory of those who lost their lives in the last war. In its simplicity of plan and decoration can be seen the bare grief of the Scotch in 1918. The Scotch have a great pride in their fighters, all of whom they consider heroes. These people, however, have never thought of war as a thrilling, romantic sport. They have always appreciated its gravity. Therefore, the force of the World War with its use of gas, airplanes, tanks, and other mechanized tools and with its enormous loss of life affected the Scotch very deeply, and it is not surprising that they have built one of the most beautiful monuments to come out of this strife.

After passing through the entrance and entering the cool, dim light of the Hall of Honor, you move from one plaque to another. These plaques line the walls and each one is in memory of a different division of the Scotch army. You step aside into the small alcoves built as shrines to specific people or groups of people. These are set off from the main part of the building by tall, black grilles and the atmosphere within them is very reverent. It is after all this that you

realize how fair the memorial is. No one's sacrifice was considered too small not to keep its memory. The walls of smooth stone are decorated only by the commemorative messages. The building was erected for these messages and for them alone.

In one of the shrines there is a bronze frieze. On this frieze is pictured a group of soldiers. They are wearing their uniforms of combat and not of dress parade and they are marching. The artist made each figure an individual. There is one of a smooth-faced boy, a little tired but with a light of hope in his eyes. The troop's commander is not an old man but his face bears deep lines and his mouth is set in a bitter line. You know that here the spirit of the war has been reproduced realistically.

The Scotch are a kind, good-humored people. They try to make the best of everything. This admirable quality is especially apparent in the plaque titled "The Tunnelers' Friends." On it are three rats. It is in memory of the soldiers' constant companions in the trenches.

One of the shrines was built for the chaplains. Another was built to the women of Scotland. On it are inscribed these beautiful words. "In honor of all Scotswomen who amid the stress of war sought by their labours, sympathy, and prayer to obtain for their country the blessings of peace."

The present war has followed closely on the heels of the last. Because of the speed with which it has come and because of the intensity with which it is being waged, many people believe that it is the inevitable result of forces over which none of us have control. However, if everyone had been taken to see the Scottish War Memorial, had been moved by its momentous meaning, and had been made thus to realize more fully war's futility, many might have forgotten selfish desires and worked more earnestly for peace.

HILTON McLAIN, 1943



## Sunday—Monday in April

The sun, making a valiant effort to shine through the drawn shades, casts a greenish yellow light on the comfortable mussed sheets and blankets. It is Sunday morning and I can lie curled up in that wonderful half awake condition which is more enjoyable than sound sleep or wakefulness. For a full half an hour today I can enjoy my ease and relax day dreaming, and then get up to one of those long-awaited spring days when the wind is warm, the sun is hot and the colors are cool.

Clang! goes the bell, the summons to get up. It is dark, lead-gray and damp. The radiators knock and someone slams a door; all around are the dismal sounds of Monday morning risers. I lie in my one warm spot, trying to steal an extra moment away from reality, but I am not relaxed because I know I must rise and put my foot into a damp, stiff, cold leather slipper.

HONORA HAYNES, 1943

## Tree Song

Fidelity  
Remains, embedded in this ground.  
No future years  
Shall have the power to erase  
The smiles and tears  
Now symbolized within this tree.  
The days have gone,  
But ever in our memories  
They linger on,  
Bound by a common loyalty.  
Our tree will grow  
As love for Abbot shall each year.  
Our hearts will know  
That planted deep within its roots  
These things endure:  
The memories that will never fade;  
Our faith so sure;  
Our gratitude for evermore.

MARY ALICE BECKMAN, 1943



## “Thumbs Up, Kid”

I stood looking at the man, Kurt Darrow. Sometimes I doubted whether this creation of flesh and personality was really a man. It was this thought that streamed through the main channels of my mind as I saw him standing before me. He lighted a cigarette. The bright flare from the match illuminated the hollows in his cheeks and the weak sweetness of his eyes. His hands, sensitively long and slender, fidgeted feebly with the burnt match, and I observed that his second and third finger tips were a deep, dirty, yellow under the layers of nicotine stain. However, there was a hidden light glowing in the depths of his eyes which desperately kept trying to pierce the outer glaze. His chin was also firm and determined. Thus he presented a complex picture to my criticising eye.

Outside, the wrath of the heavens poured forth its stream of anger into the depressing twilight. A storm slashed against the window panes and bent the trees under its mighty power. It sent an atmosphere of strife into the room. Sullenly, I asked this man what he was going to do.

“I’m going to join the Army Air Corps, and make a man out of myself,” was Kurt Darrow’s terse reply.

“That phrase sounds familiar. You’ve said that before. I don’t think you’ll ever make the grade. You never have in the past. . . .”

“Leave the past out of this,” his voice was calm but insistent. “That’s a closed chapter from which I’ve learned a great deal. Things have changed now, and I’m not going to make the same mistakes again.”

“But,” I retorted cynically, “I must think of your valueless, revealing past. I have seen too much of you, Kurt Darrow, swimming in the sea of your faults for me to forget it. You have proven yourself a man without a will. I can recall your boyhood days back in the lush comfort of Virginia aristocracy. There you were molly-coddled by a circle of doting petticoats, called the perfect boy, had any possession which your little heart desired. You didn’t enjoy the pranks of the other fellows, who went fishing in the forbidden neighbor’s creek, and put a dead rat into the teacher’s inkwell. You were not allowed to associate with such unmannerly people. ‘Mama’s boy!’

That's what everyone called you. You didn't appreciate your title, but you never endeavored to change it.

"When you came East to attend Exeter, Kurt, you were going to turn over a new leaf and become a man. I remember how proud you were of your resolution. Immediately you began swaggering, swearing, jeering, laughing at people, bullying, only to be met with utter disgust and mistrust. Then you tried to win renown by becoming a big football hero—the savior of the school honor in some vital game. But your puny physique and lady-like manners, clothed by your assumed swagger, were not met with approval on the athletic field. I remember how you let these preliminary disappointments defeat your will power. You became dissolute, sulky, unhappy, afraid to face the reality that you alone were to blame. Such was your success at Exeter, Kurt.

"I have to admit at Harvard you had started on the right road for manhood. You didn't pretend to be anyone else. I liked you then, and you liked me. You acted as though you had had a refreshing bath inside, scrubbed until your thoughts shone like aluminum. Then Lucy entered the picture, and, like a cyclone, whirled you head-long into the mire again. She fascinated you, cajoled and pleaded her way into your dreams, and there she stayed, controlling the steering wheel of your life. Then one day she sent you a telegram announcing her marriage to someone else. That was a tough break to fall upon any man, especially a sensitive one like you. However, you failed to rise above the disillusionment. I won't go into embarrassing details, but soon you received that notice informing you that your presence was no longer desirable for the benefit of the college. Thus, literally bounced out on your ear, you went in search of employment, eschewing the idea of returning to disgruntled and disdaining parents.

"For this reason I knew you still had in you the ingredients which became a man. But you failed to take the opportunity. This was the period of your dissipation and levity. I remember you chanced to receive a dingy position on a dilapidated local newspaper in the middle west. One time the boss ordered a certain news item to be handed in the next day. Instead of fulfilling the assignment, your laziness and shallowness compelled you to make up the greater part of the news scoop. No sensible, strong, farsighted man could have

succumbed to such foolishness. Due to this, you lost your job. After wandering around you finally received your present trombone position in that little, unknown swing band. I guess the sultry smoothness of popular music made you forget your almost buried ideals.

"So now you stand here and have the brash nerve to inform me you are turning over a new leaf. What are you going to do with this lovely past? You can't dispose of it by lock and key. It will break out at the most incongruous moments, and you'll never be able to escape from its grasp. Turn over a new leaf. I'd sooner believe that the world. . . ."

And here I suddenly ended my monologue. Kurt Darrow was laughing. I say laughing in the face of his uncomplimentary life story. His hands were thrust into the depths of his pockets but they were clenched in fierce determination. His whole frame seemed to have expanded in stature. In the telltale eyes of Kurt Darrow a light, which had broken through the outer glaze, was blazing like shining steel in the twilight. Outside the storm had subsided and a stream of steady, calm patterdrops played music on the pavement. The blanket of night was gradually covering the day, and with it I was witnessing a powerful transformation. I stood amazed, and dimly heard his unflinching voice.

"Thanks for speaking so scornfully and roughly to me, bud. You've done me a great favor. By presenting my life in a passing parade before my eyes, you have given me my strength. Let me explain where I received the renewal of my resolution. I have a friend, a girl—don't laugh, you cynic—she's beautiful inside and out. She has the type of face that makes shy little kids smile and puppies wag their tails but still has the power to attract the eye when she enters a room. She questioned me once concerning my easy-going position in the band—said she had seen another man in me that every now and then defied my lackadaisical self. She told me to grip my will power by the horns and steer my life into more worthwhile channels. 'Thumbs down,' I told her. 'I'm like an old attic, overloaded with junk that would take an eternity to clean out.' 'Thumbs up' she flashed back. 'You fool! You mean to say you can give up so easily. It's never too late to make a clean start.'

"So I decided to join the air corps and begin all over again—to prove myself to her. Yes, I do care. She's the only decent thing in my



life. And then you have made me want to prove something to myself. When I was young I hated being a boy-girl, but I tried to reform in the wrong way. I was putting myself, instead of an outside ideal, in the center of my interest. In Exeter I sensed that being manly was the best way to gain popularity. That was my goal. It was selfish and thus I did not achieve manliness. After the Lucy incident I lost faith in people because they had not been kind to me. During my wanderings as a job hunter my lowest self ruled my actions regardless of dishonour. I saw all this in your passing parade. I'm going to forget myself now. Up there in the sky, I can hold something greater as my center of interest. I won't waste time now trying fully to convince you in unimportant words. My actions can prove my sincerity. Of course the past will crop up, but only to remind me of a lesson well taught. Nothing can stop me from being a man now."

Somehow I couldn't help believing him. His words had the ring of the inner integrity of a man who has just found himself at last. I could almost tangibly feel his will power which was bursting with strength, like a thoroughbred horse releasing his energy after a dreary winter of inactivity. Still dumbfounded, all I could do was utter the inane words: "Okay kid, Thumbs up."

Slowly I turned away from the full length mirror—away from the image of Kurt Darrow, who was myself. In the stormy twilight, I had witnessed a battle between my night and day. And as the night enveloped the cooling earth, so the day had triumphed in my inner self. I stood looking into the darkness, watching the pattern of the raindrops weave a certain undefinable rhythm with the smoke rings rising in spirals from my cigarette.

POLLY OSBORNE, 1943

## A Waterfall

On a low, gradual slope  
It drips and slithers to the edge;  
It runs and falls and crawls,  
Goes faster  
And faster.

Becoming a white sheet of foam,  
It turns to a rushing torrent;  
It smashes and makes its way  
On down  
And down.

It sprays and pushes on madly;  
It dashes at every rock in sight.  
It frantically calls to the depths below  
While it pours  
And pours

Until it reaches the end of its run;  
It falters to a stop.  
It regains its well-worn course  
And it ripples  
And ripples  
And slowly, serenely subsides.

HARRIET BENTLEY, 1946

## Symphony

"I'm going to Symphony, going to Symphony!" . . . She sang it as she pushed the pin firmly through the hat with the veil that tickled her nose; the clack of the train wheels beat it out for her; and as she sidled through the terrifying swoop of revolving doors and threaded her way among a tortuous maze of subway turnstiles, her heels sounded gay and excited against the pavements. The subway scenery was a Dali nightmare—the intricate arms of steel girders waiting to clutch you as they stood there in threatening gloom, curves of velvet darkness with glaring dots of yellow light, long grey vistas of dully gleaming tracks—all seen through dusty windows as one stood pressed into wafer shape with a death grip on a neighbor to maintain swaying equilibrium.

The station: "Symphony"; a capital "S"—a Boston institution. More turnstiles and a mass of humans streaming up gritty stairs. Stars, and Boston at night for one brief instant. Shallow steps. The quiet Boston dignity of Symphony Hall. A program thrust into her hands. The warning bell.

It was just as she had remembered it on that last time when, instead of the rows of white shirt fronts, the mellow reddish wine of the instruments and the glinting, cavernous mouths of brasses, the stage had been dominated only by the tall, melancholy figure of Rachmaninoff. The chandeliers were spiked diamond pins of light, and the graceful Greek figures still leaned in marble languor against their grey niches. Balconies gleamed dully gold and red, and the stage was a great square gilt and grey frame. It was the frame for the orchestra, blurred and confused with light as the soft pluck and the reverberating notes of tuning violins was merged with the slow tide of whispering voices, but the message of the painting was still hidden in the instruments. She sighed a little and relaxed. Any moment now.

The conductor, grey-haired and tall, bowing, announcing something with slow dignity. The Russian National Anthem. Motion and strength and rolling wagon wheels of the New Russia. The Star Spangled Banner. Fighting is for symphonies and this quiet grey and gold elegance, created lovingly as something beautiful and good.



Then the hands of the violinists rose and fell like the heavy nodding heads of fantastic flowers against the background of black and white, presided over by the animated black beetle of the conductor in his tailed coat. Here, she thought, was your perfect coordination, each playing into the whole. It was a new symphony. She would not be able to remember all the different themes of the movements when it was over, and she did not know what all the Italian phrases on the program meant. But it grasped her and held her, and, once more, she captured the meaning and mystery of the very heart of all romance.

A clipper ship, sailing out across dawn-washed seas. A stone arched church aisle, the light streaking soft and dim across the carvings. The black tassels of a towering pine against the cloud-swept glow of sunset.

It was bright happiness—and it was temporary. Streaks of silver glinted along the lively bows and the players were puppets, black and white puppets, carved of wood and moved by strings. Only the music was alive, surging and sweeping, flowing and filling the hall around the ivory-white statues with their dead, wise smiles. It was ended, and one clapped energetically, not looking at one's neighbor. The composer too was another puppet in his black and white convention, one who had no link with the sparkles of notes that had been, after all, only a passing dream. And once again she was lifted on a cloud bed of sound over a shadowy void and this time it was Purpose that the rhythm of the instruments beat, Purpose and a Goal.

Underneath the surge of sound that carried all, was the beating, beating of footsteps and hearts and the expressions on faces turned towards one direction, and a woman's face with black burning eyes and white hollows in her cheeks. And there followed a great weariness. A man with a dog, leaning upon his gun on a sunset peak. Old, salt-soaked ships tugging tiredly at their moorings. The slow curves of old, old mountains melting into the earth. And finally Achievement, and a Longing and Construction. The compelling clang of bells like unresting hammers and man building his golden turrets up and up, never satisfied, never ready to place the topmost brick but to search on and on for something yet better. . . . His dream. . . .

She had found true peace; not the dragging shackles of sorrow, nor the quietness of resignation, nor the glorious, choking surge of

joy, but only a quiet balanced contentment. There had been good and there had been bad and she had known them both, but now there was only peace.

Intermission. The stage became an empty grey chrysalis, peopled only with the blank faces of the music stands. There were marble steps, and uniforms, and orchids and gardenias and musky perfumes.

Expectation. The humming rush of the audience. The soft, merging whirls and purling fragments of runs interwoven with undiscernible murmuring of voices. The first invisible notes dropped on cobweb threads against a curtained background. Then came the fuller, gradually unfolding, petals of sound. A glittering shower of piano notes and the nibbling of violin bows cutting a ragged edge into a sheet of vibrations. Sparkling waves upon a pale half-moon of beach and the long white-fringed rolls of surf. Laughter, embodied in a twisting, revolving dynamo of energy off which note fragments were whirled in fiery sparks. The lacy cascades of a mountain waterfall. Tall, arched portals opening slowly to let her through. . . .

Her heart was beating in strange rhythm with the pulsing beats. Man's product could not really be as beautiful as these fairylike mazes, everlasting and a moment. They touched her and they were gone. She would never really know. Thin, curling shavings spiraled from the violins, embroidered upon the black velvet of the rest, and then. . . .

It was time to go. The page of bright traceries was turned and only a long, last, lingering echo, round and vibrating, remained, the whisper of greatness. She felt tired and drained, a shell of sound.

The taxi roaring away through Boston at night. Grotesque twin eyes of street lights. A bridge, a rope of light spanning space. Bright windows making an intermittent pattern against the blank faces of buildings. The chilling hollowness of the station that no crowd could ever seem to fill. Somewhere a train moving across a dark landscape. And all lost in the neutral veiling of sleep.

MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944

## Winter and Spring Calendar, 1943

### JANUARY

*Sunday 17*—Vespers, The Reverend Roy L. Minich, D.D., The First Church in Malden

*Saturday 23*—Artiss de Volt, Harpist

*Sunday 24*—Vespers, The Reverend Howard Thurman, Dean of the Chapel, Howard University

*Tuesday 26*—Boston Symphony Concert

*Saturday 30*—Free

*Sunday 31*—Vespers, Lecture on "What's Who in the Universe" by Professor Albert Edward Bailey

### FEBRUARY

*Saturday 6*—Jane Dillon, Monologist

*Sunday 7*—Vespers, The Reverend Cornelius P. Trowbridge, Church of the Redeemer, Chestnut Hill

*Friday 12 to Tuesday 16*—Midyear Examinations

*Sunday 14*—Vespers, The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D., Pastor Emeritus of The First Church in Cambridge

*Tuesday 16 to Thursday 18*—Seniors at Intervale

*Thursday 18*—Free days at school for the rest of the girls

*Friday 19*—SECOND SEMESTER BEGINS

*Sunday 21*—Art Gallery Talk by Maud Morgan (Mrs. Patrick). Vespers, The Reverend Charles Reynolds Brown, D.D., Chaplain Emeritus of Yale University

*Saturday 27*—Boston Symphony Concert. Square Dancing

*Sunday 28*—Vespers, Abbot Christian Association

### MARCH

*Tuesday 2*—Boston Symphony Concert

*Saturday 6*—Senior and Senior-Mid Prom

*Sunday 7*—Vespers, Lecture by Monsieur Pierre de Lanux on "Problems of the Peace"

*Wednesday 10*—Art Gallery Talk by Mr. Russell Smith, Director of the Museum School



*Friday 12*—Lecture on "A War to Win, A Peace to Build" by Professor Hans Kohn

*Saturday 13*—Concert by Miss Kate Friskin

*Sunday 14*—Vespers, Hymn Singing

*Saturday 20*—Senior Play, "The Amazons"

*Sunday 21*—Vespers, The Reverend Samuel M. Lindsay, D.D., First Baptist Church, Brookline

*Saturday 27*—Henry Scott, Musical Humorist

*Sunday 28*—Students' Recital, four-forty-five p.m. Vespers, The Reverend Harold B. Sedgwick, All Saints' Church, Brookline

## APRIL

*Friday 2*—Lecture on "Focus on China" by Miss Mai Mai Sze at Phillips Academy

*Saturday 3*—Students' Recital

*Sunday 4*—Vespers, Abbot Christian Association, Presentation of the Northfield Conference

*Friday 9*—Demonstration of the Department of Physical Education

*Saturday 10*—College Entrance Examinations

*Sunday 11*—Vespers, The Reverend Ashley Day Leavitt, D.D., Harvard Church, Brookline

*Tuesday 13*—Boston Symphony Concert

*Friday 16*—"The Mikado" by the Glee Clubs of Abbot Academy and Phillips Academy

*Saturday 17*—"The Mikado" by the Glee Clubs of Abbot Academy and Phillips Academy

*Sunday 18*—Vespers, The Reverend Vivian T. Pomeroy, D.D., The First Parish, Milton

*Saturday 24*—Free

*Sunday 25*—Vespers, The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, School Minister, Phillips Academy

## MAY

*Saturday 1*—Lecture in honor of the new members of the *Cum Laude* Society by Professor Herbert Gezork

*Sunday 2*—Vespers, Abbot History by Miss Hearsey

*Thursday 6*—Abbot's Birthday, One hundred and fourteenth anniversary

*Saturday 8*—Abbot Birthday celebration, proceeds of the day to be given to the United Nations Relief Fund

*Sunday 9*—Vespers, The Reverend Markham Stackpole, Chaplain, Milton Academy

*Saturday 15*—Tea Dance for classes below the Senior-mid class. Speech Students' Recital

*Sunday 16*—Vespers, Dr. Frank Ashburn, Headmaster of the Brooks School, North Andover

*Friday 21*—"A" Society Picnic

*Saturday 22*—Field Day. Senior Banquet

*Sunday 23*—Organ Recital by Mr. Walter Howe

*Tuesday 25 to Friday 28*—Final Examinations

*Friday 28*—Rally Night, 7:30 p.m. Tree and Ivy Planting

*Saturday 29*—Last Chapel, 9:30 a.m. Alumnae Meeting, 2:45 p.m. Lawn Party, 4:00-6:00 p.m. Draper Dramatics, Shakespeare's "As You Like It"

*Sunday 30*—Baccalaureate, 10:45 a.m. The Reverend Sidney Lovett, D.D., Chaplain, Yale University. Supper for seniors and their families. Students' Concert

*Monday 31*—Commencement, 10:00 a.m. The Reverend Elmore McKee, D.D., St. George's Church, New York City







# The Abbot Courant

January, 1944

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY









# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXX

JANUARY, 1944

NUMBER 1

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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*Editor-in-chief*

MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944

*Business Editor*

CAROL PARADISE, 1944

*Literary Editors*

VIRGINIA HEIDENKAMP, 1944

ANN CADMUS, 1944

ALMA MASTRANGELO, 1944

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945

GRETCHEN FULLER, 1945

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## EDITORIALS

Last summer was an entirely different and unusual one in comparison with those of past years. This is the opinion of the student body and faculty of Abbot, and it was revealed in a survey taken to determine what was accomplished during vacation time. As our brothers and fathers answered the call to arms, we, too, answered the call of the nation—an urgent appeal to the youth of America to ease the situation brought about by war. The survey shows that four-fifths of the school had contributed to the war effort, and had devoted a part of their summer to the aid of our country.

Among the upper classes of the school we discovered that there were girls who had secured positions of great responsibility. Many did work requiring a certain amount of skill and technical training, taking the jobs of older people. Girls worked in factories, offices, stores; they worked on farms, at camps, at home, and at community service centers. The younger classes also contributed to the war effort, but in measures proportionate to their ages. They, too, assumed a more serious aspect toward the world and the present crisis.

It is interesting to note the kinds of work the girls did last sum-

mer. The experiences were many and varied, and ranged from caring for children to working in the assembly line of a factory. Some jobs that were secured were quite unusual; others were ordinary and common; but all the assistance rendered was urgently needed. One girl worked at an aviation ground school, another at the post office, one as a milkman, some in nurseries, four at their local ration boards. The Red Cross received a great deal of support from the girls of the school who worked in hospitals, at the blood banks, made surgical dressings, and spent their time in knitting and sewing. One of our students made parachutes, one worked in a mill making chemicals, and another worked in a stable, caring for horses. We had two life savers and swimming instructors; and some entertained soldiers and sailors. Six worked in offices and others had positions as clerks in stores.

The girls who went to camp also found life there somewhat different from what it had been in former years. They had to serve in the dining rooms, wait on tables, and do other miscellaneous jobs. Many girls were counselors and served as instructors at camp. Those who went to work-camps picked beans and other vegetables, raising food for their own use, as well as for the government. This same kind of labor was done by girls who worked on farms. A few students studied at summer schools and took business courses, so that they could render their help later.

On the home front we discovered that girls had also assisted. Maids were scarce, so some girls willingly did housework. Classes in home nursing and home service were attended, as well as those in canning, cooking, sewing, and nutrition. Two girls went plane spotting, and a great number cultivated victory gardens of their own.

Many advantages were gained from the positions secured and the work carried on this summer. Almost all enjoyed what they had done, and many admitted that their accomplishments were things that they had never tried before. They had acquired experience, gained confidence, and met different classes of people. Some even cheerfully reported that they had begun what might be their future careers. Of this generous and hearty response that her girls gave to their nation, Abbot is proud.

A. J. M.



The right to obtain an education should be guarded more jealously now than ever before by all who live in free countries. While we who have almost unlimited opportunities for education complain about the amount of homework and wish that vacation would hurry along, students all over the world are fighting and giving their lives daily for this very privilege which we take so much for granted.

On November 15, 1939, a funeral attended by thousands of students was held in Prague, Czechoslovakia, for a young medical student who had died at the hands of the Gestapo. The next day the Nazis surrounded the University of Prague, and on November 17, at 3:30 a.m., raided the university buildings. Many students were killed in their beds, others were dragged out and tortured, many of these finally dying, while many others were sent to German concentration camps.

Raids like this have been held again and again by the Nazis in France, Belgium, Holland, Poland, Norway, and other countries as well as Czechoslovakia, in their attempt to destroy anything which is contrary to the Nazi doctrine. In China the universities have held sessions along the roads on the way to inner parts of the country in a valiant effort to keep the light of knowledge burning in spite of the oppression and devastation wreaked on them by their Japanese overlords.

Colleges all over Europe, and in all Japanese and Nazi occupied countries, have been either closed or taken over by the conquerors. In some places only the elementary schools are kept open, the secondary schools and colleges being closed so that the students may work for the Nazis. A second aim of this closure is the prevention of the uprising of new leaders through the educational system. Libraries, museums, art galleries—all buildings devoted to the furtherance of education have been either converted to the invader's use or destroyed along with the works of literature and art which they contained.

But the students have arisen! Every conquered country has at least one illegal underground newspaper—Belgium has 190!—published by the students and other groups and containing news from all fronts along with their own editorials. Students everywhere are aiding the underground and doing great damage by sabotage. Laboratory experts and scientists are donating their knowledge of chem-



icals and explosives, also their laboratories, to the underground at the risk of their lives.

Students, teachers, and others in the occupied countries devoted to the cause of education are fighting fiercely and dying daily for its continuance. Are we, who do not have to fight for it personally, going to let them down by abusing this great privilege?

A. B. C.



Do you know why the so-called "first" of the year is set down as January first? Most of you would answer, "Pure custom: habit." Perhaps a few know more specific reasons for this habit. I don't, and so, also, I can see no reason why the year should not begin at some other time of the year.

Let's suppose that the year were to begin on June first. Advantage number one would be a far more pleasing distribution of holidays; especially for those of us whose birthdays come in the winter. Perhaps you'll argue, "But there would be no snow; no bells ringing through the frosty air." I maintain that Christmas is enough "snowy holiday" to suffice, and bells can sound beautifully, lazily resonant in summer air. Then again, Christmas would take care of the crisp, terse ringing of bells.

Under this plan for New Year's, the end of the year would coincide with the close of school, thus eliminating the confusion caused by the different meanings of "school year" and just "year." The records of schools and other organizations would be dated simply with one year, not with two: for example, "The year 1943," instead of "The year 1943-44" as records must be kept now.

Yes, in the light of these advantages, I would like to make New Year's a summer holiday. I would arrive home from school to spend the next day (and, certainly, night!) in revelry! I would sleep through the whole next day, and wake to find the family packing for the trip to our summer cottage, rented "from New Year's to Labor Day."

And when Christmas came around again, I would make the most of the cold air, mittened hands, crisp clear shouts, and fires heating the "open houses," to make more complete the whole contrast of the Christmas holidays from my New Year's.

G. G. F.



## New Year's Morning, 1944

The horns had been blown and the last toast drunk. Confetti lay scattered on a polished floor and a trampled satin slipper was tossed into a corner. All the good wishes, the bursts of laughter and the music were echoes, fading, they left a strange stillness. Then, slipping silently through that dim, gray dawn, there came the snow. Hushed as drifting feathers it came, unending, unyielding, bending the loftiest spruce beneath its light touch and fingering frayed oak leaves with silken whisperings.

We woke to a world powdered with white peace, muffled and concealed under soft drifts unmarred by a single print. The elms were frosted with sugar snow and laden firs bowed in the winter stillness. The patterned perfection of each new snowflake whirled in its brief dance before the window, whirled once, and was lost.

For one short hour the world belonged to no one. The tireless pens, even then scrawling their crooked characters on the fresh page, were forgotten. They had said that blood looked black against the snow. That, too, could be forgotten.

Soon we could hear the bells, cutting the veil of flakes ragged tones, the steady crunch of feet, the rasp of a shovel. And the day was like any day, but still, a beginning, a dedication.

MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944



## Down to Earth

"That's a silly phrase and makes me angry." She got up and turned off the radio.

"What phrase is that?" I asked her.

"All that stuff about 'love of country'."

"Well, we do love it. What's wrong with saying so?"

"Sure, we love it, but we can't take it all in."

"Maybe not!"

"I'd like to see them bring it down to earth. For me it starts here, in this house, the garden around it, the town where we live, the rolling country side. When I say 'love of country' I draw a blank until I remember it means the things I know. That makes it real."

Her words started me thinking. What exactly does 'love of country' mean? Surely something different for her than for me.

My first ideas were as vague as the speech maker's on the radio; then they slowly began to form. I'm lucky. My world is pretty big. I have been in all forty-eight states and lived in a few. It is a big world for me now, but it started small. When we were small we knew it was a mile to school, but we couldn't multiply that mile by thousands. They told us the world was round and very big, but it really didn't sink in until our teacher cut a small square of paper and pasted it on an orange. "This," she pointed to the little piece of paper, "is our state."

In summer, our family usually went to Virginia. The world was growing. It grew somewhat when I was old enough to have a bike, to go to camp, to spend a weekend with a friend. One year, we drove through the New England States. We saw Plymouth Rock, and Bar Harbor and the New Hampshire Mountains. We have been through Pennsylvania. The way the people talked sounded funny to us.

Seeing the West has been a big chapter and a good one. We took a year off to see America, not following a direct route. We zigzagged from the Great Lakes across and down the Dakotas, down to Salt Lake City and Grand Canyon, the country of the Mormons with the friendly smiles. Then up to Jackson Hole and Yellowstone with Devil's Paint Pot and smoking fields of sulphur. Down the Pacific Coast, where the mountains come right down to meet the sea, from Vancouver to Tia Juana.

The South too, although not as vivid as the West, means a lot. A dust storm in the Pan Handle of Texas, Baton Rouge where we went up to get to the river, New Orleans with its fancy iron grill-work and the Cypress Gardens in the middle of a swamp.

Yes, like many Americans, I've covered a lot of country. Now, when I go with the family to see some well remembered spot, there seems to be special dividends. We note the changes; and we are pleased that the sunsets are still as fine. We miss an old tree, find a new house, and wonder why we never found that mountain road before. Now, the places on the map are more than names. We have had many picnics at Half Moon Bay and watched the shape of the beach change with the seasons. We have watched the fishing schooners come into Fisherman's Wharf and at Monterey. We have seen the rushing waters at Niagara Falls and waded in the Gulf of Mexico. New York isn't just a place where everyone should go. We've been to the Planetarium and ridden on the subways. Here the dollar bill came floating in from the Pacific; there we climbed the mountain for the view.

When I hear the band playing stirring music, when I hear the patriots talk, these are the things I see.

My friend's picture is different. She hasn't traveled very much. She likes being settled. She has always lived in the same house in the same town. She helped her family make the garden and the fish pond. It reflects the sky very well. There is nothing more ominous than an occasional thunderbolt. I like the eager way she watches her garden, the satisfaction she gets out of little things that happen there. The first robin that drops in, the shoots of corn that spring up over night.

She and I tease each other. "You ought to travel more," I tell her. "See what is over the next hill." "Well, if I had the time to take the year off!" she answers. "But this is good enough for me. Why don't you try staying home and growing your victory garden for a change?" Maybe she is converting me, showing me how much a part of my traveling my own home land is. Her world is a good one, so is mine. When she says she loves her country she means it. So do I, and we both like to bring it down to earth.

ROSALIE BENTON, 1945



## Last Day of School

To all external appearances today was like any other bright June day, except, perhaps, that the birds chattered more loudly as they consumed the makings of several pies from our only cherry tree. However, the whole house was waiting and listening. The faint ticking of the electric clock was noisier than a church bell. Mother hovered around the front of the house, dusting one table twice, the next not at all.

"Oh, he'll pass," Mother said in an extremely jolly voice.

"Oh sure," was my weak reply.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the meantime, about half a mile down the street, there were two boys walking with maddening slowness. They made a strange couple; my brother, the object of our worries, a junior edition of "Mister Five by Five," and his friend Johnny, tall and lean. Johnny's clothes fitted him with the precision and neatness of a West Pointer's; Brother's shirt-tail was flapping and his socks had disappeared behind the counters of his shoes. Both boys had played the same games and rolled in the same dirt, but Johnny remained externally clean.

Each boy carried a grey report card envelope, Brother's damp and spotted, Johnny's clean and shining. However, their conversation did not pertain to the long awaited contents of these envelopes. No, they spoke of the National League's standing, the All-American of '42 and the best team in the country. Of course, the best team was our high school's. This was one of the few things they agreed upon.

About twenty minutes later they had managed to reach the stop light, a distance of four blocks. The policeman hailed Brother with a "Hiya, Georgie."

Brother grunted, "Eh!" He hated to be called George and "Georgie" was simply degrading.

As they approached the Sweet Shop, John asked the younger boy, "Do you want a cone, Bros?"

"O. K.," Brother replied.

"Chocolate?"

No reply.

"Two chocolates, Norm," Johnny said.



"Don't want a chocolate," replied Brother a few minutes later.

"But, you always have chocolate," Johnny countered, "besides, I've already ordered."

\* \* \* \* \*

We saw them coming around the bend of the road. Johnny had a chocolate, and Brother had a strawberry cone which was dripping on his grey envelope. As usual the two boys were arguing and would no doubt have come to blows, if Johnny had not fortunately turned down his street. The merits of the Dodgers and his hatred of the Yankees Brother yelled down the hill to his departing friend until the older boy entered his house.

Brother then proceeded to kick a stone down the front walk until he finally lost it in the grass he had neglected to cut. His entrance was marred slightly by the catching of his shoe string in the screen door, but this didn't bother him in the least. He dove for the phone and started gathering together his baseball team, a life's work.

With much nudging, pushing and shoving, we got him away from the phone and the envelope out of his hand.

Mother opened it. A white sheet fluttered to the floor. I picked it up and read, "this is to certify that George L. Buland has passed unconditionally the sixth grade."

We didn't even bother to read his marks. I giggled, Mother smiled and Brother's infectious laughter filled the whole house and made it right again.

NAN BULAND, 1944

## Test

Striding along in the warm sunshine, he felt that it would have to be all right. How could anything so important go wrong on such a beautiful day? The sun had never been brighter, the sky bluer, the clouds whiter... and he had studied so hard. Those nights of staying up in his room from the time dinner was over until three or four in the morning just studying...studying until he thought he'd go crazy, and dreaming...dreaming of physics, and algebra, and trig. Then there were other nights...nights when he had been so tired he could do nothing but lie awake and think, think, THINK! Worrying

until he felt like screaming . . . but then sleep would come. Sleep, like a soft blanket, erasing all worries and cares and gradually smoothing from his brow the furrows of worry and anguish . . . sleep would finally come.

And he wanted so badly to make the grade . . . had dreamed of and planned for this for so long. It would be too cruel if he had to give up this passion . . . this obsession—for flying. But he was healthy, he had studied—why worry? With this thought in mind he squared his shoulders and walked on, every nerve and muscle in his body expressing determination. Then, as he approached the bleak grey building, that edifice which held within it the power to build his future or to destroy his deepest desires, he faltered a little. As he hesitated he heard the soft purring of an engine high in the endless blue above him. His eyes eagerly searched the skies, and then he saw it, like a beautiful, shimmering bird winging its way across the sky to be lost in the vastness of a cloud. Taking new strength, heart tightened with anticipation and dread, he entered the building.

Hours passed; hours spent in remembering the subjects so faithfully and carefully studied, and then it was over—he had passed everything! Now only the physical examination lay between him and his goal. Relaxing, he almost swaggered to the doctor's office. Only the physical!

Heart, ears, reflexes, nerves . . . everything all right. Just the eye test was left, and his mind was already coursing into the days ahead . . . days in the U.S. Army Air Corps. Then the doctor's voice saying, "I'm sorry, son, we can't accept you. Your eyes aren't quite up to par. But why not try for ground . . ." With a mumbled word and a broken heart he numbly departed . . . flunked because he had studied so hard. Flunked!

ANN CADMUS, 1944

## Home Is New England

Home is many things, many small, beautiful things;  
Home is song and laughter;  
It is phrases of music half forgotten;  
It is remembering a sweetness, almost a pain.

It is the sea roaring and pounding on the rock,  
The sound rising and falling on the wind,  
Rain beating on the roof,  
Whipping the trees in the night frenzy of storms;  
The thick, clean, wet salt smell of the sea that comes to me  
As I lie in the darkness at night.

Home is lush, deep grass, growing to the trunks  
Of gnarled, ageless trees;  
It is the indescribable sweet smell of lilacs  
In the sun of a warm afternoon—  
Lilacs against white, clapboarded houses  
With small, uneven panes of glass, and wide chimneys.  
It is the whispered rustling of the wind in the trees  
And the muted calls of birds  
In the hush of the hour before sunset.

Home is the sun lying in warm bright patches on the bare floor,  
With the rest of the room in shadow.  
It is remembering the clean, silent nights in late August,  
When the air is already sharp with the coming of autumn,  
And stars are fire points, a myriad of them  
Reaching down to the dim, distant hills,  
And touching the tops of straight pine trees across the river.

Home is the candid blueness of October skies,  
And the chop in the bay frothed with white caps by the east wind  
from the sea;  
Each tree is aflame, each a torch of fire  
Rooted in the earth.

It is the colors of the salt marshes  
Against the vivid blue of a wandering tide creek;  
It is elm trees by tumbling stone walls  
And weathered rail fences;  
It is the pungent scent of Autumn fires:  
Blue-grey smoke drifting lazily over the land,  
And settling to sleep in a sunfilled hollow.  
It is rambling country roads and forgotten apple orchards,  
Sleeping in the sun of quiet hillsides.  
The silence is alive with bird calls  
And the harsh, lonely cries of the gulls  
As they wheel and sweep the skies and then settle  
Alert and strong, on the sea wall or tumbled wharf piles,  
With one leg tucked up under them,  
And soft, minor, contented chucklings.

Home is the leaden grey skies of mid winter  
And the lonely snowflakes drifting among the trees  
And falling soundlessly on the dry, wind-harried leaves.  
It is deep snow covering the country side, making the sleighs fly,  
And the snow-crunch under square-toed ski boots,  
And laced leather boots over red socks.  
The boats are tied up, and the wharf is bleak and silent;  
Sailboats are perched on cradles and covered with tarpaulin  
Waiting for spring.

Home is melting snow making gutters into rivers;  
It is wet grass and mud on rubbers and windy days,  
And soft, wind-blown clouds in the high blue skies.  
It is the wharf busy with renewed activity;  
The smell of wet paint and varnish and salt water and lumber,  
Mingled in the new spring sunshine;  
It is a dull, rhythmic thud of hammers, and high scratching of saws  
The flap and beating of sails,  
And grey deck paint on strong hands.



Home is much laughter and much happiness;  
Home is New England and the sea,  
And the lovely freedom of sand beaches and blue rivers and wide  
bays.  
It is a great, indescribable gladness,  
Warming your heart.

JUNE LIVERMORE, 1945



## Perky

Perky's real name was Louise, but no one except her music teacher ever called her that. She was born in Philadelphia, but when she was two her family moved to New Haven.

Perky was very imaginative. If two people were whispering together, she could make you believe that the fate of the world was hanging on their words. You could be in a small grove of trees and she could almost make you think that you were a pilot, and your plane had crashed in the impenetrable jungles at the source of the Amazon. When Perky did not like a thing as it was, she pretended it was something else, so that everything she did was fun. When she was in fourth grade she used to pretend that study hall was prison, so she would sneak out and work in the coatroom.

When she went to bed she always had some interesting and exciting adventure. Often she fought duels to the death with bloodthirsty pirates, while she held on to the rigging of Spanish galleons, and the next night she would be an aristocrat in the French Revolution escaping from Madame Guillotine.

Perk was very romantic in the old sense of the word. She believed in being blood sisters and cutting your wrists and taking the Oath of Brother-in-Blood on fire, earth, the Bible and bread, and the hilt of your best knife, which is then buried. She got the oath from "The Ballad of East and West" where it says:

"They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and  
fresh cut sod,  
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous  
Names of God."

I forget where bread comes in but that does too. She did not know what the haft of a knife was so it was left out.

Perky loved to play games with imagination in them. She and her friends used to go all the way down the street on bikes, playing Death, which was a very complicated game of chasing a person on your bold charger and touching them with your lance. Then they would be dead and fall to the edge of the street until the killer took

a flask of healing water from his belt and gave the dead man a drink. Whereupon the dead would become the killer and so on.

Perky loved animals and always had some kind of a pet. She had a chipmunk who lived behind their garage who, when he got into the house by mistake, nearly wrecked it. Nowadays Perky does not go in for chipmunks so strongly.

Perky was a horrible pessimist. Everything she did she thought would turn out wrong. Also, she thought that she was very poor in everything she did, while in most things she was quite good. In sports she was on all the teams, and was very good at each, and yet, because she thought she was so awful, she did not try and so was not half as good as she might have been. At school she was very shy and most people never got to know her, or else did not try, because they were afraid she would depress them with her pessimistic ideas.

When spring came near Perk would go all over town looking for signs, and if she saw a bud that was slightly swollen she would take out her magnifying glass to see if any green was showing yet. The tiniest speck of green would make her happy for a whole day.

Somehow Perky always seemed a little awkward. She never seemed to be able to put her foot down in the right place or say the right thing. Once at a concert, during the intermission, when she was going down a long flight of stairs, she slipped and fell head first down twelve steps, landing on her stomach at the feet of her music teacher, who looked a little dazed to see Perk come shooting out from between the legs of a rather fat gentleman. Although Perk knew that her music teacher was used to her queer doings, she could not look at her for two weeks.

Perky could never avoid telling someone a fantastic story if it fitted into the situation. Once because of her hay fever when she went out to a farm to pick apples, she had to wear gauze over her nose. She had forgotten this until they were halfway out, so she bought twenty-five yards of four inch gauze in which she did herself up, so that she looked as though she had been in a terrible automobile accident, and had hurt her head awfully. When she got there the man asked her what had happened. She told him a dramatic story of how in order to save her next door neighbor's baby from drowning, she had jumped from a speed boat, and that the propellers had cut her face. The man was visibly impressed. He told her that if it was that

bad she had better not pick apples, so she said she had to support her invalid mother. Finally he let her stay, but she had forgotten to leave a hole to eat through, and, as he was working near by, she had to go all day without food.

Finally Perky graduated from grade school and went to high school, where she is now. She still pretends just as much, however, and the last time I saw her she was riding her bike down a steep hill, her knees drawn way up, and her head down almost level with her handle bars. No doubt she was being some great English jockey riding Humorist, her favorite race horse, down the stretch in his last English Derby.

NANCY BURNS, 1946

## Thor's Hammer

The blackness walked from the rolling cloud,  
And the god of Norway muttered loud;  
His hammer shattered the starry span,  
And he laughed aloud as he thought of man.

"The great stars burn for an endless age,  
And they heed none of a mortal's rage.  
If a thousand men should die in an hour  
Nothing would alter their steady power!"

He chuckled deep as he took his stand,  
And he hurled great Mjollnir down from his hand;  
The wonderful hammer flew through the night,  
And plunged to earth in a flash of light.

There it was found; and the years rolled by;  
And now great Thor sits brooding on high.  
For his lightning hammer, crackling and brave,  
Is held secure as a poor man's slave.

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945



## The Return Home

She wasn't young any more, but she felt timid as a school girl on her first trip. Stromsburg, Colorado was a long way from North Dakota, a day and a part of a night on the crowded train. She had taken the day coach because it was cheaper. For as long as she could remember she had taken the day coaches. Money had always been respected in her family. Now even more than ever with Fred gone she had felt the need for thrift. Anna had always been very generous since she had gone to live with her, and so now were all the others, but it hurt her somehow to be always having to ask for help. This trip represented months of saving. When they had all realized her purpose, they had been very generous and urged her to go. But it was not only lack of money that had held her back; it took courage to go.

It had been two years since Fred died, and she had never been there without him. After he had gone, there had been practically nothing left, so she had been compelled to sell her house, abandon all her friends and leave the familiar surroundings. It had been hard to leave it all, to go to live with Anna and the other relatives in that cold North Dakota town. Although she had been brought up back there she had grown to love Colorado with its warm sun and its lovely white peaked mountains rising in the distance. What would have happened to her dear little house, her garden, gay with riotous colors, the quiet street with its gnarled trees, and the neighbors who were all so familiar? As these thoughts revolved in her mind, the train raced on. The telephone poles and flat praries came and went in an endless succession, broken only by a few small towns, quiet and sleepy in the lazy August day. Once or twice the train stopped in a large city. Others got off and stretched their legs, but she couldn't bring herself to. She had the perpetual fear of coming back to her seat and finding it occupied. She hated herself for being so timid, but there it was. During her marriage this timidness had left her almost entirely, but now being alone once more, it overcame her again. Fred had given her a feeling of importance. As she thought this over, she realized how complete her happiness had been, and once more she regretted her trip. How would it end?

No one would have given this quiet figure a second glance as she sat staring out of the window, unless it was her very inconspicuousness which would have attracted their attention. She was small, as most women of her generation are, not to be compared to the modern young women. Her hair, almost white, was coiled on the top of her head. She wore a blue and white print dress, nice looking, yet certainly in its second summer. Her navy straw with its white flower looked new, and her bag and gloves new also. She had her lunch in a parcel beside her, and a recent copy of the *Reader's Digest*, as yet untouched. These had been pressed on her by Anna, as always sensible about such things. After a while she opened her bag and drew forth the letter from Jane, her neighbor in Stromsburg and dearest friend. Jane had written that life was very much the same there, and that she was lonely also. Jane's George had died a year ago, but she had remained in Stromsburg, unable to tear herself away from the familiar past. This was the letter which had prompted her to go back for a visit. Jane had asked her to come and stay with her for as long as she wished, so now she was on her way. No wonder her mind was full of apprehension as the train came to a jerking halt in the small station. She had gone out on the train platform much sooner than necessary, but she couldn't sit there calm and still. What if she missed her station? As she stepped off the train, Jane came towards her. Jane had not changed much, nor had the station. As Jane's nephew drove them home, she looked about her with apprehension, yet the people, the main street, and all the familiar sights—they had not changed.

Then they passed her house. She looked; it was nearly the same. Of course there were different curtains in the windows and the paint was fresh. Why! they had put zinnias in that front flower bed. It certainly looked nice, and to think that she had never thought of that, and after having lived there for thirty-five years, too. Why had she dreaded to come back? This was what she wanted. It didn't hurt her to look at the house or the other familiar sights. Fred would have liked it this way. She had been homesick without knowing it. It was a wonderful home coming.

HARRIET WALLER, 1944

## Come, Oh Peter, Come!

Darker, darker grows the sky.  
Night is riding from the East.  
Tarry not amid the shadows.  
Darkness is for woodland creatures.  
Come! Oh Peter, come with me,  
Supper's waiting on the stove.  
Stars are sailor's guides, not children's!  
Owls are hooting, witches flying,  
Soon the trees will turn to giants.  
See them crowding near our path.  
Can't you hear the banshee wailing?  
Dreadful being is she, Child.  
Come, don't linger starry eye'd.  
Stars can wait, but supper can't.  
Come, Oh Peter, come! The moon  
And the Milky Way will stay,  
Gleaming, bright and cold, forever.

NAN BULAND, 1944





## Maine Woodsman

The road from Pickerel Pond was deserted in the chill half-light. From the lake the wavering cry of a loon carried with it all the sadness of the October evening. The steady crunch of his heavy woodsman's boots in the sandy ruts was a lonely sound, too, and, changing his axe to his other hand, he tramped on a little faster. As he neared the fork in the road his ears picked up a faint crashing in the underbrush. "Buck," he thought and remembered how in autumn he had often come upon a deer just at dusk on this very road. It would stand motionless, but poised for instant flight from this strange man-creature, for one moment of mutual curiosity and then would be gone with a crash and a scurry of slender hoofs, so suddenly that he often rubbed his eyes, wondering if he had really seen it. At supper he would tell his wife, "Saw a big buck on the pond road tonight," and, if the season were open, he would take his gun and go off within the next few weeks. He usually returned with the one deer to which the law limited each man, but he was a better woodsman than hunter, for, as he tied the warm, stiffening body to a pole, he would find himself thinking of the startled brown eyes of the other deer on the road and the curious moment of friendship that had existed between them. He was glad now that his gun was behind the kitchen woodbox instead of under his arm. He stopped, listening, but the noise gradually died away in the direction of the lake.

All fall his mind had been automatically noting the signs of the approach of a heavy winter, the early migration of the mallard ducks and Canadian geese that had swept overhead with their harsh, joyous honks, the unusually thick pelts of the animals. He shivered now in his old woolen shirt and shoved his big hands into his pockets. A paper crackled and he stopped quite still, staring at the road in front of him and frowning in perplexity.

The long envelope had arrived two days before. Each morning as he ate his breakfast and went to work it lay in his pocket and seemed an even heavier weight in his mind. Each time his wife looked at him he wondered if she guessed its presence. In twenty years of marriage he had discovered that Abby was a woman of remarkable intuition. It was from one of the men he had taken fishing last summer,



an offer to buy the farm as a summer place—"best view on the whole lake" he had written. What should he do? There would probably never be another opportunity for getting rid of the land. The Chesseys had been farmers for a good many generations, and honest and respected ones too, but Sam, the youngest brother, to whom they had at last been able to give an education, had gone on to other things—were they better? Sam had a good job, a family and friends in the city now, and they didn't see him very often. He liked his work and they had always had enough, but farming the stony land was certainly not a paying proposition. His older brother, a tall, silent, slow-moving man had said only, "It's up to you, Ephrium," and he had not told Abby yet. Was he afraid that she would say yes? She had never said anything, but did she sometimes long for central heating, an electric stove and neighbors just across the street? His hair seemed to rise again on his head at the remembrance of the long shuddering howls of the wolves on the bright winter nights, and the blizzards that cut them off for days at a time. But he could not help thinking of the grey hardness of the city streets as well.

At the edge of the lake a duck family took to the water with five loud splashes. He glanced up and crumpled the letter with an impulsive gesture. The sky over the twin peaks of Pleasant Mountain was still a frosty pink although the thin edge of a ghost moon was already clinging to the feathery top of a pine. Across the gleaming water the pine-covered shores striped with the white of paper birches were dark with the peace of the forest, and on the horizon the great blue mountains seemed to be settling down for a long sleep. Suddenly all his problems seemed to be solved for him. He found himself, as always, inarticulate, but as he looked his tired, stooped shoulders straightened a little and the familiarity of what he saw took away the loneliness of the night and the route. He realized that after all he was happiest on these long fall days when he might work all day in an isolated clearing, hearing only the steady stroke of his axe, the drum of a pheasant on a hollow log and the raucous cawing of the crows as they settled on the limbs of some great old tree. It was lonely after the summer people had left, but they had never seen the leaves change color against the darker hemlock and pine, or the black and white etching of the woods after a snowfall. They had never hunted red berries in the woods with the birds, or followed

rabbit tracks through a winter dawn. His schooling had not been much but he could tell those people of animals and birds, trees and plants and where to find the best black bass in Hancock Pond. He could never be happy anywhere else.

As he turned up the hill his short beard crinkled in a humorous smile as he thought of the man from New York who had called it "a God-forsaken country" and had pictured them all freezing to death some day in a blizzard. He'd like to find anyone among his neighbors who would let another freeze to death or go in want of anything! People didn't have to live crowded together to be neighbors.

On either side the stone walls of his brother's fields bordered the road, and through the dusk he could see the farmhouse, in need of paint like most of the houses in the neighborhood but neatly and sturdily built. There was a large woodpile stacked at the side and he drove his axe into the chopping block, running his calloused hands over the familiar curve of the handle, worn satin-smooth by use. He examined the blade for nicks made by carelessly allowing the head to slip against a stone, and found none. The axe had been left in this same block so many times that the surface was criss-crossed and soft with the cuts.

The barn was warm and shadowy, full of the dusty smell of the hay. One of the team stamped in his stall and switched his tail against the side. A few steps and a door led directly into the house. The lamplight was very bright after the dusky barn and the good smell of hot soup made him realize how hungry he was. He drew a crumpled wad of paper from his pocket and tossed it into the open door of the stove, where it burned in a small feather of flame.

"That you, Ephrium? My, you're late tonight. Is anything wrong?"

"Nope—everything's all right."

MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944

## Caravan

This is a good life we lead. It has plenty of bath-tubs, good roads, laundries, high schools, and department stores, but by comparison with its own romantic past it is admittedly short on sheer adventure. We have all that is best and biggest in grand opera, hospitals, wheat fields, skyscrapers and airplanes, but this is not the country it used to be. Not when all of us talk the same language, read the same news, and laugh at the same jokes in the same syndicated cartoons every morning. We have the greatest highways in the world, but we have lost our frontiers.

Take your car beyond its accustomed haunts on a journey of exploration. The short stretch of road with its pop-stands, gas tanks, hot dogs and chocolate almond bars to which you are accustomed and of which you think as something local, is the broad and pulsing artery of a nation.

Signboards, cross-bars, death's heads, red lights and alarm bells guard the approach to every danger spot and warn all travellers that locomotives run on railway tracks. Hills have their lefts and rights. A white streak cuts the road in two. This is the highway of a nation.

The rise of the filling station is coincident with the standardization of America. The same successful methods of efficiency and comfort have swept across the country and the filling stations stand as symbols of their progress. Not by so much as three dents in the contour of the battered watercan does one station differ from another. Each is the product of a national art, perfected and unchanging. There is a low shelter with its custodian in khaki trousers with a shirt open at the throat. There are the two great pumps outside his door, precisely like all other pumps at every other station, constantly of the same height, diameter and cheery shade of red.

Here is a scene which can be reproduced in any corner of the country, people doing the same thing in the same way in vast numbers for the same purpose. It is not easy in any other place to observe so clearly that certain American customs have developed an uncompromising ritual. There follows, in regular order, the disagreement between passengers in the front and rear as to the kind of gasoline purchased at the last station, the dispute to whether this new brand is the same



or not, the dispute as to whether it does or does not make the slightest difference, the descent from the car to stretch the legs and the salutation to the agent of the station.

Blindfold a man, whisk him around the continent, set him down in an unknown city, and from watching its manners for an hour he might guess its name. But put him down in front of a filling station, any filling station, and not even a sixth sense could tell him whether he was one mile from the Boston Public Library or lost on the Dakota plains.

Over the hill winds the caravan. No other people run around on wheels as we do. No other people live as large a part of their lives in Transit as we do. Where are they going, why are they speeding and what do they hope to find?

Impressions? Yes. Impressions of a never ending road, a thousand farms, grade crossing signs, back axles, towns passed through at twenty miles an hour.

Thrills? Yes. Thrills of scenery worth stopping for if there were only time, of gorgeous sunsets well worth watching if the top were down, of getting home, at last, without a crumpled fender.

Trophies? Yes. Trophies to bring back memories of this day of travel, post cards, pictures, sea-shells with an echo.

Yet surely these are poor rewards for so much travel. Surely it is worth no man's while to scurry across country for the express purpose of viewing the scenery, without stopping anywhere except to change his tires, or to hurry half the day for the apparent purpose of arriving at a point far enough away to make it necessary to turn around at once and hurry home again.

No rational explanation can suffice for wandering so purposeless. It is not a matter of reason. It is something in the blood. We are a young nation and the roving spirit is still strong in us. If we cannot rove for the purpose of settling a continent we shall at least rove for the fun of roving, for the pleasure of seeing something, or for the joy of merely having been.

ROSALIE BENTON, 1945



## The Storm

Shimmering heat,  
White haze in the sky,  
Crickets cheep,  
Grass burnt and dry.

Clouds banked high  
Ominous and round,  
A breath of hot wind  
Searing the ground.

Drooping flowers stir,  
The bang of a shutter,  
Far in the distance  
The thunder's low mutter.

A sound in the treetops  
Like water's swift rush;  
A quick flash of lightning,  
And then a deep hush.

A moment of waiting,  
Then a faint patter;  
The first drops of rain  
In a rhythmical clatter.

The bliss of cool air,  
The sweet smell of rain,  
Bright sheets of light,  
And thunder again.

The whole sky darkening,  
Loud thundering near,  
The sky ripped by lightning,  
And the storm is here.

MARION STEVENS, 1944

## Going Back Is Always Hard

The five of them filed through the revolving doors and began shoving their way through the crowds to the information booth in the center of the station. The short, heavy, middle-aged woman called back over her shoulder to the child straggling along behind her, "Hang on to me, Rosie. I don't want to lose you." They were knocked and shoved and bumped by the steady stream of people—servicemen, wives, mothers, babies—but they finally managed to reach a spot where they could stop and get organized. The soldier put down his heavy duffle with a sigh of relief. Mama Buchilli was out of breath and she had to talk loud to make herself heard above the roar of noise in the station. "What track does the train leave on, Al?" she asked, grabbing her son's sleeve and standing on her toes so as to be heard. Frank, a small dark man with quick movements, who had been a good friend of the Buchillis for years, glanced at his watch.

"Stay right here," he told the group. "I'll ask at the Information Desk." In a few minutes he returned. "You go on track nine. We'd better start for the gate soon. You want to be sure of getting a seat. Sure you got your ticket and your duffle?" The soldier felt once more in his pocket for the ticket and finally nodded. "What about a magazine to read on the way back?" asked Frank. "Louis," he turned to the fifteen-year-old at his side, "run over to the news stand and get Al something to read." Louis brought back the latest issue of *Look*. People were beginning to collect around gate nine, so they started over, Mama on Al's arm and Rosie dancing along at his other side. Suddenly there seemed so little time left. Mama in a last minute burst of instructions, made Al promise to take care of himself and write every week. They paused at the edge of the crowd to say good-bye. Rosie jumped up and down squealing, "Pick me up, Al, pick me up." He stooped down and took the child in his arms and gave her a bear hug. Louis was standing beside him. He put Rosie down and turned to his brother. They just stood looking at each other—there seemed so little to say now that the time had come. Louis made a feeble crack about Al not getting up too early, and laughed self-consciously. Al laughed too, and then shifted his eyes quickly to

Frank, who shook his hand and said "Good luck, my boy." Al turned to Mama. She could not help it—her eyes were brimming with big tears. She kissed her son hard and held him close for a minute. When they had drawn apart she brushed her damp cheek quickly with the back of her hand and thrust a chocolate bar into his pocket. "Here, this'll keep you going for a while. Don't eat it until you get on the train."

Suddenly a voice came over the loud speaker: "Your attention, please—the train leaving for Evansville, Union City, Memphis, and points south will be forty minutes late." On all sides people were shrugging their shoulders and making impatient remarks. "Let's get out of this crowd anyway," said Frank. "We might as well go somewhere where we can sit down and be comfortable."

They had trouble finding seats in the waiting room. Rosie had to sit on Mama's lap. For a while they kept up a conversation. Mama repeated her instructions for the hundredth time and Frank kept asking Al if he was sure he had his ticket. But none of them felt much like talking and they soon fell into silence. The minutes dragged. Al picked up *Look*, read it over once or twice, and then threw it aside on the bench. A few minutes later he reached in his pocket and pulled out the chocolate bar. It was beginning to melt already and his fingers got messy holding it. He had better eat it now. He offered it around but no one except Rosie seemed to want any, so he shared it with her. They sat there for what seemed an eternity without speaking a word. Finally Frank said it was time to go. They arose, collected their belongings, and started once more for gate nine.

This time there was a huge crowd in front of the gate, pushing and squeezing to get ahead. They had trouble staying together and had to grab on to each other as Frank led them forward. When they reached the gate Al turned and kissed Mama quickly. Before he had a chance to even look at the others he was caught up in the current of people and, after throwing back a helpless smile, disappeared almost instantly among the bobbing heads. Mama waved her handkerchief and called to him, but he was already far down the platform. The gate closed and the crowd began to move away. But Mama stood very still on the same spot where her son had stood just a minute ago. It had all happened so quickly. One moment he was there, the next he was gone. The past hour seemed vague and unreal to her.



After a short pause Frank spoke up. "Poor kid," he said, "he looked kinda lost in that big crowd. Oh well, going back is always hard."

VIRGINIA HEIDENKAMP, 1944

## The Best Are at the Top

I clambered out of bed for the sixth time in the past hour and peered through the gloom at the face of my alarm clock. Quarter of seven; I turned off the alarm and crawled back into bed. I don't trust alarm clocks, and besides, I hate to be rudely awakened.

"Today's the day," I thought. "Going to make big money by picking apples for the government. Forty cents an hour. Oh boy!" The various bells and whistles around the town proclaimed that it was seven o'clock on a gorgeous September morning, and I bounced out of bed in a hurry.

An hour later two boys, fellow pickers, and I rode into the dusty barnyard, and parked our bikes under the shed. For a while we stood around near the barn all alone, saying nothing and just waiting. One by one the other members of the crew arrived, and I was rather embarrassed to find that I was the only girl among seven or eight boys. At last the foreman, Walt, came leisurely out of the house. He was a bronzed, blonde giant with blue eyes and a snub nose, and he sized me up with a sceptical "hmmm."

The whole gang of us piled into a rickety truck, and Walt recklessly tried to fly it through the cornfield, missing the bean patch by millimeters, and leaving Jim, who had bounced off the tailboard, among the tomatoes. By that time I didn't dare look any more, and when I opened my eyes we had stopped in the middle of the apple orchard.

Walt handed me a basket with a hook attached to the handle, and selecting a tree, tried to show me how to roll the apple off without breaking the spur.

Soon I was promoted to climbing the trees and reaching what apples I could from the inside. I was getting along beautifully, but after a while Walt told me to pick from the top of an unbelievably tall twenty-foot ladder. "Aha, promotion," thought I, but alas!



this promotion was to be my downfall. I had never seen such a tall ladder, let alone tried to climb one, and it had no visible means of support.

However, dragging my basket along with me, I boldly climbed up, rung after rung. When I was about halfway up, the ladder was obviously swaying in the breeze. My knees began to tremble, and I clutched at the ladder and a branch for support. I looked up fearfully. Exactly what was the ladder resting on? Well, one side was leaning against a bit of a twig a little farther up, and the top was supported by a few leaves, but more than that I couldn't see. I shook the ladder and it wobbled dreadfully. It was an awful long way to the ground. But there were some beautiful big apples at the top!

Experimentally I went up one rung. Ignorant of the ways of ladders, I fully expected to topple over backwards—if the ladder didn't slip sideways first. Inch by inch I struggled higher, and at last my fingertips could touch the biggest, juiciest apple of them all. I stretched and triumphantly curled my fingers around it, but before I could pick it off, it slipped from my grasp and tumbled to earth, taking all the other apples within my reach along with it. I was left clinging exhausted to the swaying ladder, with nothing between me and the ground, and no one to commiserate with me in my misery.

Then I heard Walt calling me from below. "Come on down," he ordered, "and I'll show you how to do it. I was only too happy to reach terra firma once more. Walt gaily waltzed up the ladder to the very topmost rung, and picked rapidly with both hands, balanced precariously on one foot to reach them. It looked so easy! What a sissy I had been!

When he came down, Walt moved the ladder to a new location. "It's perfectly safe," he assured me. "Steady as a rock." Full of new found confidence I went up to the top, and soon was picking away, regardless of swayings, when CRASH! A twig had broken and the ladder was slipping out from under me. I clutched frantically at a passing branch, and the ladder came to rest with one leg two feet off the ground, slanted against a crotch in a very uncomfortable position.

"Perfectly safe, steady as a rock," I muttered, and taking a new stand, went on picking. A minute later a boy came by, and warned me that I had better come down before the whole thing collapsed.

From then on my nerve was gone. The rest of the morning I spent half way up ladders, fighting for courage to go to the top where the apples were, and praying for the twelve o'clock whistle to blow.

For the first part of the afternoon I was successful in my attempts to avoid ladders, and I picked from the "inside" of the tree up in the branches. I could go out on the smallest limb or up to the highest branch without the slightest tremor as long as there was something alive to hold on to, but a ladder—that was different.

A little later Walt sent me down to another part of the orchard to help "pick over" some trees that had been picked several days ago. At first I couldn't see any apples at all, but if I stood away from the tree and craned my neck, I could discern a few little ones at the very top. By this time Walt had returned with one of those horrible ladders, and leaned it casually against the tree, fully expecting me to go up. I couldn't tell him how I felt; he had probably been born at the top of one of them, and would just laugh at me. I started up slowly, and as soon as he went away I came down again.

The rest of the afternoon until five o'clock was interminable. Whenever Walt looked my way I pretended to be exceedingly busy, moving a ladder or emptying my basket or something of that nature. I guess I emptied the same basketload five times, but whether or not I fooled anybody, I don't know. I was the only one working on that tree, which was a good thing in the sense that there was no one to observe the amount of work I did not do, and bad because there was no one to encourage me to overcome my fear.

Five o'clock came at last, and we piled the apple boxes in the truck, and with pickers perched on every conceivable foothold, we proceeded to the farmhouse. If a truck can stagger, it was certainly doing so then. At first I felt awfully guilty about accepting the pay check, but when I considered my fears on the ladders, I decided that I deserved it.

CAROL PARADISE, 1944

## Dr. McKenna

Dr. McKenna pulled open the stable door and stepped out into the bright sunlight. He began walking slowly up the road to the cottage, letting the warm, relaxed tiredness surge over him. He was a tall, loose-jointed man, with frank blue eyes. His face and forearms were brown from the sun, and a network of little wrinkles appeared around his eyes when he squinted. There was something youthful about him. Only the tinge of grey at his temples gave away his age. His shoulders bent a little as he walked, more from habit than from time. In one large hard hand he held a riding whip which he tapped against the side of his boot with each step. Halfway up the road he paused and pulled out a faded blue handkerchief from his back pocket. As he wiped the perspiration from his forehead he grinned and said half aloud, "I'll teach that little devil to know who's the head man around here." Then he turned and started walking again. The hill was steeper from here on.

The cottage stood in a little grove of birch trees. There was nothing unusual about it. It was small, neat, and had that temporary air that most summer cottages have. But to Dr. McKenna it was the most wonderful place on earth. It was the symbol of those two precious days out of each month when he could forget the four white walls of the dentist's office, the almost inhuman efficiency of the nurse in her starched uniform, the smell of his hands after continuous scrubblings. These two days were an island of joy and relaxation surrounded by a sea of appointments and grim faced patients. They meant seeing the family again, sleeping under two blankets at night, smelling the tangy odor of logs burning on an open fire place, eating bacon and eggs in the kitchen off a red and white checked table cloth. But most of all it meant riding his big grey mare—tearing across a field in the brisk morning air when the valley below is still hidden in mist, or leisurely exploring the cool mountain trails where the afternoon sun, filtering through the leaves, makes little flickers of light on the ground. He wanted to make every minute count.

The screen door banged behind him and he stepped on to the porch. His massive frame seemed to dominate the whole room. He



looked like a gawky child who had out-grown his toy furniture. Suddenly he wheeled about just as a large, powerful Dalmatian bounded up to him in a rush of enthusiasm. For a few minutes the room was a mad-house of barks and scattered rugs. Then the dog stopped to catch his breath. Dr. McKenna rose to his feet. "That's enough, Dan, you're too good for me."

He walked into the kitchen, made himself a drink, and returned with it to the screened-in porch. He threw himself into a wicker chair and propped his long legs up on the sofa opposite him. With a chuckle he wondered what his wife would say if she saw him there with his dirty boots on her clean slip covers. Dan was sniffing inquisitively at his master's jodhpurs.

"I played a dirty trick on you, didn't I, fellow?," said the doctor reaching down and scratching the dog's ears. "Well, I couldn't take you along with me this afternoon. Sally was in one of her kicking moods again." Dan grunted and folded himself up beside the chair. The doctor threw back his head and stretched. He thought vaguely that he should run up and take a shower before supper, but he had no inclination to get up out of the chair. He was perfectly content just to sit. The late afternoon sun was making exaggerated shadows across the grass in front of the cottage. From the stable came Sally's sharp whinny. Dan lifted his head and pricked his ears for a second and then lay down again. There was a faint, pungent breath of smoke in the air; someone was already burning the first autumn leaves.

Gradually that old feeling came back to him—that feeling of having to tear himself away from everything he loved. For a moment he had the mad desire to forget his work and his responsibilities, to cast them aside without another thought and spend the rest of his life the way he had always wanted to. But he knew he could not. With a great effort Dr. McKenna rose from the chair and started upstairs to take his shower. He was leaving for the city on the 8:43 train in the morning.

VIRGINIA HEIDENKAMP, 1944



## Indian Summer

The hills are a tawny and sun-dried gold;  
The trees are a dark rich grey.  
They stand so naked and full of peace,  
On November's last soft day.

The air is a warm and faded blue,  
And a soft smoke veils the sky,  
And up the valley a gentle wind  
Comes back from last July.

Gone are those days, so bittersweet;  
So young, and so full of dream,  
When the drums of the crickets pulsed all night,  
And the moon spun a golden seam.

All of the leaves are withered and dry  
That once flamed breathless and red;  
The bright warm noons and the frosty dawns  
Like the long rare days, are fled.

Summer has gone—it will come again—  
And the world settles down to rest.  
Black are the trees, gold are the hills,  
And the sky's like a blue bird's breast.

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945

## The Hurricane

As I scan my life thus far, I remember distinctly only once when I was conscious of thinking—"This is my doom." That was back in the hurricane of '38.

Three o'clock in the afternoon: a strong gale unfurled itself and struck hard out of the northeast. By four o'clock the waves had conquered the once flat white beach and attacked the dunes with the precision of a well trained army, and were well on their path of devastation and destruction.

It was in the midst of this pandemonium that Jack, my brother, and I were caught standing on a small sun pavilion just back of the ocean board walk, of a small village on Fire Island. Water rushed by, carrying with it planks from the ripped up walk. A wave picked up a pile of these logs and hurled them at one of the forward supports of the pavilion.

"Jump!" yelled Jack. But where to? To be knocked under and crushed between planks madly moving in all directions? No—not I.

Before I had had time to realize the danger of the situation, a second wave had struck the other front support—crack!—splash! splash!—cold water!—naily boards!—water—more water—still more water—would I ever see daylight again?

I remember trying to push aside obstacles which I believed interfered with my getting to the surface, but actually weren't there at all. I groped for some support; there was none. I tried to open my mouth to yell; salt water choked me. "Was I ever to breathe again?—Where was the surface?—I couldn't hold out much longer!"

All of a sudden, light, air, calm water. What a glorious sensation this was to feel I was really alive.

"No, not again!" That was exactly what I thought when the next wave knocked me under, picked me up and once more sent me sprawling, amongst the turmoil of that raging sea. In which direction the current was taking me or where I would eventually come up, I had no idea. All I remember is how utterly exhausted I became trying to combat these waves. There was nothing I could do. I don't know why I struggled against them, wanting desperately to go in the opposite direction. But I did.

Every time that I found myself on top of a wave, I gulped for air. No sooner had I done this than under I would go. How long I kept up this futile fight against this seemingly omnipotent power, I can not say. But it felt like years.

A long time later, I felt the earth below me. At last I could stand. It seemed impossible. I felt secure, oddly enough, even though I never could keep my feet on the ground and my head above the water at the same time.

By now the current had carried me several hundred yards inland. I had long ago given up the fight against it and had submitted willingly to this force which had defeated and subjected me to its power.

As I was pushed farther and farther inland, the force of this ocean current became less and less. Soon I discovered that I could walk, this time with my feet on the ground *and* head above water. On all sides of me were orange crates, planks and debris of upset garbage cans.

Looking around, I saw in the distance what I believed to be my brother, in the same situation. At first I wasn't sure whether it was he or just more floating debris. Soon I saw him waving. Only then was I sure.

We tried to make our way toward each other. Water up to our chins, walking on tip toes, dodging debris, and sinking every few steps because of the uneven ground made progress very slow.

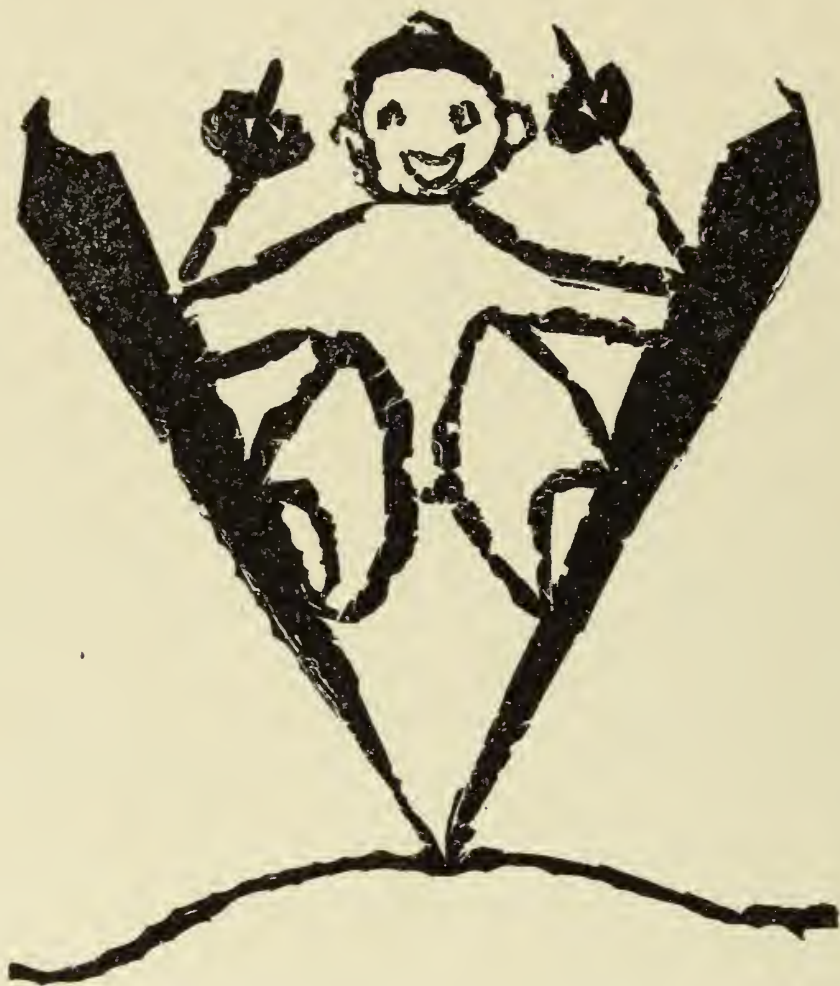
It was at the foot of a small hill that we finally met. The waves had subsided. Where we had floundered helplessly half an hour before, a few feet of water now stood quietly. Beds, chairs, mattresses lay about. Men with children on their shoulders trudged to safety. Women, clutching cherished belongings stood around, bewildered and grief stricken.

Now, beach, dunes, roads, gulleys, playfields, tennis courts were all one. Small waves broke gently on the wide beach. Cottages bowed majestically to the ground, where their under-pinnings had been washed away.

The sun set that evening in a sky infused with soft red. There was something reassuring about it as if everything that had happened was a thing of the past and there was to be no more destruction and horror that night.

ELIZABETH RICH, 1944





## Ranch Foreman

He dismounted and opened the barbed wire gate into the horse pasture. From the top of the hill he looked down on the ranch-house with its grey-white stucco walls and red roof, set in the precious patch of Bermuda grass. The brilliant green of the square of grass looked tawdry and artificial against a limitless expanse of golden sun-dried grass and burnt umber earth. The sky began to take on a faint pinkish tinge and the rusty-red corral looked as if a blotting paper sky was slowly absorbing its color. The windmills stood up, skinny and awkward, queerly out of place, and yet defying the land to do without them.

He led his horse through the gate and mounted, his large roweled spurs clanking and his leather chaps making soft flapping noises. The horse picked his way carefully and delicately down the side of the hill, over loose shale, around cat-claws and juniper, past the bare brown century plants, resigned to ugliness for the next hundred years until they should blossom again. When the horse reached the broad, level plain his rider spurred him and they loped in toward the corral. The rider dismounted and took off the bridle and huge carved leather saddle. The horse, rejoicing in his wild exciting freedom, galloped madly back over the plain he had just crossed and up the hill to join the other horses. The rider, watching him, smiled. Then he walked slowly toward the ranch-house with the gait peculiar to cowmen.

He was the foreman of the ranch, a man of about sixty with a face burned deep reddish mahogany by the Texas sun. On his head he wore a very long, very dirty felt hat, pulled down to his eyes. High-heeled boots, the heels worn down on each side, the toes dust-encrusted, with valleys of sand in the fancy stitching, large spurs, a dirty blue cotton shirt and tan pants under heavy leather chaps completed his outfit.

He turned to the right of the ranch-house, where Alessandro, the Mexican cook, was preparing supper at the chuck-wagon. There were all the rest: his three grown sons, the rancher from the adjoining sheep ranch with some of his men. Jesse Brown, wandering cowboy, tough, redhaired and wiry, proudly watching his nine-year-old son cuss and swear; Moe, who never worked if he could help it, but

did a good job when he did; dark handsome Mexican hands with flashing white teeth and brilliant black eyes. They greeted him loudly, boisterously yet respectfully, and they made room for him to sit among them. The fire grew brighter as the sky darkened. Soon the group around the chuck-wagon was surrounded by soft satin dark. The fire burned a gold hole in the silken blackness and the men were drawn by tenuous orange flames into a small, charmed world. Snatches of conversation; bursts of laughter;

"Tomorrow Otie...work Jones Canyon...hundred and sixty-five today...weaning...two dogies in the Beef Pasture...salt blocks at Tuley...tank at Big Springs gone dry...God, for some rain...cloud burst at Marfa...Sadeco's lame...."

The foreman looked at the circle of faces with contentment. This was his life: a few hours sleep tonight, then morning and another day of hard riding, rounding up wild cows and their new calves, cutting the cows; roping, branding, earmarking, and at the end the peaceful darkness, the firelit night.

NANCY McIVOR, 1944

## School Calendar, 1943-1944

### SEPTEMBER

*Tuesday 21*—Arrival and registration of new resident scholars

*Wednesday 22*—Registration of all day scholars. Arrival and registration of re-entering resident scholars

*Saturday 25*—School picnic. Old girl-new girl party

*Sunday 26*—Vespers, Miss Hearsay

### OCTOBER

*Saturday 2*—Corridor stunts, Sherman and Draper, excluding seniors

*Sunday 3*—Vespers, The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, School Minister, Phillips Academy, Andover

*Saturday 9*—Corridor stunts, seniors and Abbey House

*Sunday 10*—Vespers, The Reverend Winthrop H. Richardson, Winslow Congregational Church, Taunton



*Friday 15*—Senior picnic

*Saturday 16*—Kingsland Marionettes. "The Patriots" with Walter Hampden, Boston

*Sunday 17*—Vespers, The Reverend S. Ralph Harlow, D.D., Smith College

*Saturday 23*—Lydia Nadjena, Russian lecturer

*Sunday 24*—Congregational Tea. Vespers, Abbot Christian Association

*Tuesday 26*—Boston Symphony Concert

*Friday 29*—Jan Smeterlin, Piano Recital at Phillips Academy

*Saturday 30*—Hallowe'en Party

*Sunday 31*—Vespers, The Reverend James Gordon Gilkey, D.D., South Congregational Church, Springfield

## NOVEMBER

*Saturday 6*—Free evening

*Sunday 7*—Vespers, The Reverend Vivian T. Pomeroy, D.D., The First Parish, Milton

*Saturday 13*—Ripley Bullen, lecture on Anthropology

*Sunday 14*—Vespers, The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D., Pastor Emeritus, First Church, Cambridge

*Saturday 20*—Gallery talk on "Pavel Tchelitchew" by Patrick Morgan. Bella Reine, Pantomimic Dancer

*Sunday 21*—Vespers, Allan V. Heely, LL.D., Headmaster, Lawrenceville School

*Monday 22*—Field Day

*Thursday 26*—Thanksgiving Day

*Saturday 27*—School day. Kate Friskin, Piano Recital

*Sunday 28*—Vespers, The Reverend James T. Cleland, D.D., The Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut

*Tuesday 30*—Boston Symphony Concert

## DECEMBER

*Saturday 4*—A.D.S. play, "Victoria Regina"

*Sunday 5*—Vespers, The Reverend Bernard T. Drew, Lawrence Street Congregational Church, Lawrence

*Thursday 9*—Trapp Family Singers at Phillips Academy

*Saturday 11*—Bertha Morgan Gray, Reading of "A Christmas Carol" by Dickens

*Sunday 12*—Christmas Service, Miss Hearsey

*Monday 13*—Christmas Dinner and Carol Service

*Tuesday 14*—Beginning of vacation

## JANUARY

*Friday 14*—Ending of vacation at 8:00 p.m.

*Saturday 15*—Free evening

*Sunday 16*—Vespers, The Reverend Harold Bend Sedgwick, All Saints' Church, Brookline

*Sunday 23*—Vespers, The Reverend Emerson G. Hangen, Community Church, Durham, New Hampshire

*Tuesday 25*—Boston Symphony Concert

*Saturday 29*—Vera Micheles Dean, Research Director, Foreign Policy Association

*Sunday 30*—Vespers, The National Conference of Christians and Jews. Speakers: The Reverend M. J. Ahern, Weston College, Weston; Rabbi Beryl D. Cohon, Temple Sinai, Brighton; The Reverend Dana M. Greeley, Arlington Street Church, Boston

## FEBRUARY

*Sunday 6*—Vespers, The Reverend Roy L. Minich, D.D., The First Church in Malden

*Friday, Saturday and Monday 11, 12, 14*—Mid-years



# The Abbot Courant

May, 1944

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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MAY, 1944

NUMBER 2

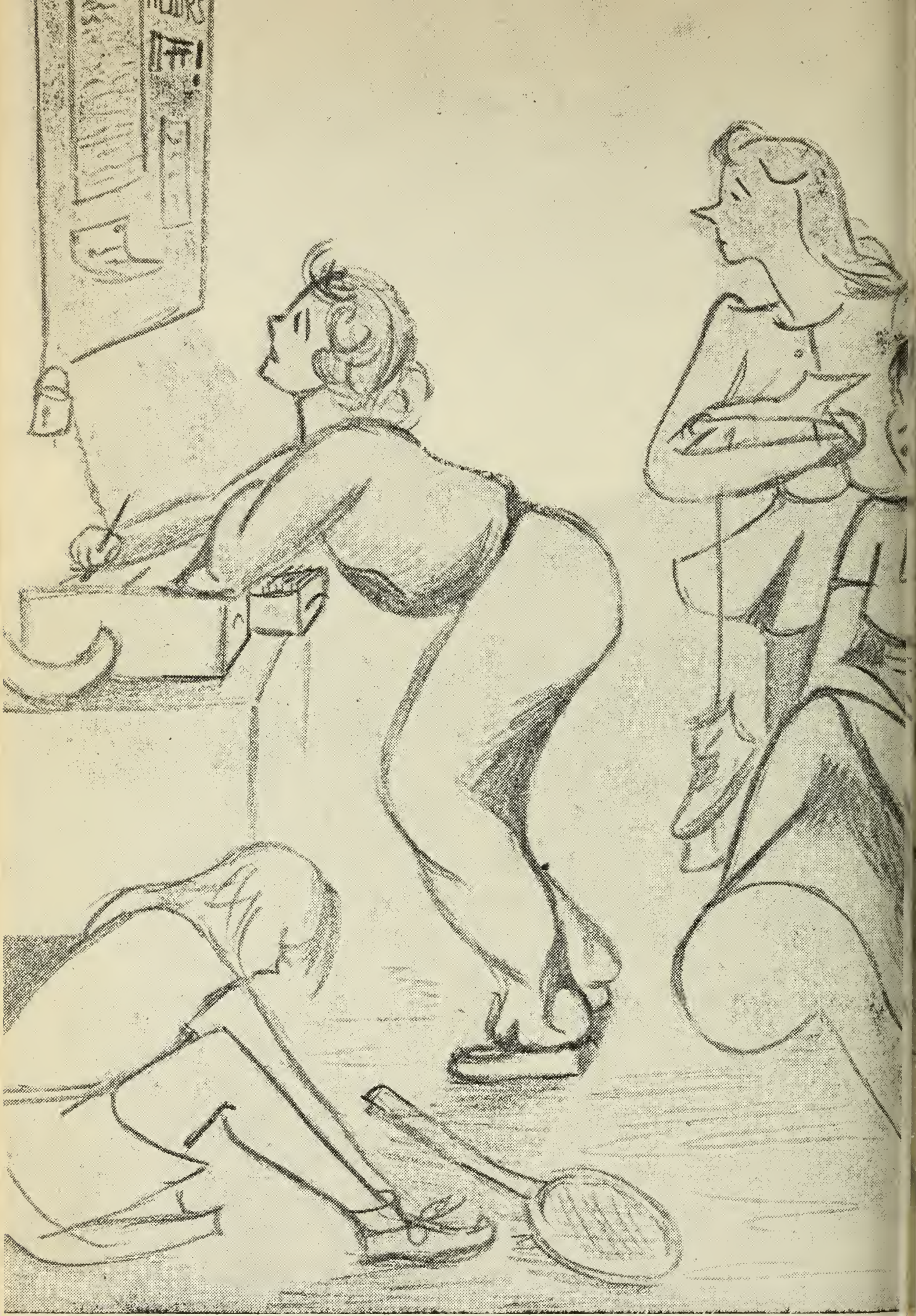
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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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*Editor-in-chief*

MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944

*Business Editor*

CAROL PARADISE, 1944

*Literary Editors*

VIRGINIA HEIDENKAMP, 1944      GRETCHEN FULLER, 1945

ALMA MASTRANGELO, 1944      SALLY LEAVITT, 1945

ANN CADMUS, 1944      HILARY PATERSON, 1945

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## EDITORIALS

A world without movies is quite conceivable. Living would not be affected by the loss of the motion picture industry. Progress would be stimulated, for the movies are a source of hindrance rather than a means of advancement.

Today people are relying too greatly on the movies for their enjoyment. In the days of our grandmothers, when such things as movies were non-existent, the world managed to get along rather well. Escape from the cares and ordinary problems of living was found in other ways of amusement. People were not bored with life, but they found it invigorating and exciting. The reason for this is that life was not exaggerated or "built up" for them, as it is in the movies of today. We have portrayed in the motion picture too much glamor, and, on the whole, a general sense of non-conformity to life. We are left with an exaggerated feeling of grandeur about the way others live, but when actual observation reveals the truth, our dreams are shattered, and a sense of depression is the outcome. The result of this is that we are filled with a strong desire to see more of

this glorious way of living. Other forms of recreation will not satisfy our thirst for excitement, so obsequiously we turn again to the local movie house.

The movies produce a serious effect on children. Each Saturday and Sunday afternoon and throughout their vacation period the youth of America literally crowd the motion picture theaters. The matter of attendance seems to be a force of habit. Most of them are unaware of all that the picture denotes. Few parents care to inconvenience themselves to the state of being selective in the choice of movies that their sons and daughters are to see. They claim that the children are "out of the streets" for half a day—the parents do not have to worry about other ways of providing them with amusement.

As a source of knowledge the movies are not very helpful. The pictures that may be classified as "educational" are relatively few and far-between, and even these are not entirely characteristic of this term. Again there is a type of exaggeration present. The material is presented in such a way that it is difficult to distinguish between the true and false elements. This is not an enrichment of knowledge and the amount of actual information gained is exceedingly small and trivial in comparison to the erroneous conceptions inflicted on their minds.

Without the movies the people of the world would become better educated. They would turn to books and newspapers, and from these sources they would acquire information which would be of more value. This increasing demand for better literature would inspire more people to write. Thus progress would be attained in education.

Movies would be missed at first, but new inventions would be made and this would counterbalance the loss. We would all have more time to engage in worth-while undertakings, and more advancements in science, medicine, music, and art would gradually become apparent.

The only persons who benefit by the movies are the great producers and a small class of actors and actresses, and their benefit is of a financial matter only. The large sum of money that is spent annually on the movies could be devoted to a better and more worthy cause.

A.J.M.

Are men and women equally gifted? Why do men almost always seem "more intelligent," more interested in the "important things" of life? Why is it that real women of intellect rarely appear in the limelight; and the overwhelming majority of the engineers, designers and scientists, as well as the professors, are men? In most cases it is not a question of opportunity, as almost all the universities and schools welcome students of both sexes. Then must it be concluded that women are naturally inferior mentally after all?

Fortunately, this worry is soon put aside. Intelligence tests show that there is almost the exact proportion of women geniuses to that of the more publicized males. In high schools and co-educational colleges the boys and girls usually have equal records, and often the girls excel. What does become, then, of the large number of good women students?

Strangely enough, brilliant women are often looked on askance; and to be called "brainy" is almost an insult. Men are somehow supposed to prefer sweet and simple women; and this is partially true, as no man wants to be intellectually dominated—he wants to do the dominating. Therefore, many brilliant women rather disguise the fact, so that at first glance they may seem very average and not particularly keen. Some with very good potentialities end their education when it has just begun, fearing that they will become the stereotyped spectacled, absent-minded and unattractive creature that is the popular conception of a woman genius. Thus many possible future Madame Curies may have come to an untimely end!

Of course this genius has to go somewhere when denied the usual outlet of study and learning. In the average household it is pretty difficult to find this outlet. One can read and keep up with world affairs; but usually there is not much time for this. Dishwashing is hardly a task to bring out a woman's brilliance. There are certain daily jobs that every housewife, dull or intelligent, must do; and while doing them all women seem alike. If the honor college student is lucky enough to have some leisure time, though, her neighbors can see she is different from another housewife. She is apt to be the best-informed woman in her community, interested in world affairs and current happenings, and having at least a few sensible opinions about the income-tax and politics. Her talents, while not so obvious-



ly displayed as those of a famous woman doctor, are still there. But they must be used to remain!

This is a rule that is applicable everywhere—that disuse decays things. Suppose the woman has absolutely no time to use her mind, and is “just too busy” to do any reading of sorts. Eventually she will become like other housewives, and a more or less automatic worker; pleasant, but not very scintillating. But where this lack of leisure is not too prevalent, there must be some channel that the woman genius can put her mind into. The most important and natural one is that of teaching her children. If a child is surrounded with the right attitude toward learning from an early age, he has a wonderful start in life. A mother can do irreparable good or harm in the first six years of a child’s life, because the pre-school age is supposed to be the most impressionable of all. If he is brought into contact with the right books and all the other fundamentals by a careful, and above all, tactful, mother, a promising child can be given an influence that will shape his whole life. Geniuses come from just such homes as this, and are made—even if they are born intelligent.

S.D.L.

\* \* \*

The vespers program at which a Catholic priest, a Protestant minister and a Jewish rabbi spoke from the same platform was one of the best we have had this year. Many of us went to the meeting not knowing what to expect, wondering, perhaps, if there would be manifest attempts at conversion and with a half-formed conviction that the minister whose faith corresponded with ours would present the most convincing ideas. Instead, we found ourselves instantly reassured by the evident spirit of friendliness. It would be difficult to say which speaker appealed to us the most.

The program was outstanding because, instead of giving us but one point of view, it clearly demonstrated how slight are the differences over which great controversies have been waged in the past and how closely the ideals of the three faiths parallel each other. After hearing their comments on certain aspects of religion and their answers to our questions we shall in the future be less prone to ask ourselves how the members of another faith can possibly accept certain beliefs. While our personal beliefs remain unshaken, our respect for

faiths which we may have looked down upon before has been immeasurably increased.

In a period of marked racial and religious intolerance in many countries, it is highly satisfying to realize that three representatives of our major religions are able to discuss differences in doctrines and practices with such tact, good-humor and genuine esteem for each other as Father Ahern, Rabbi Cohen and Rev. Greeley revealed. If a talk such as this brings startling realizations to us, think of the effect it would have on a German, for example, who has been consistently taught that a question can have but one side and can be approached but from the German point of view. The unforgettable words, "You go to your church, and I'll go to mine, but let's walk along together," applied to social and economic as well as to religious problems, might well be the slogan of a successful post-war attitude among the peoples of the world.

M.H.T.

\* \* \*

## Souvenirs

At about ten o'clock in the morning the little group climbed down the side of the ship into the bobbing tender which was to take them ashore to the town of San Jose. It was a perfect day. The sky was a deep, flawless blue, and the sun made blinding flashes of light on the waves. The tender was filled with excited people. . . women in light summer dresses holding on to wide brimmed hats; men in white linen suits with cameras slung over their shoulders. A few were leaning over the sides, looking back at the ship, steadily growing smaller, or ahead at the town harbor, gradually drawing closer. But most of them were talking eagerly, like children, about their plans for the day ashore.

Tom McCann sat in the back of the boat with some friends, laughing and chatting. He was a tall, slender man, with a fair complexion and a friendly face. His chair was tipped back casually against the railing. One hand was buried deep in his pocket jingling the loose coins as he talked. In the other he held a brown leather camera case. Directly across from him were seated a young man and woman.

"Of course you'll spend the day with us, Tom," insisted Kay and

Johnny Moreland. "San Jose ought to be fascinating. The travel posters say it's the most romantic spot on the west coast. You can get some good pictures on a day like this too." The Morelands were a young married couple with whom Tom had struck up a friendship the first week or so on board ship. It was only a casual friendship, one of those that is likely to die out when the cruise is over and both parties have returned to their every day work and their own immediate circle of friends. In a few years the Morelands would be referring to him as "that nice young fellow from St. Louis" when they related their traveling experiences at a dinner party. But for the present, Tom and the Morelands were spending a lot of time together, and frankly enjoyed each other's company.

The tender pulled up along a wharf and every one climbed out, the women pausing to straighten their skirts and pin their hats more firmly on their heads. After making arrangements to meet on the same spot at three o'clock that afternoon, the crowd broke up, each group setting out by itself to see the sights of San Jose.

Once ashore it became suddenly very hot. The air was stifling and seemed heavy with a peculiar odor which rose from the streets. Tom and the Morelands hardly knew where to begin their sightseeing. For a short while they wandered tourist-like through the streets, peering into gloomy doorways, half expecting to find some secluded Spanish patio ablaze with color under the tropic sun. But all they could make out were the dirty interiors of rooms with scrawny children playing on the floor. Kay remembered that she wanted to buy some souvenirs to take home, so the three of them turned into a native shop. The counter was lined with trinkets. Tom looked them over scornfully.

"Why waste your time here, Kay? You can buy this stuff for ten cents at Woolworth's back home." But Kay felt she couldn't leave Guatemala without taking back something as a remembrance. She ended up buying a wooden cigarette box with the words "made in U.S.A." stamped clearly on the back. The shopping finished, Tom decided to take some pictures. But he soon gave up. There didn't seem to be any shots picturesque or colorful enough to be worth taking, and the natives themselves proved poor subject matter. Upon request they stood still for a minute, squinting foolishly at the camera. No sooner had it clicked than they would hold out their



palms impudently and mumble a few syllables, the meaning of which was only too clear. The sun was becoming unbearably hot. Tom, Kay and Johnny stood in the shade of a doorway wondering what to do next.

"I thought San Jose was supposed to be romantic," said Kay with a touch of disappointment in her voice. The three of them had just decided that they had seen everything there was to be seen, when they heard that there was an old, half-ruined cathedral just outside of town. So, for lack of something better to do, they set out to find it.

The church was located on a hillside overlooking the town. Its white stone masonry blazed in the scorching sun. At a fountain in the cobblestone court in front of the building, sat two Indian women, descendants of the ancient Aztec tribe. They had come to fill their water jugs, and were resting now, their bare brown arms folded in their laps. The scene was motionless and shadowless in the noon-day sun. Tom started across the court and up the broad stone steps. Just as he was about to enter the main door, he heard someone behind him mention matter-of-factly, "This cathedral was here in Columbus' time."

The phrase stuck with him. As he walked in out of the sunlight, he felt himself suddenly entering an entirely different atmosphere. In sharp contrast to the outside, the cathedral was cool, almost damp, and the light was so dim that it took him a few minutes to grow accustomed to it. But what struck him instantly was an indescribable atmosphere of age. Years, decades, centuries, were hidden in the creeping moss which covered the tottering pillars, in the great cracks of the smooth stone floor. The old church was deathly still, or rather, filled with a reverential hush. Tom walked softly down the main aisle, half afraid of reawakening some ancient relic of the past. In front of the altar he stopped. The vast dome above his head reduced him to complete insignificance. The cool, dark atmosphere, the faint odor of damp earth, the great crumbling stone pillars, and above all, the ringing silence, combined to give an impression of agelessness. Here time stood still! He bowed his head for a second out of sheer respect.

Their voices calling him from the outside broke the stillness. As Tom stepped out into the dazzling sunlight again Kay and Johnny told him that it was later than they thought, and that they were



starting back right away to the dock. Tom was dazed. He walked slowly, a vague, remote expression in his eyes. Kay looked up at him and laughed. "Snap out of it, Tom. I shouldn't think you'd be so disappointed at leaving a dull place like this. They don't even sell decent souvenirs." He was back in the present again...hot, uncomfortable, and slightly annoyed at the woman behind him who kept shoving to get the first seat in the tender.

VIRGINIA HEIDENKAMP, 1944

## Black Against White

The sun was hot that June morning, making beads of perspiration break out on the broad black forehead of Bob Jones, despite the fact that he had pulled his blue slouch hat far down to shade his eyes. In fact it was so hot that by the time his ambling gait had brought him the short distance from the parking lot, camouflaged with pine trees, to the metal gates of the large tank parts factory, his denim coveralls were clinging to his back. The heat did not bother Bob much, for, with the sudden rise in salaries in all the factories, he had just recently migrated North from a small town in Alabama. There, though he in general had his own way, he had been discontented with the lack of excitement in his life. He'd run away. His family had received a considerable shock when they'd heard he was working in a defense factory, but they soon lost track of him as he felt ashamed to own his humble origin by writing. Money and the North had gone to his head.

Pausing before the gates, Bob pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his brow, then fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. Empty! He nudged the man next to him and demanded one. This fellow worker was engaged in conversation with a blonde called Lily, and in an annoyed tone he replied insultingly, "Not for you, Nigger!" Lily, who affected to be from the South, tittered scornfully and taking the man's arm walked him away.

Bob slouched his shoulders even more and glared after them.

"Wouldn't gimme a smoke. As if ah nevah lent him one. Nevah thought he was bettah than me befo! Don't I make mo' money than

he? It's that Lily. She thinks she's so superior. Ah'll sho' her." Thinking this he reached in his pocket and took out a bottle of beer. Gulping some, he found it warm and flat from the sun. In anger that it should be so, and at the blow his ego had just received, he hurled it on the ground. A guard, seeing this, yelled out, "Be careful there, you Nigger! Want to hit someone? Hurry on inside."

Bob muttered something under his breath and strutted arrogantly to the line formed before the gate. Purposely he shoved against some white workers and squeezed himself ahead of them.

"Ah'll sho' 'em all!" kept running through his head.

Once inside the plant the familiar hum of machines greeted his ears. Everywhere the smell of grease and men at work permeated the atmosphere. Sullenly he slouched to his place, but he felt no desire to concentrate on his work that morning. Twice the man next to him told him he was behind, and who knows how many bad parts he let pass by heedlessly? His mind was preoccupied with one thought and he was practically unconscious to the world around him.

The noon whistle broke the monotony of machines, filing, smoothing, and sorting. Streams of workers poured forth to a large cafeteria and the air soon clouded with smoke, soon resounded to the buzz and laughter of conversation. Bob sat in one corner watching all, like a small sulky boy, and could not touch his lunch. His black face was a study of discontent and wounded pride. His eyes darted daggers at all the white men and scorned to notice the women. In his look was all the hatred his ancestors from darkest Africa must have felt when first subjected to the white man's captivity. He had formulated no plan of revenge in his mind. But he knew he must somehow show Lily she could not snub him.

Suddenly he saw her coming across the floor, alone. She was heading for the inner court where sometimes a band played. The sight of her. . . . Fury overcame him! She was swinging by him now, her head in the air. Without thinking he leaped up and stood in front of her.

"Have a weed, baby?" he said, trying to show how much he scorned her, hated her!

Lily was not afraid. She was too hard and callous. She was going to sweep by him when she thought, "If I scream it may be dramatic. I might cause a scene!" She screamed, a beautiful, ear-piercing

shriek. Doing this three times, she pretended to faint. Bob was dumbfounded, but before he knew it he was surrounded by men, white men. Something native in him, some savage hangover from his ancestors' hatred flooded all his being. He struck at them blindly! The crowd was growing now, more men, black and white, joined in. It was race against race, black against white. The women fled the dining room in panic, even Lily was frightened at what she had done, but no one now noticed that she had never been touched. It seemed to Bob an eternity before the police came. His head was bleeding and he had been knocked out twice already. He saw the sickening cloud of tear-gas and felt only shooting pain, then total darkness.

You may have read in the papers the next day about "those awful race riots." Of course the instigator was shot by mistake, but then he really deserved it. . . or did he?

BARBARA BEECHER, 1945

## Song to a Seagull

Strong bird of swift and angular wings  
Spread wide in flight over restless, sun-splashed seas,  
Poised on the crest of the east wind  
Before you circle downward in the silent, sunlit air  
Skim the shallow water near the shore,  
Skim across the docks and sand-bars,  
Rise on strong white wings;  
Spiral upward, upward still, and hover there,  
Then, slipping, descending, dip and wheel.  
Sweep higher than before,  
Wing to wing with the wind.

The sound of your flight is silence  
Save for a faint, feathered beating of the silent, sunlit air

JUNE LIVERMORE, 1945



## Nana's House

When Nana died I did cry, but I never wept for Nana herself because I never really knew her. I wept because with her died the magic and enchantment of her house. Nana was my great grandmother. She usually was in the library, enthroned in an immense chair. Her quantities of snowy hair fascinated and frightened me, but my memory of her is faint. It is for the house that I feel a deep nostalgic grief, and although it is eleven years since my sister and I gathered glossy red horse-chestnuts from two old trees which stood either side of the front door, I still feel regret for what is gone.

I remember only parts of the house, but I remember them with a strange intensity. There were the doorstops on the porch as I entered—two large stone frogs, they either goggled around the corner of the door or unblinkingly held it open.

Inside, the hallway was dark, and heavy with the particular heaviness of propriety and stability. At the end of this hall a white staircase flew up in a breath-taking curve. Imperceptibly, yet surely, it lifted my mind from the clawed mahogany chair legs; readily I traced its spiralling curve, glad to forget the green-eyed mountain lion rug growling at my feet.

On the right of the hall was the parlor. Its tall windows rose directly from the floor, and through them I caught glimpses of solid white columns, and then the street. At one end of the room was a mirror flanked by two tall vases ornamented with bouquets of hand-painted flowers and with fragile glass frills about the neck. In the mirror I seemed to see polite, formal ladies drinking tea by a marble fireplace which was certainly never guilty of a vulgar fire. They lifted their teacups in inane, futile gestures and sipped delicately with lips that wore very small, brittle smiles. The chairs they sat in restated complacently their utter and absolute fitness. I never saw Nana in the parlor. It was an uncomfortably formal room.

Across the hall was the library. Rich amber sunlight came through a huge bay window at the west end, giving the whole room a gold tone—like a picture by some Venetian painter. The andirons on the black marble fireplace winked at me and helped dispel my feeling of inadequacy as I gazed at the rows and rows of leather-bound books



and the solemn importance of a Webster's, enshrined in a calf-skin binding. The low murmur of Nana's and mother's voices filled me with a pleasant lassitude, making the tawny sofa pillows embroidered with poppies, the blinking brass andirons, the black walnut bookcases and the marble-topped table swing round me in a slow, sweet, languid rhythm. Beside Nana was always her button box, and when I tired of the voices I could amuse myself by looking for my special buttons. One was deep blue—the blue of distant mountains just after the morning mists have been burned away. It had specks of red and gold ingrained in it, like a mosaic in some Byzantine church. The other button was shining, translucent gold—a many faceted, yellow diamond. I suppose it was glass; but with the sun shining on it, it became a king's ransom.

Outside the window hundreds of Jack-in-the-Pulpits clamored for entrance. Clad in surplices of dark brown mottled with green they preached their sermons in shrill voices from canopied pulpits.

Sometimes, if Mother and Nana were still talking, I was allowed to go to the barn where my great grandfather's horses had been kept. Over one box stall a name was left, "My Leaf." I never want to know what "My Leaf" really looked like. For me she remains always a bright apple green with lime high lights and emerald shadows. She neighs proudly, waiting for someone to come from the grey house, massive behind its four substantial white pillars.

The skeleton of the house still stands. They have even spared the white staircase, but the two "apartments" which it connects are alien and strange. It would be hard to think of ladies sipping Chinese tea. My great grandmother's house is gone. We tried to transplant some Jack-in-the-Pulpits, but one by one they withered slowly and died; and "My Leaf" waits forever under the weeping willow tree.

NANCY McIVOR, 1944

## There Are Many Kinds of People

It's strange, isn't it, how it's the unpleasant things that one remembers the longest, and how all the pleasant and happy memories are crowded out by one ill-timed thought? Perhaps, though, all the unhappy moments were made to be remembered for something that has been learned from them.

I shall always remember a bright, vibrating day in June. All was right with the world. I was thirteen, and oh so very happy, for I had been invited to lunch—alone—with the fashionable and talented guest whom we had entertained the night before. She had been so brilliant. She knew everything, I knew she did, and her dress was perfection, and the style of her hair. She had never made any mistakes in her whole life. She never will either, I thought, for she's the kind of woman that can be termed a success in life. And I was going to lunch with her. You're going to lunch with her, you're going to lunch with her, sang all the birds, and the breeze took it up, and the leaves rustled it out, and the whole world was happy, because I was so gloriously happy and proud.

A little later, while riding along on the all too slow bus, I did have tiny pangs of apprehension; small fearful questions I asked myself. What shall I talk about? Will I be able to keep up my end of the conversation? What shall I order? But I had arrived. She was waiting for me at the table in the restaurant she had chosen for our meeting place. She was all that she had been the night before, shining up-swept hair, tiny deception of a hat, modish suit. I felt so proud, walking along, head held high, toward her. Greetings were exchanged and the meal ordered. Somehow in the course of our conversation, I blurted out, "You're so wonderful." I could have bitten my tongue for it. It was so childish. Then she laughed and laughed, and she said, "My dear child." I don't like people who say "My dear child." "My dear child," she said, "how typical of someone young. No, I'm not wonderful, dear. There is no one in this whole wide world you can term as being wonderful." I didn't understand.

"Let me tell you something." She paused and I took a deep

breath. I had no more fear of a lag in the conversation. "You're very young," she went on, "you have so much to learn." Pretty soon, I thought, I shall become difficult. "People who have reached great heights of achievement have not reached them by honest means; it's too difficult to do that. To be great and wonderful as you put it, to attain these heights by good and truthful means, you must fight and bite and kick the whole way. You must fight temptation, and bite the crusty bread of life and the taste is bitter, and you must kick away all the fraudulent and deceptive tools that come your way. No, it's not easy. It is much, much simpler to walk over the weak, to cheat and reach the goal, and become rich and powerful. Then nothing can be done against you. You are the tops." She paused, and with her little finger she began brushing the crumbs on the table into a small heap. "Yes, that's the method that is often used. The world is filled with that type of successful man and woman. Nothing can be done about it. They're here to stay. You, child, will have no more say in this world than that—that fly on the wall, unless, you, too, follow their example. Life is very difficult. You might as well wake up to that fact now. I, also, have no more future ahead of me than that fly, because that is what is expected of me. I shall someday die. That, also, is expected of me." She laughed. Her voice went on, and it suddenly became a very disagreeable one to me. It was no longer low and enchanting. It was droning and unwanted. Disillusion, surprise, fear, indignation, wonder, hurt—all came tumbling over me, surrounding me with a dark puzzling fog. Through a slit in the fog I seemed to see my whole life. It isn't true what she is saying, I thought. There is my life, and it is like a soft piece of clay, and I can . . . can I make of it what I will? Can I be successful? Can I fight temptation and kick away all the fraudulent and deceptive tools that come my way? When I bite the bread of life, will I find it sweet? Then came a moment of indignation, of stubbornness. My parents did that, they to me are wonderful. My friends will do that and their friends, they will all be wonderful. Our clay will have a strong foundation and it will not then easily fall and break as hers will, and it will not soon begin to crack from all the hammers of cheat and hate that have been hurled against it. For is there not just as much good as bad in the world? So did I try to encourage myself. But the sun had stopped shining. There was



still the fog, and from it, seeping in between all the attempts of encouragement, came those unfriendly doubts.

But all this time she had been talking. "So you see, wonderful people are not really wonderful. There have, of course, been some, Abraham Lincoln, Madame Curie, et cetera, but they are past, and they were a minority. They had high ideals and so forth, but oh how they struggled and worked! I once made up my mind never to struggle, physically, and I never have, nor will I ever. Things will come my way from now on, now that I've learned. I know—Oh dear!" She had glanced at her watch, and now she jumped up. "I didn't realize it had become so terribly late. I'll pay the check on my way out and you can sit here and finish. This has all been so nice, hasn't it? I do hope we'll see each other again." She patted my cheek and her hand was smooth and her fingers soft. They were cool. "Bye," I said, "Thank you." It was an ironic thank-you. She was gone. Nothing was left but the pile of crumbs—and the fly on the wall. I watched it...and I felt cold.

TERESA MASTRANGELO, 1944

## My Soul Thirsteth

The dark outline of the house could be discerned by the pale yellow glow of the moon. It stood against the sky with nothing behind it but acres of newly-sown fields of corn, a lonely place in which to live but just like thousands of other middle western farms.

The night had been so hot that the sudden breeze which rustled the organdy curtains and cooled the sheets woke Janet Martin. A cloud had passed over the moon and she strained her eyes in the darkness, sensing a change. The air felt electric, as if something were going to happen, and she leaned back against the pillow and waited expectantly. Then she heard the gentle, persistent drops of rain, caressing the leaves and making a prickly sound as they fell softly on the ground. There was a difference in the atmosphere already, and breathing the fresh moist air she sighed happily and went back to sleep.

The smell of waffles filled the room when she awoke the next morning. They were having them for breakfast, and Janet felt ex-



ceptionally happy as she went downstairs. She was just about to sit down at the table when something outside the window caught her eye; the stillness of the trees, or was it the dusty cloud that hung over the road? She was puzzled and her heart sank as she realized the wonderful sound of rain had all been a dream.

She sat dejectedly as her father talked about the lack of rain, and didn't even eat the crisp light-brown waffles that had always been her favorite. She procrastinated about going to school, not feeling like the two-mile walk in the heat, but her mother hurried her along and she sulkily gathered her books together.

Once on the road she felt the sun beat down mercilessly. She kicked stones ahead, first with the right foot, then with the left, a lonely and almost pitiful figure. Two long braids swung from under her battered straw hat and her thin body moved with an awkwardness typical of eleven-year-olds. Arriving at the unpainted school house she took her place at the back of the room, avoiding the chattering groups in the play-ground. When the bell rang she looked up and smiled shyly at the children coming through the door but they didn't notice her. It always was like that.

The week dragged by, and at its end came the day of commencement, stiflingly hot. Seated between her mother and father in the small auditorium and watching the graduating class, Janet felt almost suffocated. She twisted and turned and tried to think of something, anything to get her mind off fainting. The memory of the dream of rain came back to her and she relaxed, every detail apparent to her senses. She sniffed and could smell the pungent odour of wet earth, and hear the bubbling of water in the drain pipe. Closing her eyes, she shut herself off from the droning voice of the graduation speaker and was in a world of her own; a cool gentle world, without blistering heat or raw cold. All the hurt and bewilderment of her life was gone and only a calm serenity remained. Too soon the exercises were over and she was pushed into the car in order to get home in time for dinner.

Mr. Martin discussed their summer plans that evening. He was worried about the crops and apologetically told Janet that it would be impossible for her to go to camp. She didn't mind, for she had never liked the idea anyway. She had thought that it would be frightening to be so far away from home and with strange people.

Her parents always seemed to be planning things for her to do, eager for her to have wider interests. Didn't it ever occur to them, Janet thought, that they had never had any advantages and still were perfectly happy? Why, then, did they save the precious money to buy her a dress to wear to a party which she had never wanted to attend in the first place? It was her mother, she knew, who kept pushing her ahead. Her father was too unimaginative and concerned with his work really to bother about her needs one way or another. At any rate, the prospect of a summer at home was not distasteful to her.

A few mornings later she woke up earlier than usual and became conscious of the unexplicable sound of a soaking rain, so light it was like rose petals or even snow falling to the dry earth. She couldn't really hear it; she just knew it was there. Not like her dream which refreshed and enlightened, this was just an awareness of nature.

Lying quietly, she let her thoughts drift. She compared herself with her friends and wondered why everybody in the world was different from everybody else. Perhaps it was only she who loved to sit under a locust tree and hear it whisper, or lie on a soft bed of pine needles and gaze at dark branches against a brilliant blue sky. It seemed that most of the children who lived in the town spent their hours tormenting each other, and enjoyed doing it. Janet was confused, and worried, but her father's voice from the yard interrupted her reverie. She was annoyed and did not answer, but now fully awake she opened her eyes. The sun poured across the floor making iridescent patterns and the sight startled her. Somehow it had never occurred to her that it wasn't still raining, but again when she looked out of the window she saw the cottonwood trees, motionless and coated with sandy dust.

As the days became more oppressive Janet felt dejected and listless. Her mother's picnic suggestions sounded tiresome and her father's patience grated on her nerves. She wished they would keep to themselves and leave her alone and above all not talk. She couldn't stand answering their petty questions and being teased about her bad temper. She wished they would stop harping on the subject of her disinterested attitude and leave her alone. All she wanted to do was to lie in bed and hear that bewitching sound of rain, to smell that earthy smell, to feel that cool moisture enveloping her.

Each night the thought became more vivid, each morning she ran to the window, sure that at last it had come, each day she grew more within herself. She loved to splash in the parts of the brooks that were not dry, imagining that they had been made by rain, and when the air was heavier than usual, she watched the sky continually for signs of storm clouds.

When she went to town she questioned people about other parts of the state. Had there been rain anywhere? Did they know if the weather forecasts were reliable? When she found someone who had been farther east, she pestered them to tell her what the grass looked like, how the air felt, whether the nights were cold and above all, had there been any rain storms? Her desire to know became an obsession. She bothered everybody and the neighbors even went so far as to suggest that Mrs. Martin take her to a doctor.

Janet was indignant and broke down in tears in front of her family when they mentioned this. She fled to her room, sobbing, and beat her pillow in mortification. If it only would rain, she could be completely happy. She even prayed to God but ended by weeping again in self-pity. Finally, completely exhausted, she fell asleep.

She dreamt that she was running, running up hill and trying desperately to reach the top. There was something there that she wanted more than anything else and she dared not stop. The tears were streaming down her cheeks, her breath came in dry gasps, but still she kept stumbling and struggling to get there. Then she realized that her clothes were wet and heavy; wind and rain were beating against her face and she felt completely exhilarated. Her sides ached and her eyes were blinded but she knew she was almost at the peak. One last push and she fell, panting, a wave of relief spreading over her. This is what she wanted, had always wanted; to lie on top of the world, away from everybody, pressed close to the damp earth with her nose buried in the sweet smelling grass; to doze off with the rain lapping her cheeks, washing away her tears and covering her body. Her whole soul was filled with an absolute contentment; she felt submerged in the water and breathed deeply to possess it completely. With a last fleeting sensation of light happiness she slipped into darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The clap of thunder had woken Mr. Martin and now he came



running upstairs to tell Janet. He knew she would be excited about the storm and would want to see it from beginning to end. He burst into the room and turned on the lights, then stopped as he saw how peaceful she looked. He was overcome by a feeling of tenderness for his only child whom he could never understand. He wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her. Then he noticed her damp forehead and clothes. He couldn't believe she'd already been out. She looked so perfectly calm; too calm. He became panicky, couldn't believe it but he knew it was true. The rain had come at last and taken her away.

HILARY PATERSON, 1945

## Spring

No more hats,  
The flags are down.  
Crackers, coke,  
Are bought downtown.

Baseball, track,  
Eight hours, no less.  
Wishful thoughts,  
A free day? Yes!

Cotton dresses  
A month too soon;  
Nets go up,  
Tennis—the tune.

This is it:  
The same old habit.  
Signs of spring—  
At least, for Abbot!

ALMA MASTRANGELO, 1944



## Sowberry Begin

The screen door slipped from my hasty fingers and shut with a surprised little start. I ran barefooted across the lawn, leaving dark marks on the silvery-damp grass. The early sun glinted on the waves until it turned the Sound into a big diamond, almost too bright to look at, and a flock of sandpipers fled in jerky alarm across the last sand bar as the smooth wash of the incoming tide threatened to obliterate their funny little, three-cornered tracks. Sowberry would be waiting for me, so I ran down the deserted beach by the water's edge where the damp sand was firm beneath my thudding feet.

I had known Sowberry since I was very small, since the days when I had called him "Mr. Bacon." He and his wife were in charge of the lighthouse a mile or so from our summer cottage, and he was also fisherman, renter of boats, odd-jobber and beach-comber. Unlike the fictional lighthouse keeper, however, he did not lead a lonely life, nor did he tell tall tales about pirates in the Caribbean, nor spend much of his time gazing through a telescope, and he would have been utterly baffled had he been required to place a full-rigged ship inside a bottle.

The Begins had no children but had adopted four waifs whose parents had been lost in wrecks or under similar circumstances. One had been found, a tiny baby, lashed to a plank with its drowned mother, on that very beach. He is now, if I remember correctly, a pilot in the Norwegian Navy. These adopted children had all grown up years before so Sowberry and I formed a great friendship. He could swear like a sea captain's parrot, but he always took wonderful care of me. One of my earliest memories is of going to the clam bars with him when I was quite young, of hearing the scrape of the fork against a rock, of getting the smell of dark sand he turned up and of seeing the way the long-necked clams squirted when he struck them. A few years later he taught me to sail our sloop, "The Duckling," and used to give me wonderful, twisted shells that roared like the ocean when I held them to my ear. Sowberry could find all sorts of interesting things along the beach—once even a valuable piece of ambergris—while my finds, odoriferous star-fish

and shells of horseshoe crabs, that I dragged proudly home after similar expeditions, remained unappreciated and were generally hastily delegated to the back porch.

Sowberry would meet almost anyone's definition of a "character." He was frequently seen returning from a trip to town with a jug of the strongest hell-fire-and-brimstone whiskey available. Since my father knew that for all his blistering vocabulary Sowberry never touched a drop, he asked him one day what he did with it. Old Sowberry became as grave as a judge. "Well, I pour a little into my sea-boots every morning—keeps the fog out of my feet. Sixty-nine years, and I've never had a bit of rheumatism." For years after I heard that story I used to regard those boots with horrified fascination, but they never burst into the long-awaited flames.

The Begins were such an important part of every summer to me that it was impossible to imagine the beach without them. Somehow, another season had passed, September had crept upon us in its usual furtive manner and we were to go home that afternoon. I had risen early because I wanted to go out with him once more in his boat when he brought in his nets. As I came puffing around the edge of the cove I saw the fat, white lighthouse with Sowberry's jerry-built but comfortable house next to it, like a doll's dwelling in comparison. I knew he would not have gone without me, but it was a relief to see his snub-nosed little boat drawn up on the beach and Sowberry himself tinkering with the engine. He unfolded his great height and bellowed a greeting as I came jumping across the barnacle-encrusted rocks, his tanned and leathery face breaking into a million smile-wrinkles. "She ain't quite a-ready yet, Marge," he shouted, jerking his thumb toward the boat, so I went around to the kitchen, past a row of the finest hollyhocks to be found on the Sound in summer, to say good-morning to Mrs. Begin.

Where Sowberry was tall and browned, she was short and round and pink. She mothered everything in sight, and it was necessary to walk carefully over her spotless floor to avoid stepping on a stray dog or cat with a litter of kittens that was likely to be stretched out near the big, black wood-stove which fairly spelled comfort on a foggy morning. She expected people to be in a constant state of starvation and this morning, as Sowberry's engine gave a few preliminary barks, she pressed a big square of dark, spicy gingerbread

into my willing hands. "Here, you had breakfast early. And have a good time!"

Unnecessary warning! I clambered over the oars and settled myself in my favorite seat in the bow, the motor sputtered to itself and we roared off. The choppy waves split and rushed to either side, spanking the boat and sending spray all over me. It was salty and good on my lips. I hung my hand over the side and felt the water tug at my fingers. Behind us, a long curving furrow marked our course. When we neared the buoys, Sowberry cut off the motor and began to row, the oarlocks protesting monotonously and the wet blades shining in the sun. In the silence, we suddenly became aware of the discordant gulls which perched on the end of the breakwater, hurling maledictions at these invaders of their private fishing-grounds. I trailed a line in the water but all I caught was a blowfish, a funny little black and white fellow that inflated himself to the proportions of a portly gentleman in a dress suit when I took him from the water. Sowberry kept his eyes on the dim blue line that was Long Island and I hoped that, if I kept quiet, a story might be forthcoming, perhaps about a wreck, or a friend of his who kept a lighthouse farther down the coast. Whatever he told, it was sure to contain a joke somewhere, for Sowberry loved to laugh, and his great chuckle (for his idea of a confidential tone was somewhere between a bellow and a roar) would send the gulls wheeling up in startled flight.

We reached the nets, and when they broke the surface of the water, dark and dripping, I hung over the edge of the boat in my excitement. In spite of the fact that even Sowberry had never seen a pirate, to my mind, the dim, green depths of the Sound were as good a place as any for a sunken Spanish galleon and I never ceased to hope for a piece of eight. Today, however, the treasure was only a run of bluefish, and before long the bottom of the boat was covered with them, squirmy and silvery. I drew up my bare feet and was glad that fish couldn't crawl like crabs, although I never would have admitted this squeamishness to Sowberry.

Before we said good-by we talked about the paint job he was going to do on "The Duckling" and the clam roast and all the other things we would have next summer. As I went down the path he stood there on the rocks, as tall and sturdy as ever, but the point



suddenly seemed bleak and lonely and the September wind cold. The curling, silver-edged waves sucked greedily at the beach, and the crouching rocks were dark and unfriendly to my eyes. I turned and waved once more. . . .

It was only a week or two later that the hurricane struck, and the Begins were washed out to sea by one of the great tidal waves that changed the whole shape of the beach. I can only be glad that it was something big and rugged and powerful like Sowberry himself which had to overcome him in the end.

MARGARET TRAVIS, 1944

## Citation

Sergeant Alec Graham closed the door against the dark outside and walked across the stone floor of the orderly room of General H. Q.'s hastily converted, abandoned Italian house. He lowered his pack to the floor and stood silently for a few minutes leaning against the rough whitewashed wall next to the orderly's desk. His uniform was badly wrinkled, mud-spattered and torn in several places. The American flag sewed on above his stripes was covered with dirt. His boots were caked with mud, and his face and helmet streaked with it. He took off his helmet and rested his head on the wall; his face, unguarded in complete exhaustion; was very young.

The orderly, a young P.F.C., entered the room and the Sergeant looked up, raising his hand briefly in greeting, then let it fall to his side, as if the effort cost him too much.

"The Colonel will see you in a few minutes," he said cheerfully, then seeing the haggard tenseness of the Sergeant's face, spoke softly. "Hey, take it easy, he won't kill you. . . . Lordy, you look all fagged out. Been up North, huh? Where all the fighting's going on! An' look at me stuck in H.Q.'s! A regular maid! Oh well, that's life for you." He talked while sorting papers on the cluttered desk, and didn't seem to mind the uncommunicative silence.

A Captain came out and walked rapidly towards the door, returning their salutes as he went.

"O.K. now." The Orderly jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

The Sergeant nodded and opened the heavy wooden door. He came to attention inside, saluted, and stood waiting in front of his com-

mander's desk. The Colonel, white haired, his face lined and old looking in the dim light, looked at him thoughtfully.

"At ease, Sergeant." He paused and lit a cigarette. "You're probably wondering why I sent for you. I'll make it brief. You're up for a citation because of what you did a few weeks ago when we had to take that village of V—in a hand to hand fight at night. Your actions were brought to my attention by Lieutenant Stevens. I saw him in the Evacuating Unit Hospital a few hours ago, and he told me the whole story."

The Colonel took a typewritten sheet from a pile of papers, and began to read.

"To Alec Graham, Sergeant, U. S. Infantry, a citation for bravery in action. At complete disregard for his personal safety, he led his detachment calmly and efficiently when his commanding officer was severely wounded. They reached their objective, and held it until reinforcements came."

The Colonel put the paper down and looked at the boy standing in front of him. He saw the tense, mud-streaked face with a stubble of blond beard, and the dark lines of exhaustion under his eyes.

"I'm proud of you Sergeant, you've served far beyond the call of duty—gladly, courageously. You don't feel any glory, you're too tired. . . Smoke?" He offered him a battered pack of cigarettes.

The Sergeant took one, lighted it, and exhaled slowly, watching the blue smoke curl and disappear. "Thanks sir." His voice was husky.

The Colonel was thumbing through a folder of newspaper clippings. Presently he took several out and laid them on the desk. He began to read them slowly, matter-of-factly.

"Playboy son of millionaire in nightclub riot, lands in jail." . . . "Society boy and gay friends cause sensation at Premier by appearing in bathing suits." . . . "Alec Graham, dashing young member of Cafe Society, will have to put by top hats and gorgeous blonds upon induction into Army next week." . . . "Graham and friends cause disturbances during course of nightclub journeys. Last fling for young 'smart-Alec.'"

There was no sound in the low ceilinged room. Then the dull rumble of gunfire and the droning sound of bombers penetrated the silence.

"That's all over with, sir, that's all gone by. They said I was a 'no-good' and I wanted to prove to them—and myself—that I wasn't. And . . . and I thought only of the glory of it until something happened. A friend of mine, my corporal, was killed right next to me. I . . . he . . . he sort of slipped down and didn't yell or anything. My God, sir, dying isn't glory. Not in the mud when you're afraid, not in the dark, it's not glory!" He spoke with a harsh fury, and sweat broke out on his forehead.

"Take it easy, son. I know how you feel, I've felt the same way, most of us do at one time or other. You'll feel better after a little sleep and something to eat."

The Sergeant brushed his arm across his face and straightened up. "I'm sorry, sir, it's only—only like you said. I guess I'm tired. I can get some sleep on the truck going back."

"Going back? You don't have to, you know. You've been slightly wounded before and deserve a good rest."

"Yes sir, I know, but I'm in charge up there now, and I'd rather be with the boys."

The Colonel shook his head a little wonderingly. "They say a good, tough C.O. shouldn't praise his men too much, but son, you've got what it takes."

"Thank you, sir." The Sergeant was a little embarrassed.

The Colonel cleared his throat, ground out his cigarette and resumed his official composure.

"That's all, Sergeant, good luck, and—and—dismissed!"

The Sergeant saluted sharply, turned on his heel, and walked stiffly to the door.

In the outside room the young P.F.C. grinned up at him from his desk. "Quite a session. Oh, a guy was here, said to tell you the truck was waiting."

"O.K. Thanks." He grunted a little, slinging his pack on his shoulders. He settled his helmet on his head, took up his gun, and crossed the room, his boot-heels scraping the floor.

The private looked after him, a puzzled expression on his face. Outside a truck started up, shifted gears, and rumbled off into the darkness. He shrugged his shoulders and began to whistle softly under his breath.



## Sunlight

Sunshine in the orchard,  
Gold upon the grass—  
Yellow-pale and slender,  
Swishing as I pass.

Dry white summer hotness;  
Crickets in the hay;  
Black-eyed susans winking—  
Coy, coquettish, gay.

All the world is wearing  
Saffron-colored dress  
Midas' hand has touched with  
Golden loveliness.

Gold hangs in the still air;  
Flash of oriole . . .  
Amber-yellow sunlight  
Permeates my soul.

NANCY McIVOR, 1944

## Painful Peace

For two days now a heavy fog had hung over the camp. The bell had not yet rung for the end of the recreation period but she left the main hall without being stopped by a guard until she reached the door of her barrack.

"What are you doing here? It is not yet time for you to return," he said, flashing a light on her face. It was an expressionless face—a face which had once had beauty and youthfulness in it but which now was only tired and wrinkled and bruised in several places. Her hair, which was pulled back tightly from her face, was grey, with the exception of a small section in the back.

"I came back early as I was tired, and was given permission."

He looked at her dubiously for a minute with his cold eyes, then abruptly said, "All right; go in."

She was pushed inside the door and walked slowly to her cot. She flopped down on it wearily and passed her hands over her face. Finally she got up, looked around to make sure that she was not being watched and cautiously brought out a piece of torn, yellowed paper.

“Dearest Son,

Tonight we hope to leave and shall look forward to joining you in that happy land you have come to love. Do not try to contact us or trace this letter. We have your address in our minds and will come directly to you.

Your father joins me in sending love.

Always your devoted  
Mother”

She put the letter in an envelope; sealed and addressed it. Standing up, she quickly put the letter in the shoe of her next door neighbor, then returned to her cot to wait.

She lay there trying not to think but uncontrollable thoughts went running around in her mind. “Suppose something goes wrong, suppose the truck doesn’t come? What have I forgotten? My money? No. Will my plan of getting out work; have others tried it and failed? Oh, I must not think of all this—just try to rest. Rest—how can one rest when the world is in such a turmoil?” And she drifted off to sleep to be awakened shortly with the return of the others.

He walked along the crowded street slowly, letting himself be pushed with the crowd. He was a tall, thin young man, at first glance still a boy, but with a closer look one realized his eyes were those of an older person—steadier, and still reflecting the pain he had gone through not too long ago. Presently two boys dressed in raincoats and dungarees came up to him and pulled him to the side out of the path of the crowd.

“You’re coming to the barn dance tonight, aren’t you, Jan?” said one.

“I do not know—I cannot dance the way you Americans do. No, I do not think so,” Jan said slowly but with finality.

“Oh, but you must,” broke in his companion. “Think of the fun you’ll have—it will remind you of your own country!”

Jan stood there uncertainly. His eyes had tears in them and for a

moment he looked as if he were about to cry. Then he said, "All right, I will come."

"Good!" cried the boys. "We'll see you there about eight. So long."

Jan walked away from them and disappeared into a store.

"It's a good thing he's coming. You know if he sat in his room all he would do is mope, and think of the past."

"Yes, the more we get him into, the more it will occupy his mind and take it off his family. Gee, it must be awful knowing they are over there but not knowing whether they are dead or alive."

"Yeah," said the other, his tone softening.

"Well," said the other, brightening up, "see you and Jean about 7:45. See you, boy."

Jan walked slowly up the steps of the dorm and almost bumped into a professor he was so absorbed in his thoughts.

"Good morning, Wojnilowicz."

"Oh, good morning Sir. I guess I wasn't looking where I was going," he stammered, reddening slightly.

The teacher passed him and he opened the door of his room. His roommate was out playing tennis and had thrown his things everywhere. On one wall was a board of Petty girls and snapshots. The other one was saved for a calendar with the months written in a foreign language.

He flopped on his bed and sat there for some minutes his eyes looking off into space. Then he roused himself, sighed and got up to dress for the party.

By nine o'clock everyone had arrived and the party was in full swing. Jan seemed to be enjoying himself but shortly after eleven when he happened to be talking to the same companions he had seen earlier in the day, he stopped speaking and his eyes resumed their far off look. Then he paled.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No. I think I better go home." He turned abruptly and hurried toward the door, but one of the boys followed him and stopped him.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you," he said slowly. "I have a terrible feeling something has happened." Jan walked out the door before the boy could say anything further.



A few months later, Jan went to his mailbox and found in it a newspaper carefully wrapped and addressed to him. He tore off the wrapper and glancing at the title saw it was in a language familiar to him. He ran up to his room and sat down to read it thoroughly.

He went over the entire paper page by page; each word in even the minutest article. At the end he sat there puzzled, wondering why someone would send him this paper. There must be a reason, so he began at the beginning and read it through again. This time something caught his eye. It was a poem by an unknown man, but two lines ran:

“Last night two more did enter there  
Where we would rather be than here.”

Jan tried to pick out the significance of these lines, but was unsuccessful. Finally in despair he gave up, saying he would not think of it. But no matter what he did he found the words haunting him.

Some days later he found a letter in his mailbox with a foreign postmark on it. He tore it open and saw his mother's message inside. Then suddenly he knew, and he hung his head and cried for what he had lost and what he had gained.

MARJORIE MILNE, 1945

## Père Artan

It clung to the mountain slope, a small church, held fast it seemed, only by the gravestones which pressed hard against it on the downhill side. A low, whitewashed picket fence surrounded the graveyard where two or three apple trees, squat and shrivelled as if the weight of the sky were too much to bear, made a strange contrast with the row upon row of slim, straight pines in the background.

My cousin and I went in for the first time on Easter Sunday. The Swiss are a religious people, and there, as every Sunday, the entire congregation was present, fifty in all. On such festive days, the bells continue to ring long after the people are in the church. Finally the two-note chorus ceased, and the minister appeared. If ever a church and a minister were made for each other, these two certainly were. Frail, aged, white-haired, he seemed no taller than a ten year old boy. His face, retaining the character of youth, had remarkable

strength. The expression was one of unending patience and kindness, although the eyes blazed forth a gaze almost fierce and highly intelligent. He spoke quietly and slowly and very distinctly for an old man, and he held his audience spellbound, although they had attended hundreds of his sermons before. When the service ended we were still so awed that we did not hear him approach. "My children," he said, "you are strangers. I want to welcome you to our village; may you find the happiness and relaxation which you seek." Thus, simply, were we accepted.

In the days that followed we often saw him visiting the parish, seeing to his garden, or ringing the bells. The latter occupation offered a delightful picture; that small sparrow of a man, looking a little foolish perhaps, was lifted in great jerks from the ground, but he always retained the calm and serenity of character which was his. One day, returning from a fruitless search for gentians, we met him on the road. He inquired as to how we had spent the day, and was amused and genuinely sorry that we had not fulfilled our wish. To our great delight, he suggested accompanying us on the morrow, and so was started a never-to-be-forgotten friendship.

We found his companionship the most wonderful to be had. His vigor in walking and in climbing surpassed ours by far, for his frailty was only in appearance. His mind was wonderful, too. His philosophy held no bitterness, only beauty, insight and kindness. God was a friend found everywhere: in nature, in people, and in animals; they were all, therefore, to be loved and understood. Never was a beggar, a traveler, a wounded creature turned away from his door; all were welcome. His cottage had only one room, and many were the nights he walked for hours in the bitter cold so as to leave a weary stranger in peace and quiet, until morning at least. Such was the man who accompanied us on many a day, showed us where the loveliest of flowers grew, where the best panorama could be admired, or some other thing of beauty found.

Wherever he went, his pipe and a well-worn book of English poetry accompanied him—his only material possessions, it seemed. He spoke English and four other languages fluently, beautifully, and without the slightest trace of an accent. This was very strange indeed for a minister in a forgotten village deep in the Swiss mountains, and we did our best to find out his life history, but no one, not

even the older villagers, knew anything about him. He had come some thirty years ago as a tourist, and never left. When the former minister had died no one had questioned his filling the vacancy, so his past remained a mystery. Except that his name was Père Artan, né Michel, which was undoubtedly French, we knew nothing. Once, only once, did we get a clue. We were resting during a climb on a stone ledge overlooking the valley, hundreds of feet below, and admiring the magnificent view. "It is beautiful," said the Père, "and so very dear to me. When I was young I worked very hard and travelled great distances but I never found what I was searching for. Then I came here. It did not take me long to realize that here I would find all I wanted from life, and more. My happiness has been complete ever since." But what did he find? Was it because he loved the beauty of nature here, or the people? Could it have been his profession? I am still trying to find the answer to that question, for what it was, he alone knew.

Spring turned into summer, summer into early fall. Flowers were rare, except for the myriads of rhododendrons which flushed the mountainside. Day and night the tinkling and tolling of cows' bells could be heard as they returned to their stables after summer months spent high in the mountain pastures. "I shall not write you, my children," said Père Artan, "for my life is a very simple one which you know only too well by now. As for you, you will be busy with other things, so I shall be patient and wait until your coming next spring."

We returned the following spring, eager and bubbling over with happiness. After leaving our belongings at the small chalet which had bestowed such genial hospitality on us a year ago, we hurried along the road to the church. Bursting in quite unreligiously, we cried out in unison, "Père Artan! It is we, your American children!"

But the minister who came forth was not Père Artan. He was young and clean-shaven, almost hard looking in comparison with the Père. "What is it you wish?"

"Père Artan, where is he?"

"Père Artan? Oh yes, he died last fall, and I was summoned to take his place. A strange man...! They found him on the ledge which looks down on the valley here. He had been reading English poetry.... Are you relations?"



"No—no. We were just friends."

"I see. I'm dreadfully sorry. If there is anything I can do . . . ?"

"Thank you, no. We must be going . . ." When we were outside, the brightness of the April sunshine was startling. We looked slowly about. There had been changes made. The moss was scraped off the pallid faces of the gravestones and many had been straightened. A brick wall, new and harshly red, was around the cemetery, and two of the old apple trees had been cut down. We should have known when we came. We should have guessed. Père Artan would never have done those things.

FREDERICA LANGE, 1944

## Fleur-de-Lis and Butterflies

It was Saturday night, another week over. The elevator ride down from the fifth floor's stuffy offices seemed an eternity, and she leaned wearily against the rail of the car. At last the elevator settled to a stop, her stomach did queer things; she stood upright.

"My soul is made of—What do you guess?  
Fleur-de-Lis and Butterflies."

She stood still, amazed. Funny, she hadn't thought of those lines in years! The elevator boy was anxious to leave work and was looking at her impatiently. She hurriedly stepped out.

On the pavement she stood still again. The afternoon sun was peering at her from between two skyscrapers and made little sparkling crystals on the sidewalk. The air was warm and soft, and a woman walked by wearing a flowered hat. It was Spring.

"When Spring says, 'Come!'—all of me says, 'Yes!'  
Fleur-de-Lis and Butterflies."

That verse again; it was one learned a long time ago, when she had been in school.

Against her will she was caught up in the wave that vanished down the subway entrance. Mechanically she slipped her nickel in the turnstile and got on the train, dropped down in the nearest seat and stared ahead of her. Strange, she didn't seem to mind the pushing

crowds tonight; she didn't even see them. She was all alone in that subway car jammed with people. But her mind was racing. Tonight, tonight she and her friends would go to some small café where no one knew them and where the food was unsurpassed. Then, she would go to the theatre. No, maybe a concert would be better. Afterward, they would go off on a gay jaunt, bursting in on all the people they knew, laughing, talking, having a good time.

Dimly, as if miles away, she heard someone murmur the number of the street. What did it matter? Tonight would be her night. And then . . . she remembered.

Slowly she got up and was pushed out of the car. Up on the street the gathering dusk had given everything a slate-blue cast. The shabby houses looked foreboding and the feeling of Spring seemed out of key. She walked up the steps of one of the houses, as if in a dream, a dream she knew too well, and opened the door, climbed four flights of creaking stairs, and opened another door.

The smell of something burning engulfed her as she closed the door behind her, and, matter of factly, she knew it was dinner. She stood still against the door a moment and shut her eyes.

"You're late."

Looking up, she saw her mother seated in an old upholstered chair whose stuffing was leaking out. She had a magazine in her hand which she lazily threw on the floor as she spoke. A dirty apron covered her torn dress and her hair was up in curlers. Her hair was always up in curlers and she always had on the same apron.

"I said, you're late," she repeated without getting up. "Well, where is it?"

The girl opened her pocketbook and laid her pay envelope on the table. Her mother reached over, pocketed the money, and settled back again.

A rasping cough filled the room, and looking into the corner she saw her father doubled up in his chair, wan and drawn, his whole body shaken with the spasm of coughing. She started towards him, but tonight. . . no, tonight she couldn't bear to look at his bewildered, patient eyes, to feel his bony hand clasp hers, as if for the last time. . . . It's just the Spring, she told herself.

The room was stuffy and the smell of burnt food nauseating. "You ought to open. . . ." But then, she knew it was no use. There



was a sharp pain in her head, or was it only her head? She walked to the window. On the sill there was a flower pot, empty. Two years ago about this time, when they had just moved to New York, she had bought the geranium on her way home. But a geranium needs care, watering. First the bloom had died, and fallen off. Then the green leaves had withered. The roots rotted, and finally, even the soil, little by little, had disappeared. An empty flower pot.

“Well, aren’t you going to set the table?”

She turned around and looked at her mother. She clenched her hands and then said very low, “Yes, I’m going to set the table.”

She ate, and said nothing at supper, and, afterwards, washed the stack of dirty dishes piled in the sink. Her father coughed.

“Oh, stop that everlasting coughing! It’s enough to drive anyone nuts.” Her mother’s voice from the chair was antagonizing, and, without looking, she knew her father’s face would be ashamed and he would try to keep the cough inside him.

At last the dishes were finished. She walked into her room. It was dark, blissfully dark. Not turning on the light, she undressed and put on her wrapper, walked over to the low window and knelt down. There, with her arms resting on the sill, she looked up. Above the red glow of the city she could just see the faint twinklings of the stars. They seemed so very far away tonight. Once they had seemed very near.

“I used to stand like this—  
Under the stars—  
And reach up with my hands”

She closed her eyes and lay her head on her arms. That was another verse learned long ago. When everything was new, when she was hopeful and eager, before her father had become ill, before—oh, she was tired! Before so many things. How did it end?

“But now I know  
That stars are much too far  
To let my spirit go.”

She looked across the way, at the flat that was near enough to touch. The sharp pain in her head was gone now, there was only a dull aching. She got up and walked across the small room. Slowly she got into bed. Tomorrow, Sunday, she would clean the house and



wash the clothes as she had done every Sunday, as she would do every Sunday.

In the next room her father was having another coughing fit and her mother was grumbling at him. She shut her eyes tight, as if to shut out the sounds too, the sounds she minded so much tonight. She dug her nails into her hands and murmured firmly to herself, "It's just the spring, it's just the spring."

ESTHER BUFFERD, 1945

## De Aestate

Complures viri amabantur Venere et mortales  
immortalesque. Haec est fabula amoris Adonis  
praeclarissima. Se rasit Venus olim, ludit  
dum fili cum telis forte Cupidinis cari.  
Vulnus sanabat non atque venenum venis  
non effundebatur cum vidisset pulchrum  
vividum Adonem adamavitque ipsum. Postea adesse  
semper ei gaudio maximo cupiebat soli  
ire et idem cum eo fecit quacumque iter. Ante  
omnia venatum diligebat Adonis pulcher  
atque gerens habitum venatricis Dianae  
ergo etiam cum eo Venus ibat. Quamquam autem amabat  
quoque Venus vehementer venatum, metuebat  
dilectum fera belua ne caederet Adonem.  
Factum est tandem ita. Adonem saevus aper mactavit  
olim cum discessisset Venus ex dilecto  
ut Iovem adiret. Magnopere aegrotavit Adonem  
concisum Venus, ut succedere tandem Iuppiter  
ab inferis anni sineret Adonem omnis sex  
menses, et Venere cum vivere amante quoque.  
Per sex eos menses igitur terra colit aestas.

MARJORIE HAMILTON, 1944

## The Piper of Blackhawk Valley

To most of the people who lived in the valley, Mister MacTavish was just an eccentric old man, a surly misanthropist who lived by himself in a tumble-down farmhouse that was the chief eyesore for miles around. Nothing was known of his past except that he had migrated from Scotland after the last war, and had bought the farmhouse ten years ago. He had no family connections that anyone knew about, and was rude and gruff when any of the villagers tried to be friendly. Rumor had it that he got drunk every night, and because occasionally shipments from chemical supply houses were sent to him, the more superstitious people believed that he was a witch doctor of some sort, and the children were instructed to avoid him at all costs. And so the old man lived, feared and suspected by the neighbors, living alone and liking it.

But to us, as children, he was a fairy godfather and idol combined. We spent the summer of '37 on a farm next to his. No one had told us about his reputation, and I doubt if it would have mattered if someone had.

My little brother and I were wandering up the road a few days after our arrival, when a wagon loaded high with hay came along. When we asked the man for a ride he stopped his horse and sat there for what seemed a very long time, looking at us, and then got down, and without a word lifted us up on top of the load. As we rode along, sprawled in the hay, we talked cheerfully at him—I say “at” because he seemed to be completely indifferent to us—telling him all about ourselves. He answered our questions in monosyllables and grunts, but he didn’t seem to mind our conversation. He drove the load into his barn, and we proceeded to help him unload it, although I don’t know how much help we were. Then he disappeared into his house without a word, and we went home.

That was the beginning of our friendship. I think he was amused by the antics of the scrawny ten-year-old girl and the chubby boy two years younger, and in time he began to look forward to our visits, keeping a box of cookies in the kitchen especially for us. We spent hours playing in the barn, and sometimes, as a special privilege, Uncle Jock, as we came to call him, would let us sit on the

back of the workhorse while he led it around. We also helped him with some of the farm work, weeding and hoeing in the garden in back of the house, or driving the two cows back and forth to the pasture. The time of day we liked best was just after supper. Uncle Jock would sit on the porch and tell us stories, pausing every now and then to light his pipe, or laugh at a joke, or to sink for a moment into a dream of the past. He told us about his youth in bonny Scotland, about his family and friends there, the beauty of the lake country and the wonder of the mountains. As he talked about these things, his voice would soften and he would lapse into a heavy burr that made him a little hard to understand until we got used to it. He knew wonderful stories about the "auld Scottish Chiefs" who led their followers to the mountains where they led a merry life indeed, stealing from the rich, helping the needy, and waging wars to the last man. And finally, as the sun was beginning to sink behind the hills, he would take down his bagpipes, and walking back and forth, he would skirl the tunes of the Highlands until the sun disappeared and we had to run in order to get home before dark.

How we loved those bagpipes! His father had used them as a Royal Piper, and his father had played upon them, and his father, and so on for unknown generations. I can see Uncle Jock now, a tall, slightly stooped man with a thatch of grey hair, his dirty old pants and shirt contrasted sharply by the rich colors of the tartan covering, his cheeks puffed out, marching back and forth in front of the house, and setting the valley resounding from end to end with the skirling and droning of the wild echoes. I don't remember now much of what he played, but my brother and I would hurry home in the gathering gloom with the echoes ringing in our ears and dreams of Rob Roy and his outlaws would fill our sleep. Sometimes Uncle Jock would play far into the night, until the villagers finally set a curfew for him and threatened to lynch him if he did not obey.

Uncle Jock was really an educated man, and had been to college. He had a great many books in his house, and many times I saw him reading huge volumes of Philosophy. He had specialized in Chemistry, and just for a hobby had set up a laboratory in one of the empty rooms. I think he let us see it only twice. It contained shelf after shelf of bottles and jars, all shapes and sizes, filled with fascinating chemicals. Uncle Jock got a great kick out of mystifying us with



some simple demonstrations. He said that he had worked with poison gases in the last war, but he didn't tell us much about it. He was still doing experiments of some sort, and when the wind was right we could faintly smell strange odors coming from his farm.

Then one sad morning Daddy told us not to go up to Uncle Jock's that day. Uncle Jock had been found by a farmer, sitting in his old chair on the porch with his bagpipes in his lap, dead. The villagers were sure that it was liquor that had finished him; they said good riddance, and thanked the Lord there'd be an end to the eternal racket of the bagpipes; but I was heartbroken. I had never seen him drink anything stronger than water, and I was therefore sure that he never did; I was convinced that he had died of homesickness. The night before he died he had been telling us how he longed to go back to his home, and he had been making the whole valley ring with the drone of his pipes until the very treetops echoed.

But that night after we should have been asleep, I heard Dad and Mother talking. Dad, who had been up at Mister MacTavish's house all afternoon, was saying, "In the laboratory there was a wooden box and inside were some relics or keepsakes. Among other things, we found a German iron cross from the war, a citation in German to Jock MacTavish for services rendered in the field of chemical..." I couldn't bear to listen any longer. Slowly the significance of those words came to me. No wonder Uncle Jock had had to leave Scotland. This was the reason he kept so much to himself, for fear that the neighbors would find out about his past. The idea was appalling, and I sobbed my grief into my pillow for half the night.

The five days that remained until we went home were one continual ache of misery. Uncle Jock was buried in the little churchyard, forgotten and alone, and the valley seemed strangely quiet—even the villagers admitted it—without the sound of his pipes.

Last summer I was passing through Blackhawk Valley, and I stopped to see an old lady I had known. She told me that Old Mister MacTavish had been forgotten by almost everybody by this time. His possessions had been sold to pay the debts he had left, and she knew nothing about the old gaily-tartaned pipes. Even the house had been torn down; nothing remained but the cellar hole.

But suddenly she leaned forward confidentially and spoke in a low tone. "You know," she said, "sometimes I ain't so sure Mister

MacTavish ever really died at all. Sometimes 'round sunset I'd swear I could hear them bagpipes, soft at first, but getting louder and louder till the whole valley echoes with the skirling, just like it used to, and then it slowly dies out 'til everything's quiet again and you don't know whether you really heard anything at all."

CAROL PARADISE, 1944

## This Lament of Worlds

I have the feeling this lament of Worlds  
Has been spoken before,  
By pale lips  
In a dim past  
Shadowed by broken dreams;  
In a world seen created,  
And seen to crumble  
Into forlorn dust.

With "struggle" for a watchword,  
Pleas and cries unheard,  
Lust and greed for one man's end,  
In a monotone,  
Repeated again.

I have heard the hollow chanting before.  
Not during my existence.  
Before, when I was not living,  
But a dweller in some  
Atom-smashed atmosphere.  
I cannot explain  
Hearing it again.

Is it the dim past awakening  
Upon hearing the sullen roar  
Of warfare, slightly louder than before?  
Is it their lament for us, the living,

In steel handed struggle giving  
Less mercy than none at all?  
Is it a measured, mournful chanting  
Is it a lament flung like a banner,  
The tortured words proclaiming:  
"See our sweat born cities flaming,  
Feel our scarred earth's wretched shuddering  
From hot throated guns' eternal uttering.  
Hear our crying masses wailing  
In the growing dark, light failing."

Then let the banner sadly flutter  
Over the wasted land.  
While from afar is heard the sullen mutter  
Of a ragged band,  
Their lips grotesquely shaping  
This singing that I heard.

JUNE LIVERMORE, 1945

## Spirit of a City

Whenever I think of Santo Domingo, there is in my mind a clear and ineffable picture, full of peace, color and happiness. To reproduce this picture and the spirit of this city is beyond my power. The city needs to be painted, set to music or seen. But I shall try to give you a glimpse of this picture and of the passive, happy, and carefree mood which characterizes both the people and the life of Santo Domingo.

I wonder if any other city were ever filled with such striking scenes and such enchantment. Wherever one goes there are people playing and singing as if life involved no wearisome duties, as if care and worries did not exist.

In color and quaintness the old walled city with its narrow streets and many flower-filled plazas resembles a series of scenes from an opera, each more agreeable than the other, and all rejoicing in the possession of beauty. Here and there are groups of happy,



laughing men, women and children. The men's freshly ironed white suits shine and stand out in contrast with the many colors of the women's dresses and of the flowers which some wear in their black hair. These colors are surrounded by a glowing frame of low, wide-open, and amazingly colored old buildings. And above, far beyond the low houses, the cloudless sky is blue, transparent and greenish near the horizon, but blending upward to a more opaque color, a heavier, richer, almost purplish blue overhead.

As one walks down the narrow streets one catches glimpses of the cool, dim interiors of houses, of shiny tiled floors, of quiet patios where the hot sun shoots its dazzling rays upon the dancing water of a fountain or upon the vivid plumage of a parrot. Here one sees a big, lofty, empty living room with its colored, beamed ceiling; or there a single blossom dangling between shutters slightly opened to admit more breeze.

There is sound everywhere, too. In the side streets it may be the song of the *dulce* man advertising his candies which he carries in a fly screen cage; or the horn of the *refresco* man, pushing his gaudily painted, home-made cart; but back in the main thoroughfares the horns of automobiles going at full blast intermingle with the talk and laughter of crowds to cause excitement and confusion.

The center of all color and sound is the market place situated beyond two archways of an ancient Spanish wall. It hums and teems with life. Most of the horses and donkeys of the farmers who have come to sell their produce have been led away to make room for the ever increasing crowd. Their owners stand behind counters, selling all kinds of things from vegetables to cheap jewelry. The peasant women wear bandannas; there are tropic fruits and flowers, and other products of vivid hue. Voices buzz; roosters crow; individuals call loudly over the heads of the chattering, smoking, laughing groups. And somehow, notwithstanding the loud noise and confusion, notwithstanding the haze of tobacco smoke, there seems to be a precious something floating above all, something that cannot be found in the more efficient and modernized life of great cities.

For, above these sounds, there is always the distant and intermittent splashes of the waves as they beat against the jagged coral cliffs surrounding the city. And when one hears these sounds and feels the fresh, salty sea air blowing continually from the Caribbean,

one recalls that it was on that shore that Columbus landed many years ago.

The ruin of the once fortified house of Columbus is the highest and most massive structure that can be seen from the crowded city. It is surrounded by green trees which give life to the otherwise bare and grim building. And impressive as is this house of Columbus, there is another ruin which transcends it in beauty, the old monastery of San Francisco. Much of it has been destroyed, but fragments of carving have been carefully gathered and piled up so that the deeply ribbed vaulting and beautiful sculpture of the ancient Spaniards may still be seen.

It is these ruins as well as other old houses; it is the touch of antiquity among new, modern houses and buildings; it is the richly moulded stone sills of windows each abloom with happy life; it is the brilliant rays of sun shining through a glassy sky. It is all these things together which make the charm of Santo Domingo. It is these which make me say that its beauty can not be described but must be painted, set to music, or seen.

JULIA TAVARES, 1944

## Patricide

Soon "they" will lead me away again, to torment me further. But now I stand before the grave of a great leader of us Germans, alien to Nazism; a great but secret name in the underground.

He was my father. The drizzling rain reminds me of that fateful day two years ago when I, just out of Germany, had reached France.

The bewilderment of all German boys' faces was in mine, I know, as I raised it, rain-soaked, to the bitter-faced French woman behind the shabby counter. Unsmiling, she heard my pleas for "any piece of bread, stale though it might be." She had heard many such pleas, and would not, it seems, have thought of going to the glass case and bringing out the freshest loaf she could find, but for the memory of her own escape from occupied territory into this comparatively safe town. By the motherly way she handed it to me, showing me her instinctive generosity, I knew I should have had it, had it been her last. Speaking my wordless thanks with my eyes as

do all refugees, I turned to plod out of the door, but the kindly woman called me back and sat me down gently on a rickety chair, saying, "Eat here: you cannot know who threatens you on the streets."

I pushed an unruly lock of hair back and spoke tonelessly, "I shall not eat it, but will take it to my father and my sister, where we hide. They are not as strong as I am."

Regarding my listlessly drooping form, she instructed: "Eat, mon petit; I will give you another loaf to take your father. Eat, and tell me how you are come here."

My father had been beyond talking to me. My little sister was very nearly dead from starvation and fatigue. Somehow, God forgive me, to talk to this friendly French woman, even in a language difficult and strange to my tongue, was some measure of relief. In my broken French, my story reached the ears of the sympathetic woman: how that day "they" had come for my mother. I could not even remember what bit of truth she had said aloud to cause that cruel night, after the firing squad had marched away. Now it seemed strange to me that I had been little enough to cry, and not understand when my father said, out of clenched teeth, that it had been a better way for her than some would take. That night had been the last time I had cried. In the middle of it we had set out under that drizzling sky, and I remembered creeping down the rutted back streets, sticking to the ever-looming doorways, avoiding the dangerously illuminating circles of light. Fear of every dark corner back of us, as well as before, had kept us going on in this futile attempt. . . . The woman opposite me nodded as if she knew what it had been. . . .

Somehow we four had not been seen; somehow we had gotten out of that dreaded city; I can not remember just what we said to those harsh-voiced sentries. But the bombings—! (Their memory had not left me as I told her of them, and will never leave me.) Planes of allies; friendly planes to our belief, our convictions; but otherwise, how unfriendly! Once we were nearly caught by a German train guard, as we had tried to board; once a raid had started when we were in the midst of that stumbling flight. . . . I could not forget the sick feeling that had come over me as I lost sight of my little "bruder" trailing far behind. In that lurid light of an exploding bomb the whole ghastly scene had been lit for an instant. . . .

After hours of searching we had finally, numbly, accepted the



truth; little "bruder" had left us for good. I can still see father looking toward the heavens into which the allied planes had disappeared, and mumbling, "Mein Gott, only let there be sufficient Nazi Germans killed by that same bomb."

... I could not go on. It was hard work talking, even after my share of the bread. Hastily I sketched the rest of the route for her, apologetically, even, skipping those personal experiences I found impossible to tell further. Besides it was now dark; my poor father (God rest him!) and sister would be waiting for me, and what I would bring.

"Merci, merci, madame! No, I do not need help to travel so short a distance now. Here I can not lose my way."

The tonelessness which had nearly left my voice and mind came back as I stumbled out onto the street, but somehow talking to that kind, generous woman had helped to give me new hope. I was grateful for this, the first thoughtful human being I had seen or heard in nearly a year; whom I could not even properly thank.

How could I see her in that gloom, pointing after me as she spoke my native language to the listening Nazi officers?

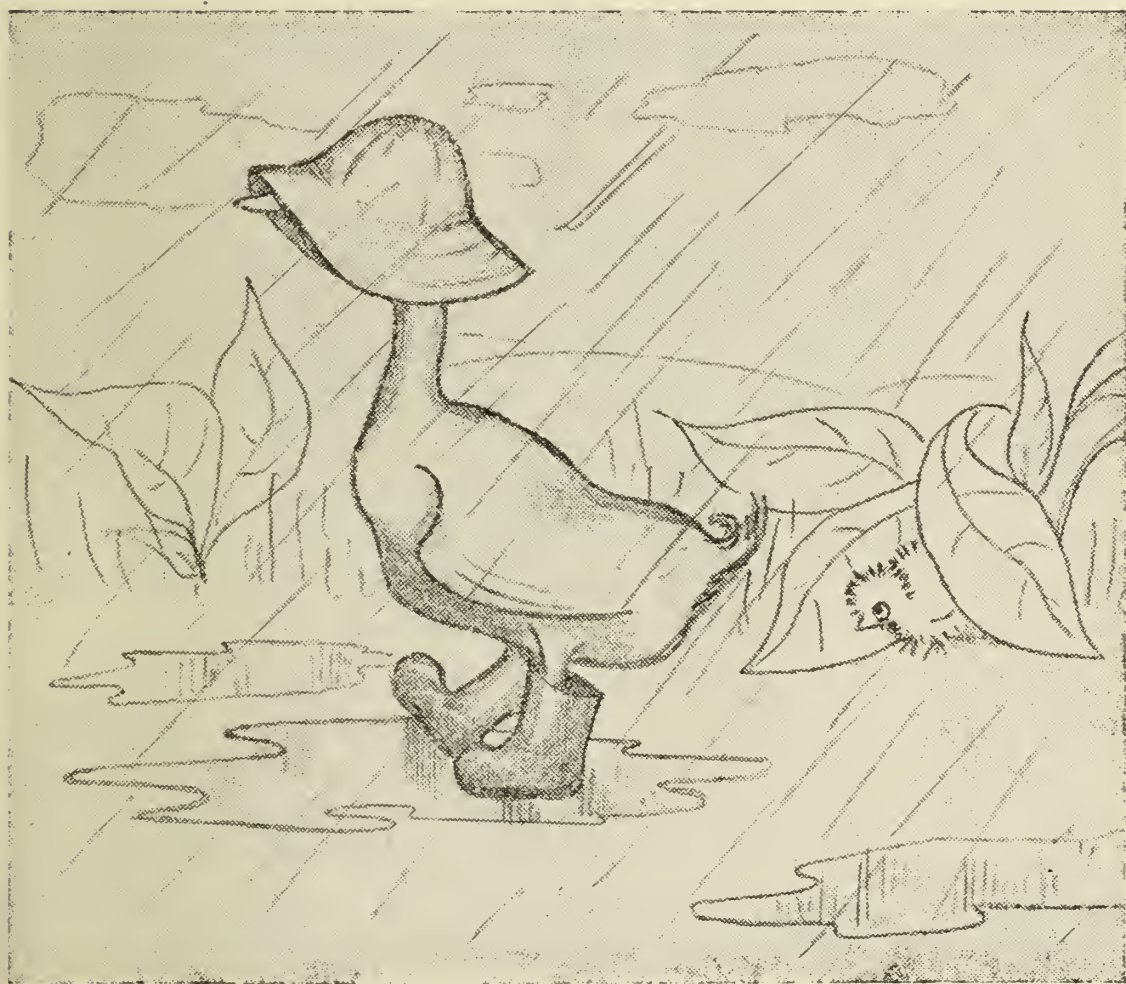
GRETCHEN FULLER, 1945

## Clarinet Solo

The people hush in the hot, crowded room,  
And a spotlight pours through the smoky gloom;  
The fat, black maestro with his double chin  
Winks his eye with a devilish grin;  
His thick lips curl 'round the ivory stick  
And the notes go climbing fast and quick,  
Each as round and gold and fine  
As a bright new penny from a magic mine.  
They tug, but the maestro holds them down,  
For he can juggle any tune in town;  
And just to prove he's the country's pride  
He takes those notes for a high, thin ride;  
Curling them, wrapping them 'round the moon,

Then melting the stars with his slow sweet tune,  
Warm and piercing, gold and blue,  
'Til the angels sway to the off-beat too.  
Then all of a sudden the notes collapse,  
And the magic spell in the whole room snaps;  
The maestro bows in a storm of cheers  
And he waddles off, and he disappears;  
But small gold bubbles, fat and fair,  
Hang and float in the smoky air.

SALLY LEAVITT, 1945



## Winter and Spring Calendar, 1944

### FEBRUARY

- Friday 18*—Beginning of second semester.  
*Saturday 19*—School day  
*Saturday 19*—Tea dance for the senior and senior-mid classes  
*Sunday 20*—Vespers—Dr. Liu Liang-mo—United China Relief  
*Saturday 26*—Free evening  
*Sunday 27*—Vespers—The Reverend Herbert Gezork, Wellesley College and Andover-Newton Theological Seminary  
*Tuesday 29*—Boston Symphony Concert

### MARCH

- Saturday 4*—Joint concert at Abbot by the Governor Dummer Academy Glee Club and the Abbot Academy Fidelio Society followed by a dance  
*Sunday 5*—Hymn service  
*Saturday 11*—Ballet Russe in Boston (matinee)  
*Saturday 11*—Lecture with pictures by Mr. Michail Dorizas on "The Changing Far East"  
*Sunday 12*—Vespers—Dr. Wilhelm Solzbacher representing The World Student Service Fund  
*Saturday 18*—Senior Play—"Jane Eyre"  
*Sunday 19*—Vespers—The Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D. Pastor Emeritus, First Church in Cambridge  
*Friday 24*—Boston Symphony Concert  
*Saturday 25*—Square Dancing  
*Sunday 26*—Students' Recital

### APRIL

- Saturday 1*—Two-Piano Recital by Kate and James Friskin  
*Sunday 2*—Vespers—Abbot Christian Association  
*Saturday 8*—Free evening  
*Sunday 9*—Easter—Vespers—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, Phillips Academy  
*Tuesday 11*—Boston Symphony Concert  
*Saturday 15*—College Entrance Examination Achievement Tests for seniors  
*Saturday 15*—Concert by Earl Spicer, Baritone



*Sunday 16*—Vespers—The Reverend Addison Grant Noble, Chaplain, Williams College

*Friday and Saturday 21 and 22*—"The Pirates of Penzance" by Phillips Andover Academy Glee Club and the Abbot Academy Fidelio Society

*Sunday 23*—Vespers—The Reverend Howard Thurman, D.D., Dean of Chapel, Howard University

*Saturday 29*—Lecture on "World Organization" by Professor Carl J. Friedrich, of Harvard University, in honor of the *Cum Laude* Society

*Sunday 30*—Vespers—The Reverend James T. Cleland, D.D., Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut

## MAY

*Saturday 6*—Abbot Birthday Celebration

*Sunday 7*—Vespers—The Reverend Markham Stackpole, Chaplain, Milton Academy

*Saturday 13*—Speech Students' Recital

*Sunday 14*—Organ Recital by Walter Howe

*Friday 19*—A Society Picnic

*Saturday 20*—Field Day

*Saturday 20*—Senior Banquet

*Sunday 21*—Vespers—The Reverend Sidney Lovett, D.D., Chaplain, Yale University

*Tuesday 22 to Friday 26*—Final Examinations

*Friday 26*—Beginning of Commencement weekend

7:30 Tree and Ivy Planting

Singing on the Steps of Abbot Hall

*Saturday 27*

2:45 Alumnae Association Meeting

4:00 Garden Party in honor of the Senior Class

8:00 Draper Dramatics—"Twelfth Night"

*Sunday 28*

10:45 Baccalaureate—The Reverend John Charles Schroeder, Master, Calhoun College, Yale University

7:30 Concert

*Monday 29*

10:00 Commencement—The Reverend Erdman Harris, Th.D. Chaplain, Lawrenceville School

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**W**ELLS BINDERY  
WALTHAM, MASS.  
JUNE 1949





